April 11, 1931

THE NEW YORKER

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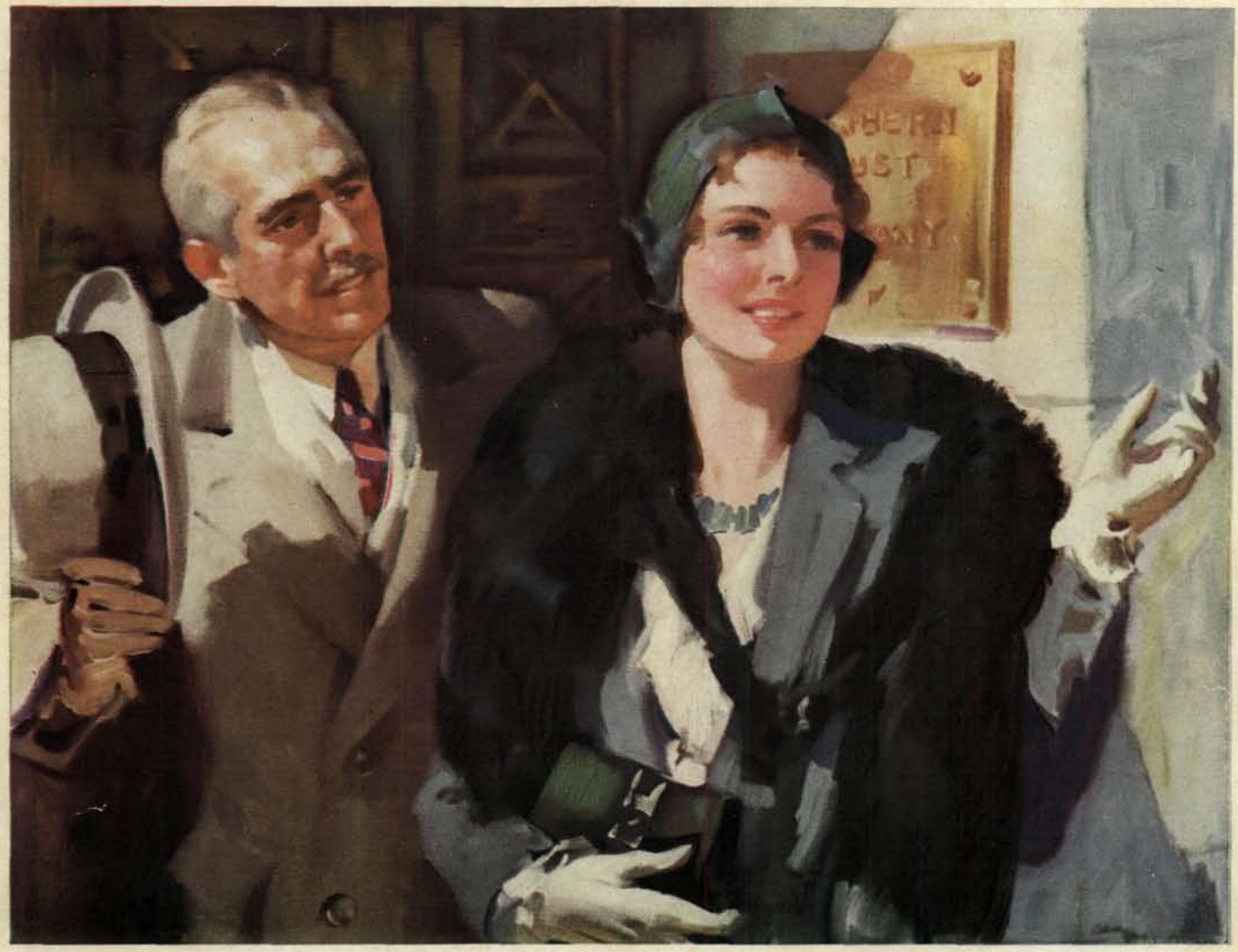

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In selecting a motor car, some are guided by beauty of appearance—sparkling harmonies of color; coachwork of obvious excellence.

Some think first of brilliant performance—an engine smooth and powerful; effortless ease of handling.

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But whether one, tne other, or a combination of all constitutes the deciding factor, the Eight as Buick Builds It is invariably the favorite among those who choose the finest.

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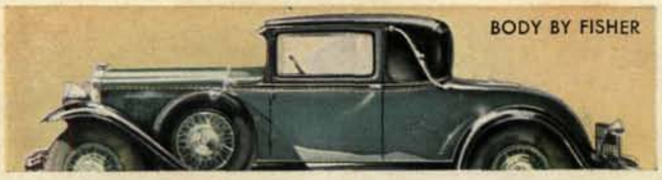

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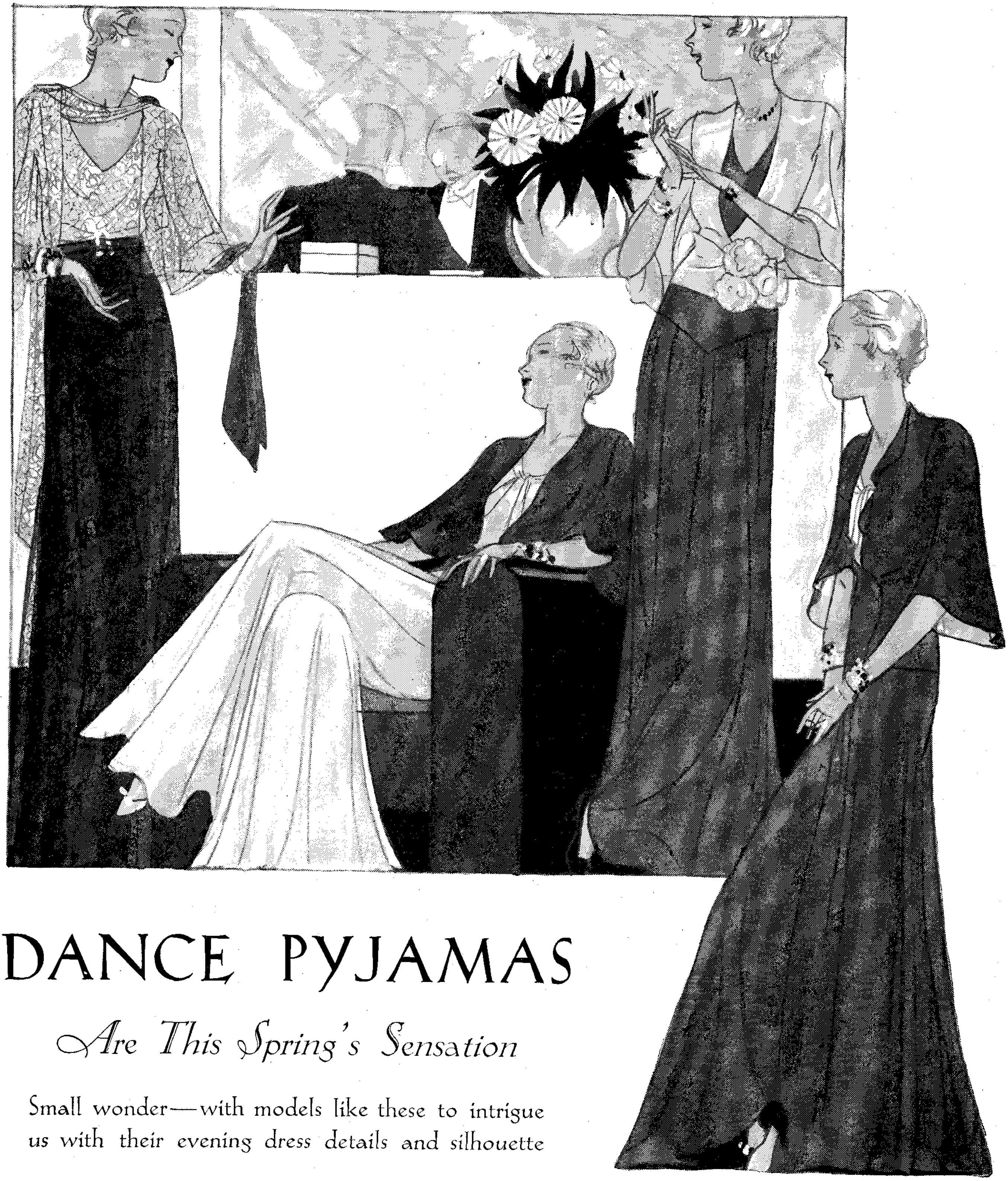

DANCE PYJAMAS

Are This Spring's Sensation

Small wonder—with models like these to intrigue us with their evening dress details and silhouette

Lace pyjama accompanied by youthful lace bolero. Black or navy with white. **$85**

Pyjama of flat crepe—short velvet coat. Opaline and brown, white and black, heaven blue and royal, skyline and orange . **$59**

Pyjama of flat crepe—angel skin satin coat. Black with white, white with green, or black, wine with white **$59**

Three piece dance pyjamas of crepe. Black and white, white and green, opaline and brown, rose and wine. **$65**

MISSES' AND WOMEN'S DANCE PYJAMAS—THIRD FLOOR

POUR TOUTES LES BEAUTES BRUNES OU BLONDES
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CARON CARON
LES POIS DE SENTEUR DE CHEZ MOI
CARON CARON
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CARON CARON
POUR TOUTES LES BEAUTES BRUNES OU BLONDES

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 8, April 11, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

PLAY
WINTER
RULES

Winter defaults!

The regular season-long four-ball matches are starting up. The first tees are battle-grounds of banter and bargaining. The sheer joy of being out in the open again is smoothing the wrinkles from harassed brows.

Now is the time to fit yourself out with clothes, clubs and accessories to make this the most enjoyable golf season you ever had. A set of matched clubs might cut your handicap quite a few strokes. The proper suit, shoes, sweaters and haberdashery would give you a feeling akin to a par score on the long hole.

Come in and choose from our complete stock of every article the world offers you to make you a better—and happier—golfer.

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The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*
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Send for booklet "Play Hours"

Golf Balls — every standard make . . . Large assortment of Leather and Canvas Golf Bags with Talon hookless fasteners . . . Complete assortment of wooden Clubs and Irons with steel shafts . . . Sterling Silver Tees with Chain . . . Huntley Putters . . . Scorers ◆ Markers ◆ Tees ◆ Golf Accessories ◆ Golf Suits ◆ Raincoats Golf Umbrellas ◆ Golf Shoes . . . A & F Matched Irons, stainless steel . . . Walter Hagen's Matched Irons and Woods . . . Crawford and MacGregor Matched Wood Clubs and Matched Irons . . . Schavolite Golf Clubs . . . Drivers, Brassies and Spoons with aluminum heads . . . Miniature Golf ◆ Clock Golf Obstacle Golf ◆ Bottle Golf ◆ Chip Shot ◆ Practice Nets ◆ Parachute Golf Balls ◆ Books on Golf.

Now! Make Up Only Once a Day —Instead of Every Hour

You make up but once a day with the same shade for both lips and cheeks and achieve the new natural make-up that is so smart.

This amazing color discovery is so smooth you cannot feel it on your lips, yet the lovely natural coloring it imparts lasts all day.

*A New Discovery Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. Gives the Same Natural Color to Lips and Cheeks. Ends Caking, Drying, Unsightly "*Lipstick Line*". Lasts All Day.*

A way has been found that not only gives a perfect make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that HOLDS perfectly all day long. Instead of making up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!... It's a French idea of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.... You use it, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge — both, invariably, of different color.... It gives the PERFECT PARISIAN make-up of today. And—it lasts for hours.

UNLIKE AMERICAN ROUGE

It is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat and comes as probably the nearest thing to a permanent make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.... It is the creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up. It banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.... No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing — and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of Angelus Rouge Incarnat, in two forms: Regular Lipstick Form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box. A shade for every type and complexion. Same price as American rouges.

Louis Philippe, who has made make-up an art, with one of his famous clients—Betty Compton of movie fame.

ANGELUS

Rouge Incarnat

LOUIS PHILIPPE, INC.

A "Paper Trousseau" too

THE bride should have a "Paper Trousseau" too . . . as glamorous, as exciting as the wedding trousseau that she herself is assembling . . . a trousseau of the papers and cards essential to the great event . . . from the wedding invitations to the letter papers she will use in her new home.

The invitations may be large or small, paneled or plain, ivory or white . . . with engraving in the style that she, herself, selects. They may be folded once, or may slip into an envelope the size of the unfolded sheet. And for the remaining pieces. . . .

There will be visiting cards to be chosen . . . cards with the new name and the new address. Crane's Bride's Notes, certainly . . . those charming little folded sheets on which to acknowledge the wedding gifts. And Crane's Informals, for all the intimate invitations the bride will send to her closest friends.

She will need both formal and informal papers; informal, for the letters she will write from her new home; formal, for the correspondence that her new position entails.

But perhaps the most appealing thing about the Paper Trousseau is that it needn't be shopped for. It's all there in Crane's Wedding Book and Crane's Personal Selection Book . . . at any good stationery department . . . waiting for you. Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Crane's

FINE WRITING PAPERS

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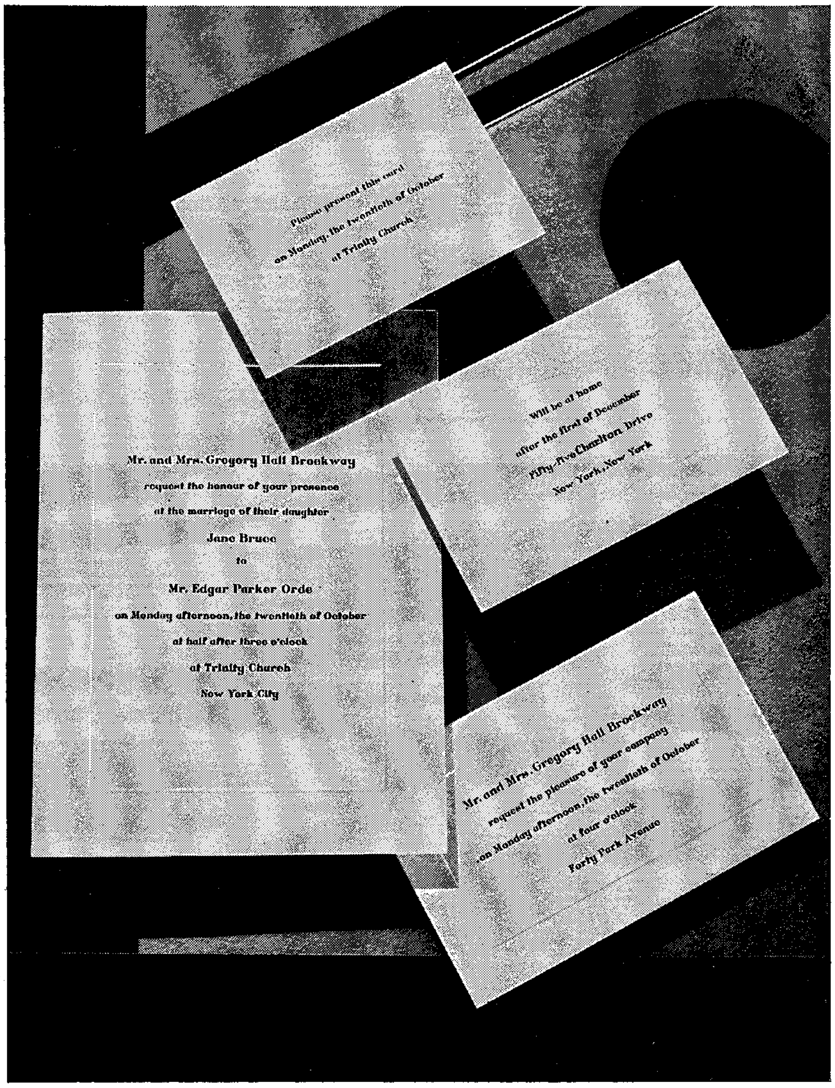
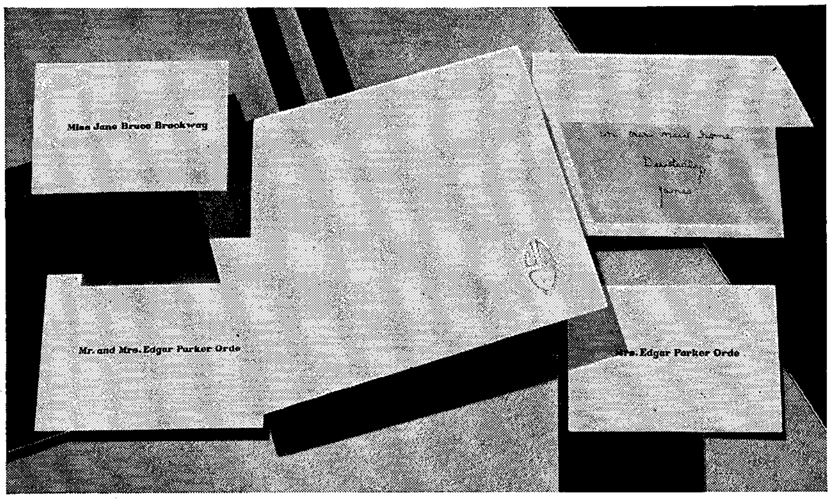

Please present this card
on Monday, the twentieth of October
at Trinity Church
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Hall Brockway
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Jane Bruce
to
Mr. Edgar Parker Orde
on Monday afternoon, the twentieth of October
at half after three o'clock
at Trinity Church
New York City
Will be at home
after the first of December
Fifty-five Charlton Drive
New York, New York
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Hall Brockway
request the pleasure of your company
on Monday afternoon, the twentieth of October
at four o'clock
Forty Park Avenue

The wedding invitation, correctly engraved, with the various cards which should be included

★ ★ ★

Visiting cards, Bride's Note, and Informal, all quite essential to the complete "Paper Trousseau"


Miss Jane Bruce Brockway
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Parker Orde
Mrs. Edgar Parker Orde

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As Husbands Go—Rachel Crothers' latest comedy, as bright and entertaining as hers usually are, and expertly acted by a cast that includes Catharine Doucet, Lily Cahill, Geoffrey Wardwell, and Jay Fassett. (John Golden, 58, E.)

As You Desire Me—Judith Anderson giving a fine performance as Pirandello's lady who might be (and then again might not be) an Italian gentleman's lost wife. Nobody ever knows. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell, and glamour, in a play about Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett just before they became the Brownings. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 10.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Master Builder," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Apr. 10.) . . . "Camille," successful revival of Dumas' famous play. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 11; Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. Eves., Apr. 13, 15, 16, and 17.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 11.) . . . "Alison's House," Susan Glaspell's latest play. (Tues. Eve., Apr. 14.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Thurs. Mat., Apr. 16; Sat. Eve., Apr. 18.) . . . "Peter Pan," Barrie's fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 18.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:30 P.M.)

Five Star Final—A sock in the nose for the tabloid newspapers, with a great deal of rush and bustle and suicide. A good show, even though it might have been better. Arthur Byron heads the cast. (Cort, 48, E.)

Grand Hotel—Thirty-six hours in the very full lives of eight or ten hotel guests, making one of the most interesting evenings in town. An excellent cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Henry Hull, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The Greeks Had a Word for It—Zoë Akins' amusing dialogue set in a play about three young ladies who'd rather not work and yet like eating and drinking. (Harris, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

The Green Pastures—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Second year of Marc Connelly's play. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 10.)

Mrs. Moonlight—How it feels to be very old and yet look very young. Edith Barrett is the unfortunate old-young lady, with Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright to trail along with her. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

Once in a Lifetime—Hollywood put on the pan in the best cooking of the season. Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, and Mr. G. S. Kaufman are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Private Lives—Noel Coward's delicious morsel which deals, in a haphazard way, with two people who discover that they shouldn't have been divorced. The author and Gertrude Lawrence do wonders with dialogue which was a delight to begin with. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

The Silent Witness—A nice English mystery play, interesting and never that kind of thrilling that stands your hair on end unbecomingly, neatly done by Lionel Atwill and a competent cast. To coin a phrase, a good evening's entertainment. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Tomorrow and Tomorrow—An itinerant lecturer in a college town helps his hostess to fulfill the wish of her life and have a baby. Eight years later he comes back to save the child's life. A sincerely, and often beautifully, written play about some people who thought they were greater than they were. With Herbert Marshall and Zita Johann. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mats. Tues. and Thurs.)

Tonight or Never—It being pretty generally supposed that an opera singer must have an affair in order to sing her best, the main feature of Mr. Belasco's show is Helen Gahagan's singing, presumably after treatment. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

The Vinegar Tree—Mary Boland as the slightly confused lady of middle-age who can't quite remember who used to be her lover. Very funny. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

America's Sweetheart—A show that never permits you to forget how expensive it is, with a score you must remember and a book you try to forget. Jack Whiting, Jeanne Aubert, Gus Shy, and Inez Courtney are in it. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 18]

Fine and Dandy—Joe Cook, which is enough for any show. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

Girl Crazy—Musical comedy that *is* musical comedy, with a Gershwin score, Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, and Ethel Merman. (Alvin, 52, W.)

Meet My Sister—Very nice, if unexciting, comedy with pretty little tunes interspersed. With Bettina Hall and Walter Slezak. (Imperial, 45, W.)

The New Yorkers—A highly-paid group of specialists in entertainment, including Jimmie Durante, Frances Williams, Charles King, Hope Williams, Richard Carle, Marie Cahill, Ann Pennington, and Waring's Pennsylvanians, with Cole Porter's score and Peter Arno touches. You ought to find plenty here. (Broadway, B'way at 53. Mat. Thurs.)

DEPARTMENTS
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THE NEW YORKER
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TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Sweet and Low—Raw in spots and funny in others. On the whole no worse than many and worth a chance if you are in the mood for ribaldry. With Fannie Brice, James Barton, and George Jessel. (44th Street, 44, W.)

Three's a Crowd—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman in what we mean by a revue. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

The Wonder Bar—You would think, what with Al Jolson and the lovely score of this piece imported from the German, that you really would have something; but the people who wrote the lyrics and dug up the jokes in Egypt have arranged it so you are slightly saddened and distressed. (Bayes, 44, W.)

●

Vaudeville—Phil Baker, Burns and Allen, and Adelaide Hall will be at the Palace Fri., Apr. 10. Don Azpiazu and his Havana Casino Orchestra will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Apr. 11. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

For Children—Tony Sarg's Marionettes: "Alice in Wonderland," Fri. through Sun. Afts., Apr. 10-12, at 3; "Rip Van Winkle," Fri. and Sat. Morns., Apr. 10 and 11, at 11. (Belmont, 48, E.) . . . "Aucassin and Nicolette," presented by a cast of children: Fri., Sun., Thurs., and Fri. Afts., Apr. 10, 12, 16, and 17, at 3:30. (Booth, 45, W.)

Dance Recital—Blake Scott, Ruth Page, and Jacques Cartier, in Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat," followed by solo and group dances: Sun. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

Mélo—Henri Bernstein's play, adapted by Arthur Pollock, with Edna Best, Basil Rathbone, and Earle Larimore. Opens Mon., Apr. 13. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Company's Coming—A farce by Alma Wilson, with Lynne Overman and Frieda Inescort. Opens Wed., Apr. 15. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

The following productions were announced to open too late for review in this issue:

The Great Man—Walter Woolf in a comedy by Paul Hervey Fox. (Ritz, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Peter Ibbetson—Revival of the dramatization of Du Maurier's novel, staged by Constance Collier, with Dennis King, Valerie Taylor, and Jessie Royce Landis. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The Wiser They Are—Jed Harris' production of a comedy by Sheridan Gibney, with Ruth Gordon, Osgood Perkins, and Julia Hoyt. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Dances by the ever-graceful Moss and Fontana, songs by Ethel Merman, and music by Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

Club Delmonico, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 5-2500)—An intimate and attractive supper club, with Morton Downey, Leon Belasco's orchestra, and dances by Maurice and Irene. Must dress.

Club El Patio, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-4863)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Entertainment by Irene Bordoni and Rosita and Ramon. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—Harry Richman and Frances Williams, with music by Al Jockers' orchestra.*

Grill Neptune, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—An unusual room for the more fastidious. Music by the Continentals. Must dress.

New Club Lido, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-6175)—Recently opened; with Miss Helen Morgan, dances by Yolanda and Veloz, and music by Henry King's orchestra. Must dress.

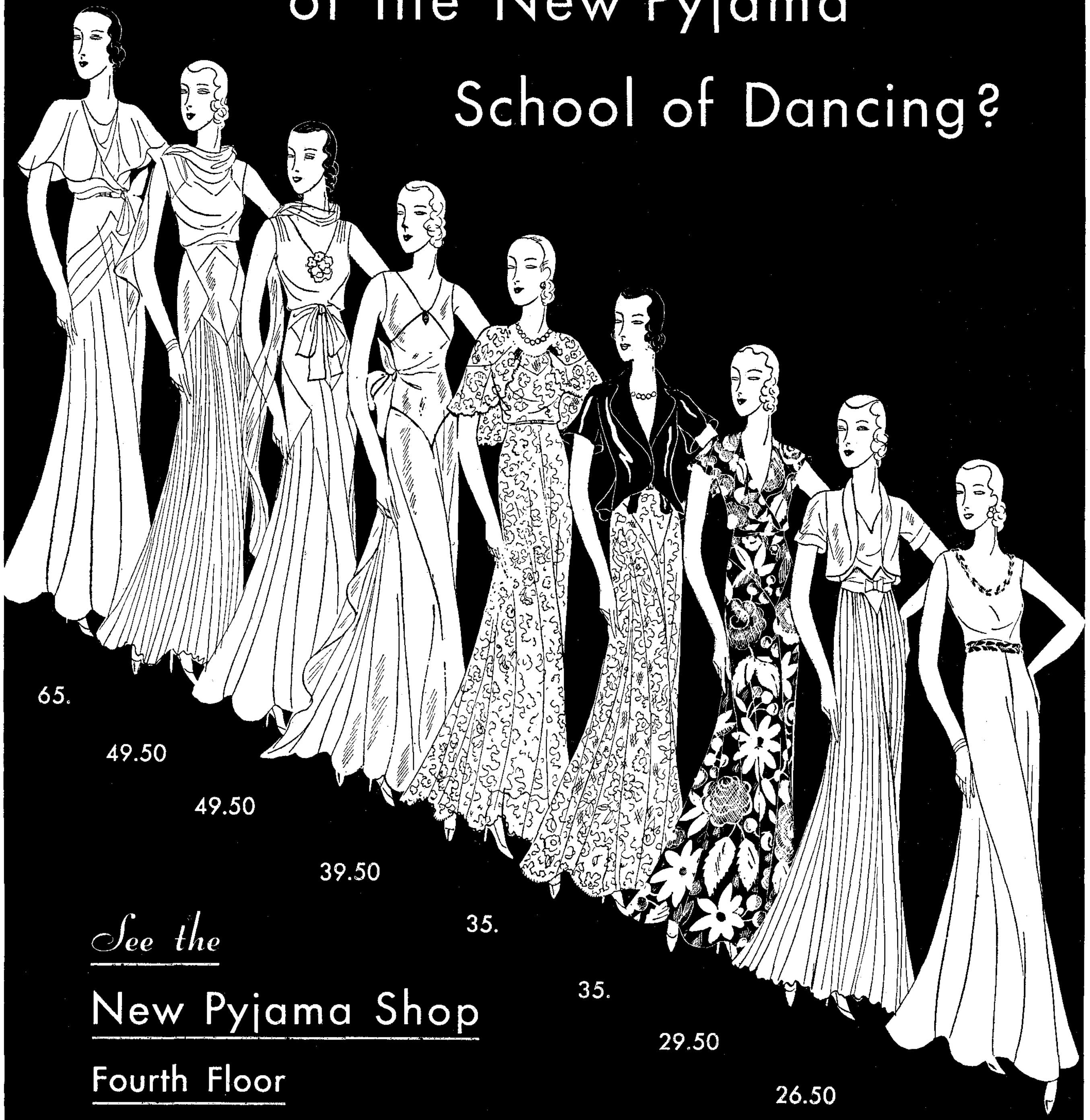
Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Always a favorite place for supper dancing. Vincent Lopez and his orchestra. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-0351)—Rudy Vallée and his orchestra have returned here.*

Broadway Atmosphere—A few of the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Silver Slipper, 201 W. 48 (Chickering 4-6564), featuring Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58 (Columbus 5-6191), open till dawn, with Kid Sneeze and Opal Cooper from Florence's in Paris. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), no cover charge, with a rough and elaborate revue. . . . Paramount Hotel Grill,

(Continued on page 8)

Are you an exponent of the New Pyjama School of Dancing?


65.
49.50
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16.75

See the

New Pyjama Shop

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Lord & Taylor

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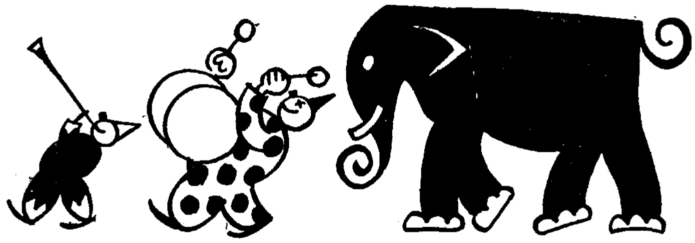
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 18]

(Continued from page 6)

235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580), also no cover, *with Ann Pennington and an entertaining show.*

Greenwich Village—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

Russian Motif—Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; and The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

Notes—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . Harold Stern's orchestra plays in the St. Moritz Grill, 50 W. 59.*

MOTION PICTURES

Cimarron—Oklahoma made more exciting than New York. Edna Ferber's novel, with a first-rate performance by Richard Dix. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

City Lights—Charlie Chaplin in one of his best pictures. No dialogue, but with some surprising sound effects. (Cohan, B'way at 43; performances continuous weekdays from 10 A.M.; Sun. from noon.)

The Front Page—The funniest talkie in town. The Hecht-MacArthur play about newspapermen and a hanging, followed almost line for line. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

Hell's Angels—The best of the aviation pictures, in spite of a very poor story. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 11-13; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

New Moon—For operetta-lovers, with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Apr. 11-14; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Tabu—A beautiful film of natives and South Sea islands, with lots of glamour and so on. Silent. (Central Park, 7 Ave. at 59; performances continuous from noon.)

Trader Horn—A theatrical story, but a fast and lavish picture of Africa and its goings-on. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; Sun. 3, 6, and 8:40 P.M.)

Zwei Herzen im 3-4 Takt—A Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German. (Europa, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

News Reel Theatres—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; and Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Dishonored," Marlene Dietrich in a melodrama of spies and war directed by Josef von Sternberg; "Little Caesar," clear exposition of the gunman species by Edward G. Robinson; "Rango," the wild animals of Sumatra photographed by Ernest Schoedsack.

ART

Americans—Twenty canvases of the younger and better local painters, selected by Samuel M. Kootz: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 11.

Beginners—Sixth exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery; selected by Jean Charlot: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Wed., Apr. 15.

Cikovsky—First full show by a promising newcomer whose work has vigor, good color, and individuality: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 11.

Davis—One of the first Americans to go abstract—and still at it. Interesting and sincere: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Degas—Loan exhibition of work by the famous Frenchman, his influences, and followers: Museum of French Art, 22 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Wed., Apr. 15.

Germans—An attempt to arrange a comprehensive review of all that the contemporary Germans have given us in art: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Henri—One of the traditional favorites, who was liked for his teaching as well as his painting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Monet—Paintings by one of the impressionist masters: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Pictures of People—Some distinguished pictures on loan, including examples by Manet, Renoir, Picasso, Matisse, and Whistler. Admission one dollar, for the benefit of Hope Farm: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 18.

Portraits—Portraits of Americans by Van Dongen, Boutet de Monvel, Foujita, John, Sorine, and Orpen: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 11.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Jules Bledsoe—Songs from many sources by a gifted colored baritone: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 10.

Maurice Chevalier—Two groups of songs, along with music by the Barrère Little Symphony and the Fray-Braggiotti piano duo: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 11.

Michael Raggini—An exceptional voice. This tenor might go into your reference file: Hudson Theatre, 44, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 12.

Beethoven Association—Chamber music by stars not otherwise employed this evening: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Apr. 13.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Apr. 12, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 18, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 11, at 2:30.

Chamber Orchestra of Boston—Slonimsky conducting: New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12, Sat. Eve., Apr. 11.

Dollar Symphony Concert—Rapee conducting: Roxy Theatre, 7 Ave. at 50, Sun. Morn., Apr. 12, at 11:30.

Manhattan Symphony—Hadley conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 12, at 9.

New York Polyhymnia—Saminsky conducting. Choreography by Ruth St. Denis: Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 12.

Banks Glee Club—Huhn conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 15.

Dessoff Choirs—Dessoff conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 15.

Columbia University Glee Club—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 17.

Harvard Glee Club—Davison conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 18.

OPERA

Metropolitan—Last three days of season: "Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2; "Siegfried," Fri. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8; "Faust," Sat. Aft., Apr. 11, at 2; "Peter Ibbetson," Sat. Eve., Apr. 11, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8:30.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Apr. 10 and 17, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Apr. 11 and 18, at 9:10, over WEAF.

Dollar Symphony Concert—Rapee conducting, broadcast from the Roxy Theatre: Sun. Morn., Apr. 12, at 11:30, over WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Apr. 12, at 3, over WABC.

Manhattan Symphony—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., April 12, at 9:30, over WOR.

Giacomo Lauri-Volpi—Tenor soloist, in Simmons Hour: Mon. Eve., Apr. 13, at 8:30, over WABC.

Rochester Civic Orchestra—Harrison conducting: Mon. Eve., Apr. 13, at 10, over WJZ.

Philco Symphony Orchestra—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Apr. 14, at 9:30, over WABC.

Virginia State Choral Festival—Schubert's Mass in B-Flat, by a chorus of one thousand singers, accompanied by the Manhattan Symphony, broadcast from the University of Virginia's amphitheatre: Thurs. Aft., Apr. 16, at 3:30, over WEAF.

President Hoover—And Secretary of State Stimson, speaking at the celebration of Pan-American Day, in Washington: Tues. Aft., Apr. 14, at 12:30, over WABC and WEAF.

Baseball—Opening game of season, Yankees vs. Boston, broadcast from Yankee Stadium: Tues. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2:45, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Baseball—Local season opens: Yankees vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 14-16, and Sat., Apr. 18, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . Exhibition game: Giants vs. Chicago, Polo Grounds, Sat., Apr. 11, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

Crew—Columbia-Navy, on the Harlem River, New York, Sat. Aft., Apr. 18.

Horse Show—National Indoor Polo Pony Show: The Riding Club, 7 W. 66, Fri. Aft., Apr. 10.

Indoor Polo—National championship playoffs:

At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Class A finals, Sat. Eve., Apr. 11; Open semi-finals, Wed. Eve., Apr. 15; Open finals, Sat. Eve., Apr. 18.

At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn—Open playoff game, Sat. Eve., Apr. 11.

Racing—United Hunts Racing Association, Aqueduct track, Thurs., Apr. 16; races start at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . Jamaica track, races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Sat., Apr. 18. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—Annual visit of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey combined shows: Madison Square Garden; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. daily.

Public Balls—The Old Canteen Club Ball: Hotel Commodore, Fri. Eve., Apr. 10. . . . The annual "Carnival of Imagination" costume ball: Hotel Plaza, Sat. Eve., Apr. 11. . . . Supper dance for the benefit of Holiday House: Park Lane, Fri. Eve., Apr. 17. . . . The annual Rainbow Ball: Ritz-Carlton, Sat. Eve., Apr. 18.

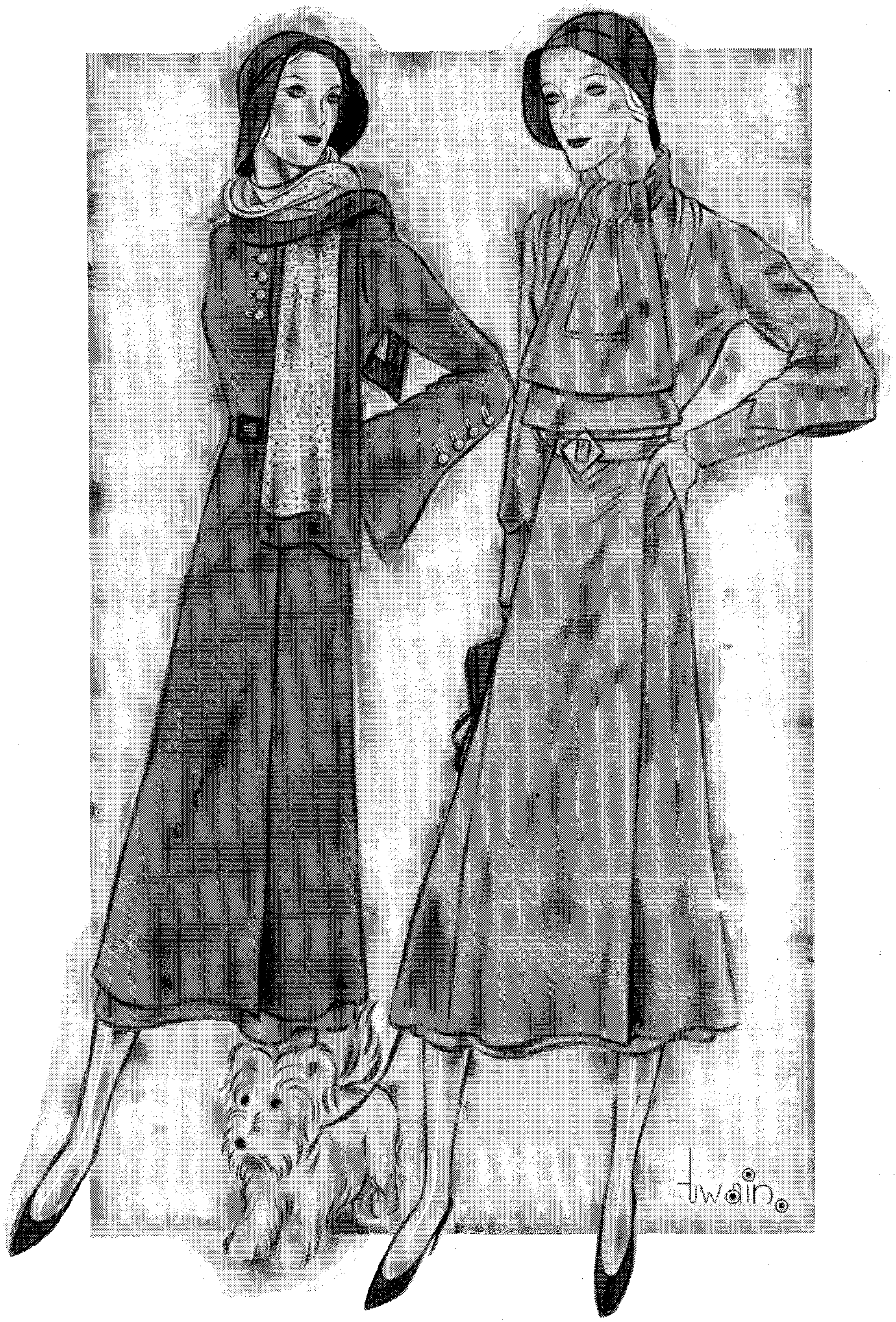
Architectural Show—Annual Architectural and Allied Arts Exposition: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, opening Sat. Eve., Apr. 18, at 7.

Historical Pageant—Depicting old New York scenes of the 1840's, and featuring a reproduction of the Charles Dickens ball of 1842: Town Hall, 43, E. of B'way, Tues. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8:15.

Hasty Pudding Club Show—"Bulls and Belles," presented by the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard University: Mecca Auditorium, 131 W. 55, Fri. Eve., Apr. 17, at 8:30.

Marionettes—The Marionette Studio's production of Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape:" New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12, Tues. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8:45.

Auctions—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Fine etchings and engravings: Fri. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8:15. . . . Antique furniture, tapestries, rugs, silver, porcelains, and other art objects: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 10 and 11, at 2:15. . . . The Katherine Duer Blake library, including first editions, sets, and a Shelley autograph letter: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Apr. 16 and 17, at 2:15. . . . American furniture, including examples by Samuel McIntire; also Early American silver, glass, pewter, chintzes, hooked rugs, and china: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 17 and 18, at 2:15.



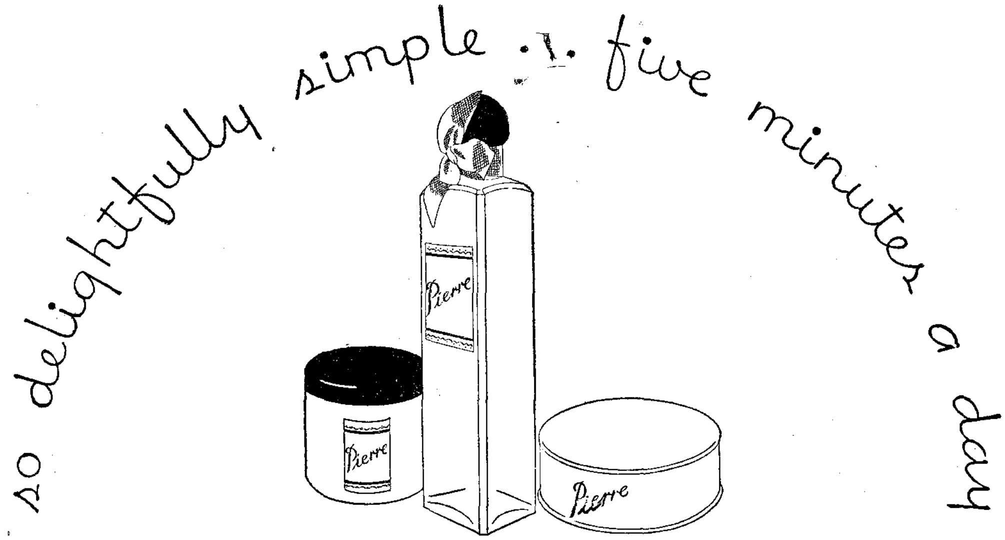
SPRING COATS with Skirts to Match

We can't really claim the idea as our own... we lifted it from our customers. So many of them were ordering separate skirts to match their spring coats, it seemed fairly clear that other women would like the combination too. So we added skirts to two of our newest models... a navy blue cheviot travel coat with an Ascot scarf and a town and country coat of black or navy pearl crepe with a printed scarf. Most moderately priced. The coats, $75. The skirts, $25.

THIRD FLOOR

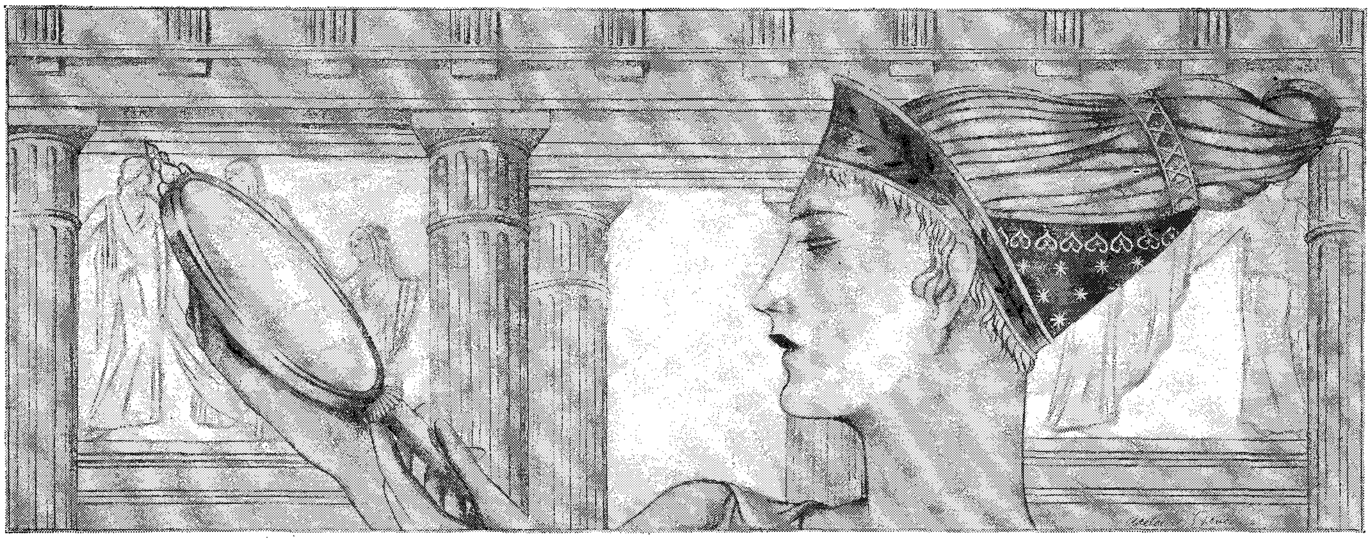
L. P. HOLLANDER CO.

THREE EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET


so delightfully simple .·. five minutes a day
Pierre
Pierre
Pierre

The Grecian women had that secret of loveliness which is no secret . . . the radiant beauty of the normal skin. And why pretend? Why make a tiresome labor of these nightly rites?

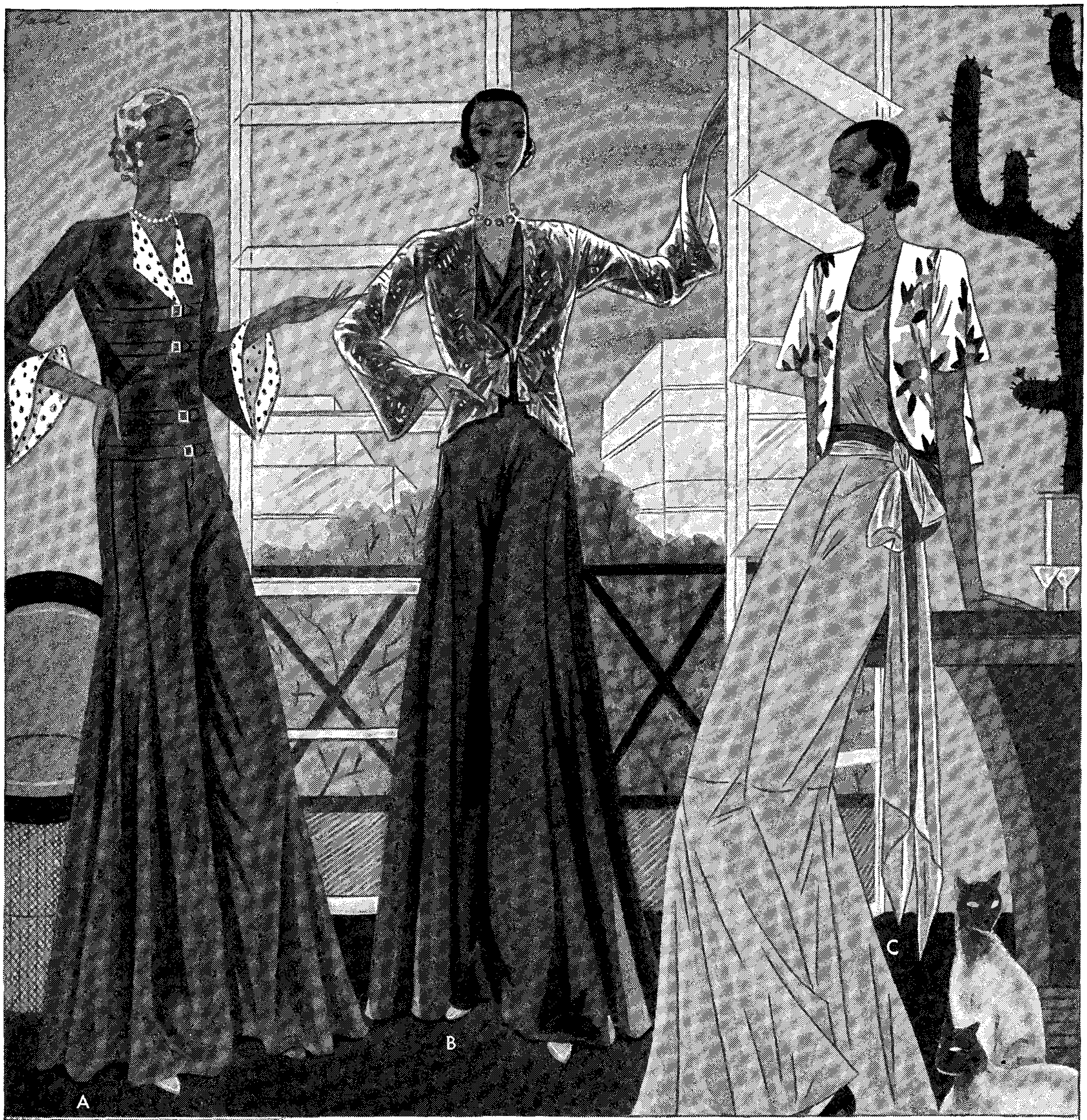
It is so simple . . . this Pierre beauty treatment. For the woman with a normal skin . . . four exquisite creations . . . five minutes only . . . a petal-softness without a thousand fussinesses . . . for these products of Pierre are *complete.*



For the normal skin . . . the cleanser, the basic nourishing cream, the skin tonic, the foundation lotion.

Pierre

Produits Pierre are at your favorite shops



BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE
AT 56th STREET

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PARIS LONDON

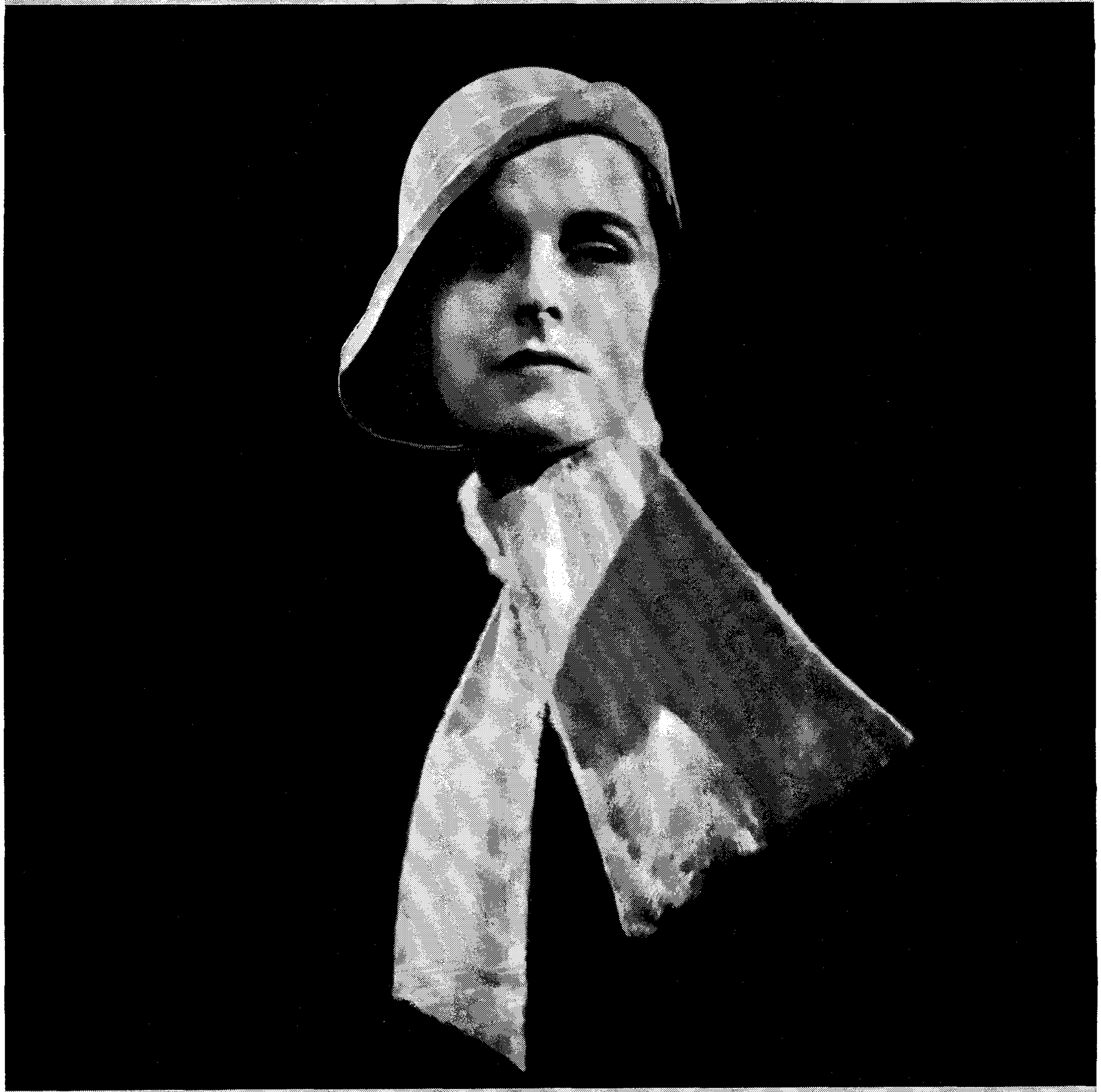
Pyjamas . . . Third Floor

The Era of the Pyjama Urge

Three Versions of This Reigning Modern Fashion!

A . . . A one-piece pyjama with fitted bodice-like top, cut-out dotted facing and tailored rhinestone buckles Blue, red, grey, black	45.00
B . . . Evening pyjama ensemble . . . silk crepe pyjamas with cowl neck . . . peach, green, blue, red, or white . . .	29.50
B . . . Metal jacket in harmonizing colors	29.50
C . . . These entrancing pyjamas have a waistline decolletage in back. Further charms are the printed jacket and the two-tone sash. In exquisite color combinations	39.50

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Henry Waxman

Saks-Fifth Avenue Introduces

The Sueda Hat

(of Suede Straw)

The perfect town and country hat . . . with the feeling, the texture of suede and the ingredients, the lightness of straw . . . a soft, crushable hat with a new look . . . In many different models. 15.00

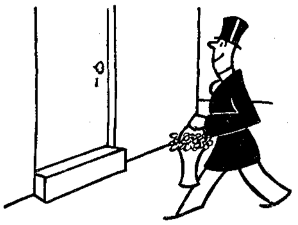
Millinery—Third Floor

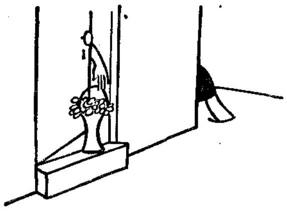
THE NEW YORKER

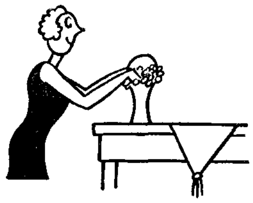
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

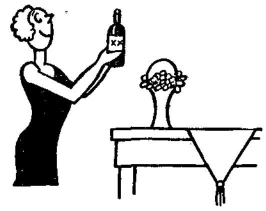
Notes and Comment

THE look of a colored Easter egg hidden under a bush, the sound of frogs from a country pond, the lushness and hurry of the Bronx River—all have warned us of the coming of merry May. Then, to make all true, a friend approached us and began talking about that old custom of May Baskets—leaving a basket of flowers on a friend's doorstep. He said it ought to be revived in New York. We promised we would see about getting it revived, and then got to thinking about the terrifying results and of how quickly the May-Basket idea would be under suspicion as a racket. We pictured ourself leaving a basket of Johnny-Jump-Ups on a friend's doorstep, and being picked up by a member of the Vice Squad. "May Baskets, eh?" we heard him say. And then we saw ourself in court, and evidence being introduced, including a circular from the West Side Ready Prepared May Basket & Delivery Company, Inc.: "We will deliver 500 suitable May Baskets for you on 500 doorsteps of Greater New York, as designated, for a blanket charge of four hundred . . ."









AMONG the eulogies of Knute Rockne was a message from the President of the United States, expressing the grief of the nation. There was also a syndicated tribute by Calvin Coolidge, former President. These obituaries, like the thousands of others, emphasized Rockne's character, his clean sportsmanship, the fact that he had been a builder of men. That Hoover should have voiced the national grief at the death of a college football coach is a pretty interesting sidelight on sport, on education, and on government. It is the ultimate trophy on the crowded mantelpiece of Big Football. Rockne, as far as we know, was everything everybody said he was; yet it seems only fair to other upright members of college faculties to recall that that was not the reason he was famous. He was famous because he was a pillar of big-time football: he could look a million-dollar gate in the face, and at the very time of his death he was on his way to fulfill a motion-picture contract and to attend a sales-promotion meeting for Studebaker automobiles. He was in the big money, and that was why Hoover happened to know about him. We see nothing wrong in the President's expressing grief over the loss of a beloved football coach, but from a diplomatic angle it seems to leave out certain other deceased members of college faculties, men who worked with undergraduates in groups other than groups of eleven. In our unofficial capacity, therefore, we take this opportunity to express the nation's grief in the death of all the other upright members of college faculties who died during the past year. We are sorry we don't know their names.

THE report of the persons investigating the air disaster in which Rockne lost his life was discouraging to anyone as interested as we are in passenger flying. The Federal inquiry absolved the pilots of the plane of any blame; and Fokker, the designer of the ship, said there was no structural fault. Thus both ship and pilots were given a clean bill, as is often the case in these wrecks. There were one or two fearfully disturbing little statements in connection with the accident. "Any plane," said Fokker, "might be wrenched apart under certain conditions." Not a very warming thought. "The breaking of a propeller blade," said the Department of Commerce investigators, "would suddenly add one hundred thousand pounds of weight to the load upon the engine, and the resulting vibration would be more than enough to break off a section of wing." We have been convinced for some time that big passenger planes are constructed on an obsolescent principle, and that the airplanes of the next generation will be autogiros, or something like them—able to descend vertically, slowly.

THE Merchant Tailors' Association thinks that a host at a party ought to wear a dinner jacket of some bright color, such as scarlet or plum. This, they say, would enable guests to recognize their host, should they be so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of him. The idea may be sound from the point of view of a tailor, but we doubt if hosts take it up. It often happens that a host doesn't particularly care to be identified with his party after he has taken a good look at the way it is going. He is apt to be happier in the dark obscurity of a plain black dinner jacket, watching the mêlée quietly from behind a palm.

Wisdom

A LADY kindly reports something she overheard when she went to the ladies' dressing-room to deposit her wraps at a night club the other night. Two of those very young things were in there and one was telling the other how she had just offended a *raconteur* of some note by giggling at the wrong place in one of his anecdotes. "It taught me one thing," she said. "You must never laugh at anything until you're perfectly sure what you are laughing at."

Caveat Emptor

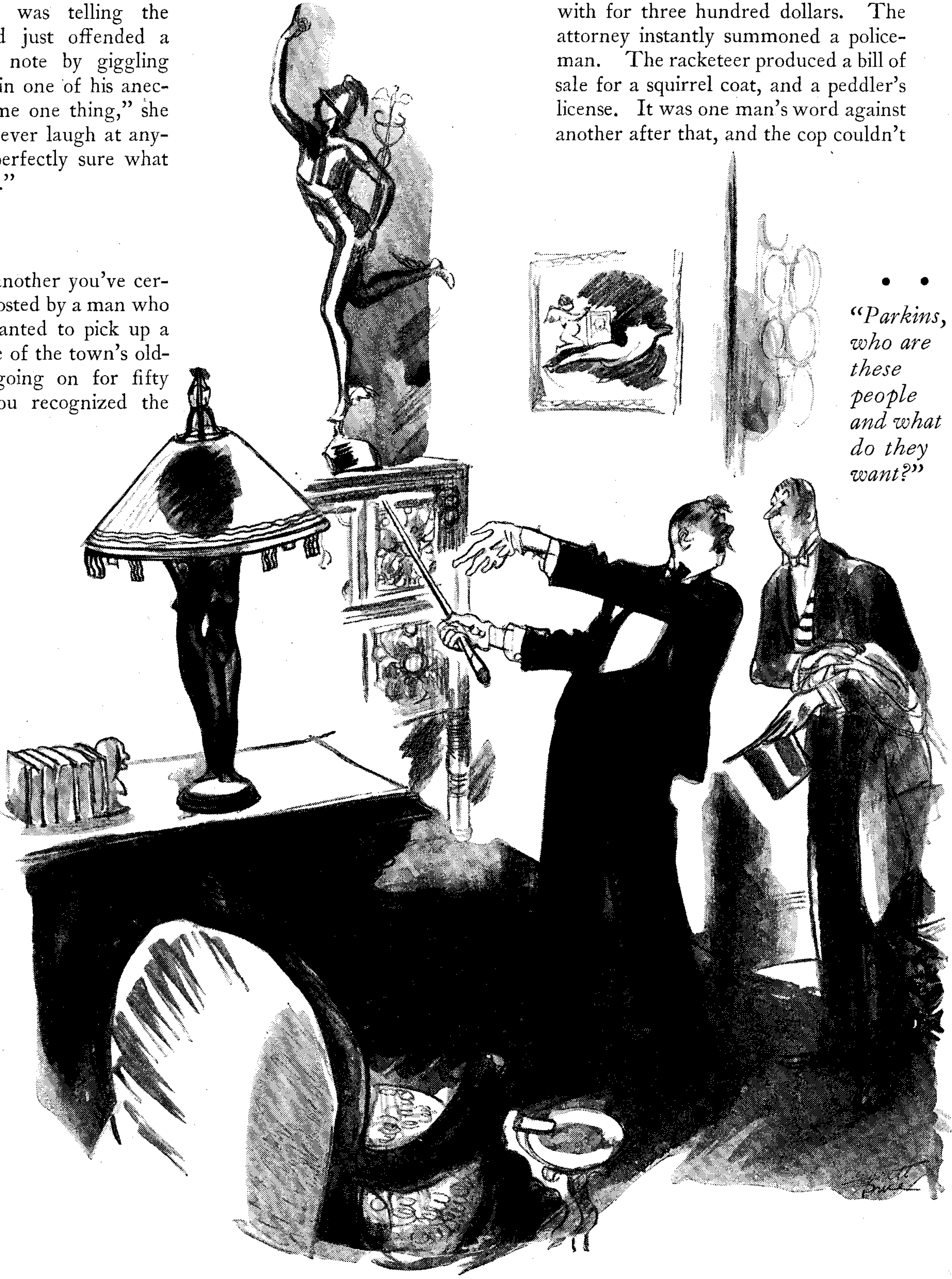
AT one time or another you've certainly been accosted by a man who asked you if you wanted to pick up a fur cheap. It's one of the town's oldest rackets; been going on for fifty years. Probably you recognized the approach as a swindler's and wondered vaguely, as you went about your business, how they get away with it. They get away with it very neatly. The Furriers' Security Alliance has been fighting the fake salesmen for years without success.

The fur men arm themselves with two bills of sale: one genuine, the other fake. If you ask to see the bill of sale, they'll show you the phony one: made out to cover a five-hundred-dollar fox-fur neckpiece, or a fifteen-hundred-dollar mink. If you call a cop (as very few do) they pull out the genuine bill of sale, for a piece of cat, dog, rabbit, wolf, or Japanese fox. This bill discloses that the fur actually cost anywhere from a dollar and a half to thirty dollars.

Apparently the business pays well, for in the past few years about ten of the racketeers have gone in for trucks with the name of some nonexistent fur company lettered neatly on their sides, and sometimes even drivers in uniform. About all they ever get accused of is peddling without a license, which brings only a two-dollar fine, and most of them have licenses now anyhow.

The fur-racket men get their wares at cheap stores in the fur centre or from pushcart peddlers on the East Side. Then they take them to experts in Brooklyn or New Jersey who, by treatment with dyes, can make a pretty slick silver fox out of cat, dog, or rabbit, and something that looks like mink out of squirrel.

Last year one of the young assistant district attorneys was accosted by a fake-fur hawker in Sixth Avenue. The fellow whispered huskily that he had come by a thirty-five-hundred-dollar mink coat that he was willing to part with for three hundred dollars. The attorney instantly summoned a policeman. The racketeer produced a bill of sale for a squirrel coat, and a peddler's license. It was one man's word against another after that, and the cop couldn't



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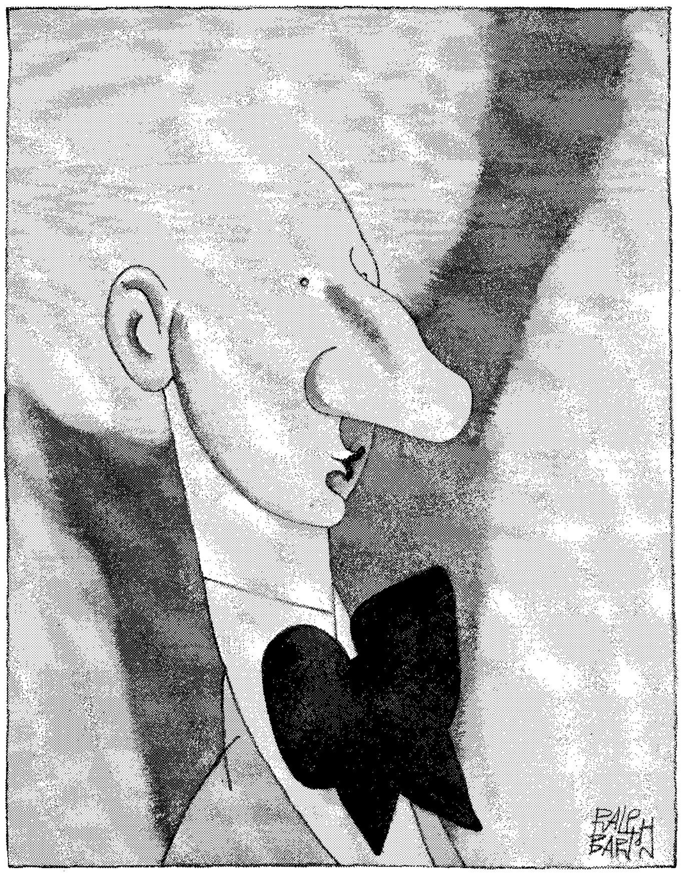
"Parkins, who are these people and what do they want?"

be bothered. Said that when he was younger he had brought these fellows into court and that the judge, after a lot of goings on, always had said "*Caveat emptor*" and everybody had gone home.



THE HERO OF THE WEEK

LEOPOLD ANTONI STANISLAW BOLESLAW STOKOWSKI, Conductor of The Philadelphia Orchestra, who performed a cantata entitled "Lindbergh's Flight," in which the Lone Eagle's epic hop is celebrated by chorus and orchestra and described by a solo tenor, and through which the Pure Art of Music marries Modern Achievement and indulges in a slight flirtation with Modern Journalism on the side.

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Casualty

A GENTLEMAN, dropping in alone at a performance of "Miracle at Verdun" the other evening, found himself seated next a rather lanky lady who was obviously terribly in earnest about the whole thing. About halfway through the first act he heard a series of dismal clucking sounds from her direction, and turning found her staring solemnly at him. "Frightful, frightful," she murmured. The gentleman nodded consolingly. "I was over there, you know," she continued. "After the war. I was at Verdun." Following this disclosure, she spent some minutes watching the show. Then, hypnotically, she caught the gentleman's eye again. "Were you in the war?" she asked. "Yes," he admitted. "Were you at Verdun?" she next demanded. "I was," he answered solemnly. The lady eyed him with awe. "Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Were you wounded?" "No," replied the gentleman, quite simply. "I was killed."

Another happening in the theatre last week ought to be chronicled, perhaps. One who attended a performance of Philip Barry's play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," reports that the lady in front of him turned to her male companion at the end of the second act. "Well," she said, "it doesn't convince *me!*" "Of what?" asked the gentleman.

Getting the Mails Through

THE letters you drop down the mail chute in skyscrapers are perfectly safe, so don't worry about them any more. The Post Office Department, the Cutler Mail Chute Company, which manufactures practically all the apparatus, and the superintendents of the various buildings themselves, all are watching pretty intently to see if anything goes wrong. When something does there is considerable formality.

The thing that most often happens, and which people worry about most, is that the letters will get stuck somewhere along the way. When the jam is visible through the glass front, someone in the building always lets the superintendent know. If it occurs between floors, the mail-carrier finds it out when, on opening the ground-floor mailbox, he finds fewer letters than usual. Then *he* tells the superintendent. In either case the superintendent is forbidden by postal regulations to do anything about it alone. He must notify the district post office, which sends over a sub-carrier with a key which will unlock any of the glass sections. The district post offices keep keys of all the chutes in their area. The rest of the operation is finely divided as to responsibility. The sub-carrier turns the key in the lock, and steps aside. It is then the duty of the superintendent to remove the glass. The sub-carrier, again in charge, pries the letters loose with a long hooked stick devised for that purpose. The letters go dribbling down again. The superintendent puts back the glass. The sub-carrier turns the key.

Things get even more complicated when the chute gets dirty and has to be cleaned, or when something, such as the glass, breaks. Then the Cutler Mail Chute Company is also embroiled. Instead of telling the post office of the trouble, the superintendent tells them, and *they* tell the postal authorities, who issue a permit for the necessary repairs. Then the work can go ahead. Anyway, you can be sure the mails always get through.

Chess in Childs

PARISIAN cafés may point proudly to tables at which Voltaire or Napoleon played chess, or even take satisfaction in lesser persons playing at the present day, but, of course, one doesn't do that sort of thing in this country. Two young English instructors at New York University tried, but it didn't work. They are frequently immersed in a game at lunch hour and lately, getting up their nerve, they began carting their board to a nearby Childs. It was all right the first few times, although people stared, but on their fifth or sixth visit the manager came over and asked them to stop. "It don't look nice," he said.

Quick Change

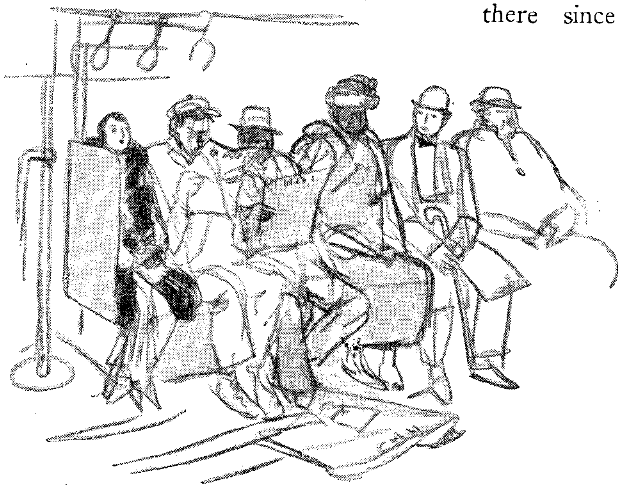
UNTIL Jim McNally, grizzled, Irish, and the superintendent of Madison Square Garden, put his mind to it seriously, it used to take about twenty hours to get the ice off the floor of the Garden after a hockey game. Now it's done in forty minutes. This is a great help, because under the old system a hockey game usually meant a dark house the next night. The Garden people wanted to put on three hockey games a week during the winter, and you can see where that left them.

McNally is at the Garden most of the time. This winter he has even slept there, they kept him hopping so. From November to the end of March the place had only five dark nights. All winter long it was just change from hockey rinks to prize rings, to hockey rinks, to horse-show arenas, to tennis courts, to hockey rinks, to something else, until it made you dizzy. When the circus arrived McNally got things ready, sighed, and went out for a walk. After that he and his men went to repairing broken seats and so on.

Getting rid of the ice quickly was McNally's biggest triumph. He worked it out by inventing a plow which broke up the ice without cutting the floors, together with an electric pusher to shove it away.

Thirteen miles of pipes run north and south under the Garden floor. These are pumped full of brine and the freezing starts when an eighth of an inch of water is run onto the floor. As soon as this coating is frozen another eighth-of-an-inch sheet of water is put on, and so on. The ice is never more than an inch thick. For the faster and lighter hockey teams seven-eighths of an inch will do. The making of a rink takes from six to eight hours. After the game, steam is forced through the brine pipes. This loosens the ice and then McNally's cutters and pushers are brought in. The cutters cut the ice into chunks and the pushers push it to the mouth of a chute. It slides down the chute into a vat of boiling water and then flows off quietly into the sewer. Each pusher has a hard rubber dingus on it which sweeps the floor clean of water. Also McNally's invention.

Another thing McNally had to meet was the dirt situation. Every time there was a horse show or a rodeo or a circus, the Garden used to have to scurry around town and find enough dirt to cover a thousand square yards, frequently a discouraging chore, as there is dirt and there is dirt and the Garden has to have good dirt. Clayey dirt won't do because it hardens like concrete. Sandy dirt won't do because it dries, and dry sand is terrible for horses or elephants to cavort on. McNally now has his permanent stock of selected dirt, the cream of fifty excavations around the island. When not in use it is stored on a lot at Fifty-first Street and Twelfth Avenue. It comes to a hundred and thirty-five truckloads, to be moved back and forth as required.



Spoor

A HOSTESS, looking back over the ravages of the past few months, confided to us that the most appalling losses were in her napery department. It appears that certain brands of lipstick now in vogue contain dyes that leave an indelible stain on napkins when ladies wipe their lovely lips. For the hostess it is a case of buying new damask sets frequently, or using napkins that even after being laundered reveal the tiny pink moons of remembered guests. It is said to be something of a problem, and may upset the existing social order.

Boatmen's Rest

YOU'LL have to hurry (we did) if you want to get down to see the canal-boat colony in winter quarters. Pier 6, East River, just north of the Battery, is the address. They've been there since November—seventy-five canal boats tied together like a giant raft moored to the dock, with over three hundred inhabitants, boatmen and their families, snug in the various cabins. But the ice is breaking upstate now, and in a few days they'll all be off upriver, hauling sand and gravel, bricks, iron ore, or machinery along the barge canal between the Great Lakes and the Hudson. If you miss them this spring, you'll find them back again next November, tied up to the moorings for another winter.

Then again, though, you may not. Pier 6 has been canal-boat headquarters since away back in 1825, when the Erie Canal was opened, but recently the City officials who control it have been thinking of turning it to other uses, in which case the colony would either go somewhere else or disband. There'd be a good many changes in the neighborhood if they did. For one thing, Public School 134, in Pearl Street just off the waterfront, would probably close down. Even now, it's the next-to-smallest school in the city, with only seventy-odd pupils this term, and thirty-three of these canal-boat children. The Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, up State Street, would suffer too. Practically the whole colony are members.

Except for church and school, the canal-boat people don't have much to do with landlubbers. They keep to themselves, marry among themselves, hand their boats on to their children when they die. Winters, the men putter about, painting, calking, cleaning up. The women visit from one cabin to another. The boats are tied so close together that you can travel from one end of the colony to the other, jumping from gunwale to gunwale—if you're sure-footed, that is, for the decks are always rising and falling, swaying gently to the undulations of the river. The inhabitants of the colony rarely step ashore, not even to do shopping. At the end of fall, each family puts in about a hundred pounds of butter, some sides of beef to be salted in brine, potatoes, flour—and there they are, holed in tight for the winter.

Pretty comfortable, especially when you consider they have neither taxes nor rent to pay.

Specialist

POSSESSED of an estate that had everything except a brook, a peer of Long Island determined to make the thing complete. He summoned a landscape architect who specializes in making brooks. They had a long conference, went over the ground, and the brook-builder estimated the cost of construction.

"There's just one other point," he said, as he was getting ready to leave. "What kind of sound do you want?"

The peer was somewhat floored. "Why, just a regular brook sound," he replied.

"But," continued the architect, oblingly, "with these topographical conditions I can give you whatever you wish—a low murmur, a babble, or quite a swish."

The Last Mayfield

ALL the Wendels are gone, but one Mayfield is still left. The Mayfield sisters, three of them, built up a tradition of seclusion in the heart of the town less impressive than the Wendels', but in its way as interesting. They lived together in the Herald Square Hotel in West Thirty-fourth Street for twenty years, maybe thirty. They moved there before the time of the oldest present employee and that's twenty years. One man has lived there fifteen years, and has never seen one of the sisters, Mrs. Benjamin Wood, in all that time. Mrs. Wood is the only one of the three sisters now alive. She's ninety-five.

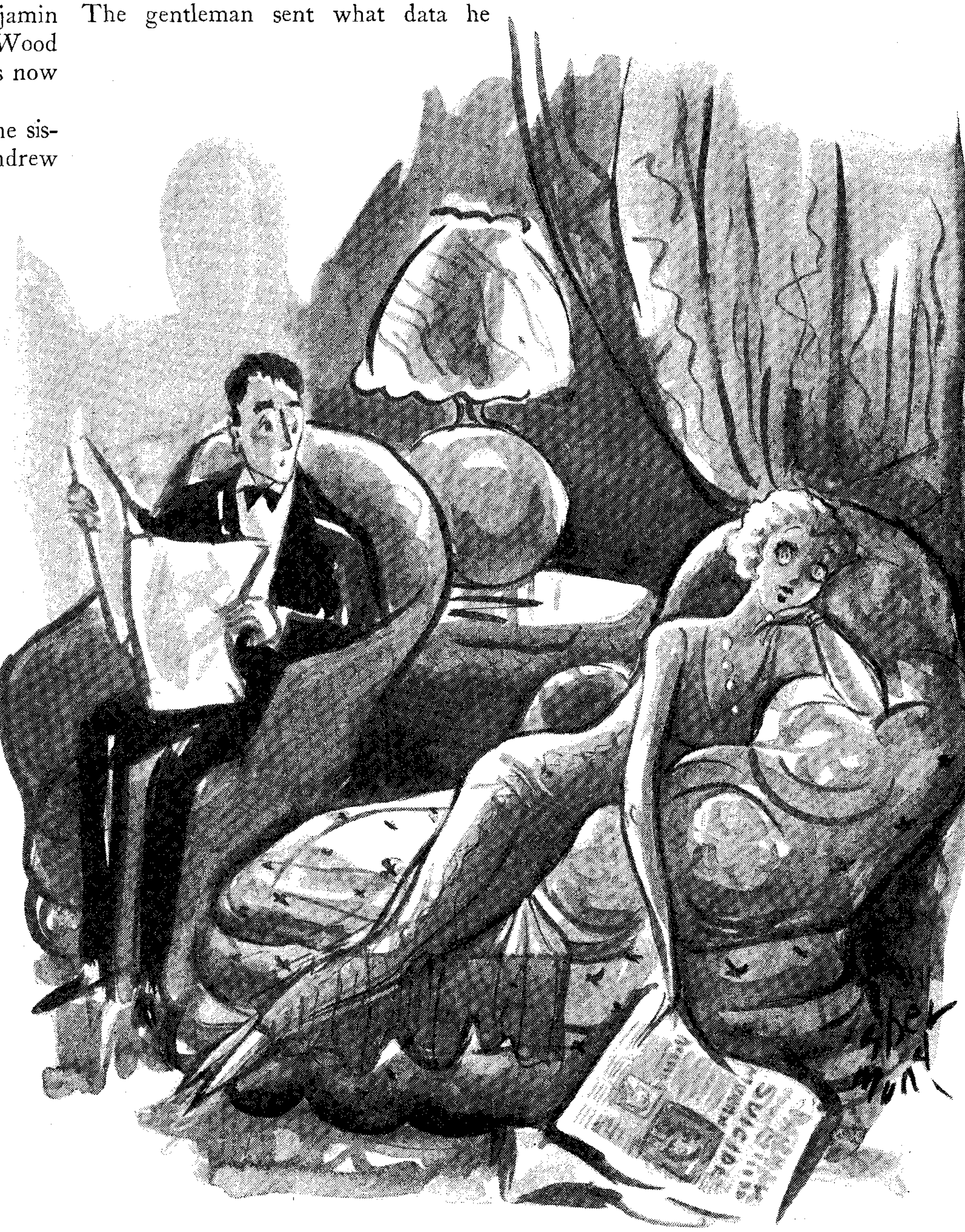
Three years ago the first of the sisters died, and the other two withdrew even more to themselves. They did their own cooking in their rooms, the view from which is mainly the big Macy & Company sign, and Mrs. Wood never went out any more at all. Her sister left the rooms only to buy groceries. A few weeks ago she died, leaving Mrs. Wood entirely alone. The papers carried only the customary notice of her death, and no mention at all of the survivor. Yet Mrs. Wood was, in her day, a person of importance. Her husband was the publisher of the old *Daily News*, and his brother was Fernando Wood, Civil War mayor of New York. The Benjamin Woods lived for a long time at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in its swanky days. Once they entertained Grover and Mrs. Cleveland there. After her husband's death, Mrs. Wood published the *Daily News* for a while, and then dropped into obscurity, later going to live at the Herald Square Hotel with her two sisters.

Judge Morgan O'Brien set a guard of two men outside Mrs. Wood's room following her sister's death because, although living frugally, she was known to have owned securities of a considerable value and he thought they must be tucked away in her room. She had apparently never clipped any of the coupons. Her mind is still keen and her memory accurate, and she has never worn glasses. She was too feeble, however, to go to her sister's funeral. There wasn't anybody there but a priest and the undertaker and his assistants.

To the Ages

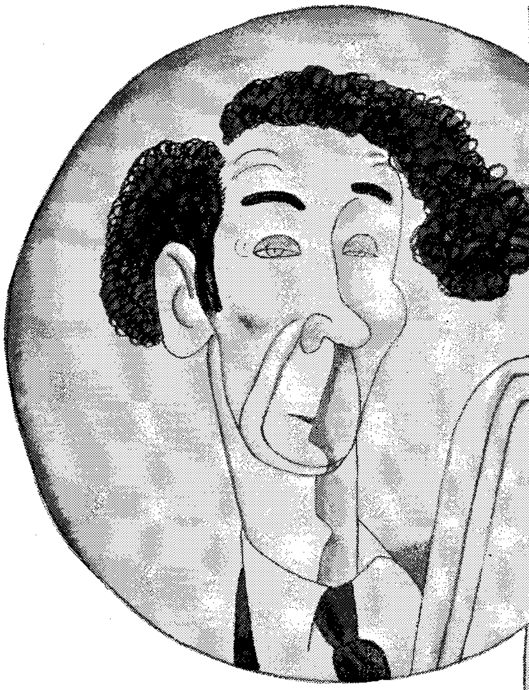
THE British, it now turns out, are not unreceptive to American ideas, after all. Recently, a gentleman who manufactures heating equipment was telling us, the Bank of England got in touch with his firm to inquire about installing a modern heating system. The gentleman sent what data he could, and offered to send one of his engineers over to London to make a conclusive estimate. The Bank thanked him in reply, but remarked that before taking so important a step it would want a guarantee that the new heating apparatus would be permanent. Uncertain about this, he cabled immediately asking what was meant, exactly, by "permanent." The Bank's answer to this pointed out that inasmuch as the structure it occupied was not more than two hundred years old, it could probably anticipate another five hundred years of use. The question was: Would the heating system last that long? The manufacturer pondered this for a day or two and then cabled: "We recommend fireplaces."

—THE NEW YORKERS

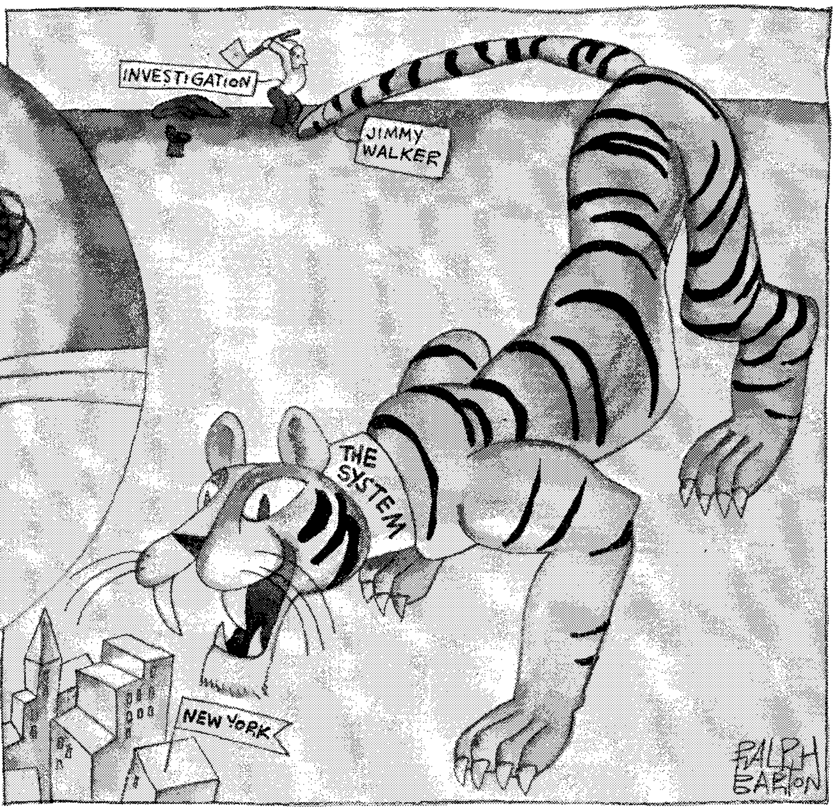


"Nobody's ever killed himself over me—yet."

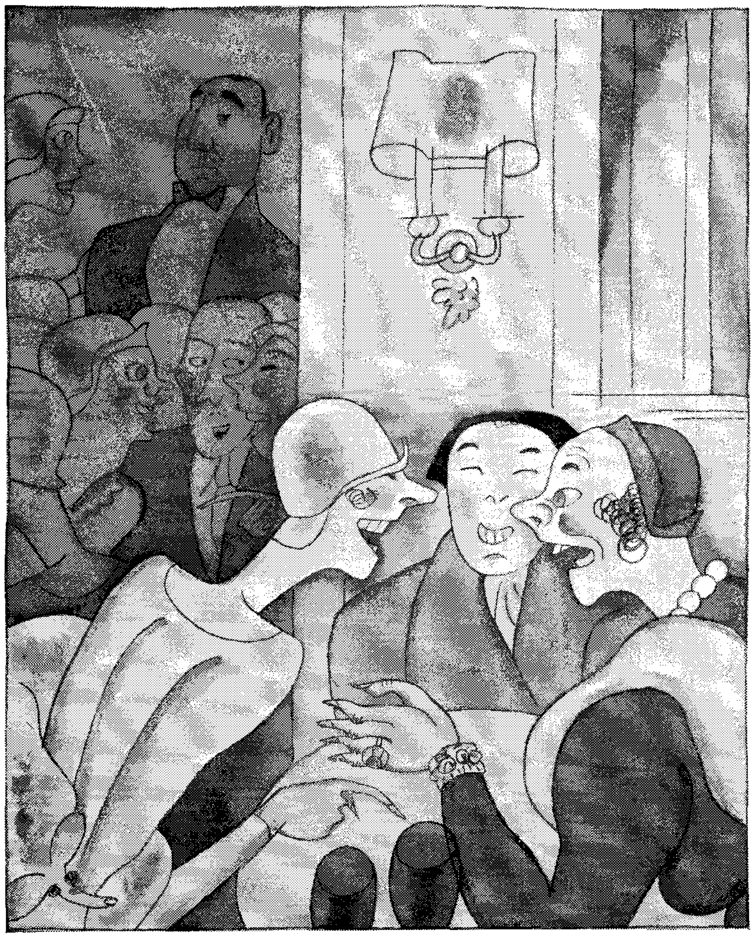
The Graphic Section



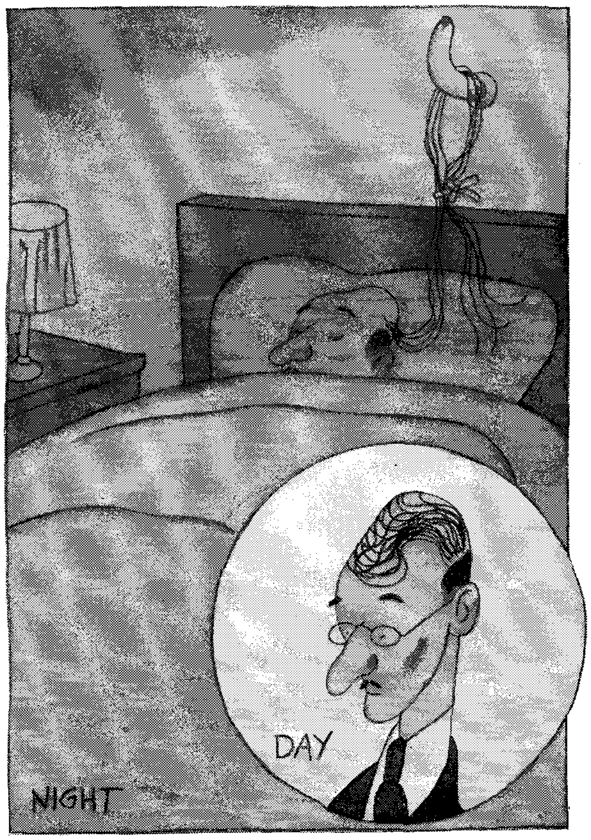
Local Red Enthusiast reads in his newspaper that Soviet Russia's ambition is to become, one day, like America.


INVESTIGATION
JIMMY WALKER
THE SYSTEM
NEW YORK
RALPH BARTON

The City is Being Saved Again. A genuine, hand-drawn cartoon, with labels on everything.



Lunch-Time at the Colony Restaurant. The great indoor sport of damning dear, absent friends with a few well-chosen wisecracks.



Household Hint. A method for keeping them untangled during the night.

LATE AFTERNOON OF A PATROLMAN

WE sat down on an old, rusted bedspring in a vacant lot in Canarsie. "No sirree," said Patrolman McQuierahan, "I don't like this beat." He looked about him; the lot, bare of any green thing, was filled with old cans, parts of dynamos which were no good, a couple of thin goats, and some other bedsprings. It was late afternoon, and rather gloomy.

"Gypsies camp here now and again," said McQuierahan. "You can't trust gypsies."

"Gypsies, eh?" I said.

"Yeah," said McQuierahan. A pensive look came into his big blue eyes; he rubbed his fine strong chin. "They have a great life, gypsies," he continued, "travellin' everywheres. You know"—he looked at me sadly—"I miss my yacht, I think, more'n anything else. I used to have a lot of fun on that yacht."

"How did you happen to own a yacht?" I asked, in genuine surprise.

"Gambling," said McQuierahan. "I used to gamble a little with the boys—you know how a fellow will spend a quiet social evening gambling a little and maybe havin' a drink or two—not enough to hurt anybody."

"Were you lucky?" I asked.

"I win three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars one year," he said.

"That was pretty lucky," I said. "Who'd you gamble with?"

"Just some of the boys—nights when we was off duty."

"You were on the Vice Squad, too, weren't you?" I asked.

"Sure I was—but what of it?" said the patrolman. "Thankless work it was, God knows. You recall the case of that woman named Maggie Freem they said I framed?"

"There were so many of them," I murmured, apologetically.

"She was the paralyzed widow," said McQuierahan.

"Oh, sure, I remember," I said; "the woman that had been a church social-worker."

"She was a bad woman," said the officer. "She was no good. Do you know any good women?"

"Certainly," I said. "I know a lot of mighty fine women."

"Well, are any of them paralyzed?" he asked.

"No," I said, "they aren't, come to think of it."

"There you are," said McQuierahan. "A paralyzed woman is no good. Matter of fact, I did that jane a good turn. I claimed that they was a man in her room, see? Why, they ain't a man in New York who'd a bin fussin' around her—she was no good. But my charges give her something to brag about, see what I mean? And furthermore they got her into a nice comfortable institution."

"Bedford?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "Nice country up there, too; nice place for a woman—somebody to look after her, good care an' all."

"She died there, didn't she?" I asked.

"Yes," said McQuierahan. He looked up at the darkening sky, reflectively. "Did ja ever hear a guy make the remark that he'd like to die in, say, Bermudy, or his ol' home town, or France or somewheres?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, there ya are," said McQuierahan. "A person dies in the place he likes most, see?"

We were both silent a little while.

"IT cost her about two hundred dollars, didn't it—the trial, I mean?" I asked.

"Sure," said the patrolman. "But what good was two hundred bucks to a paralyzed woman—could she go dancin' and spreein' around?"

"No," I said.

"You're dam' right she couldn't," said McQuierahan. "Or she shouldn't, anyways. Any doctor'll tell you that—but you know how women are, always gaddin' around and overdoin', unless you put 'em somewheres where somebody can look after 'em."

We fell into another philosophical silence.

"But didn't that lawyer that took the money to get her off know in advance that he wasn't going to get her off?" I asked.

"McGlue wasn't no lawyer," said McQuierahan. "I don't trust lawyers. McGlue was a phony, see? That was proved. They never hung it on him that he was a reg'lar lawyer, no sir. You see McGlue was a guy that simply couldn't make no money except in court work like that. He had a talent for gettin' lonely girls into nice, warm institutions. What was I to do—refuse to help him? He'd a bin out in the streets without the kind of work he was doin'—out in the streets and like as not turnin' to crime or something. No sir, I threw him all the work I could. Sure he told the old girl he'd git her off—what the hell, it cheered her up."

"They said he split fees with you, didn't they?" I asked.

"Well sir," said the patrolman, "McGlue was a guy that couldn't keep money—he didn't have enough sense to hold onto it, so some of us used to split with him, so's he wouldn't make a fool of hisself. You know the kind of a guy I mean?"

"Sure," I said. "What was the mixup about the magistrate in that case; I forget."

"OH, Judge Framingham," said McQuierahan. "Well, you see they claimed he committed the wrong woman, because naturally we didn't bring Maggie Freem into court—what the hell, would ja drag a paralyzed woman into court? We brought in a friend of mine and my wife's and she pleaded guilty for Maggie—nice of her too, 'cause she was a busy woman."

"But," I said, "the Judge should have known about that, and he didn't."

"Judge Framingham was a very busy man," said McQuierahan. "He couldn't go round keepin' track of all the small-fry cases came up before him. He trusted us. He said when he was tried that he trusted the police."

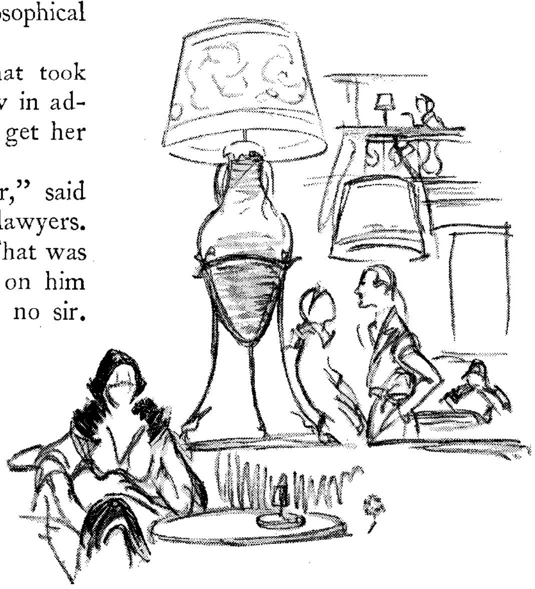
"I remember that," I said.

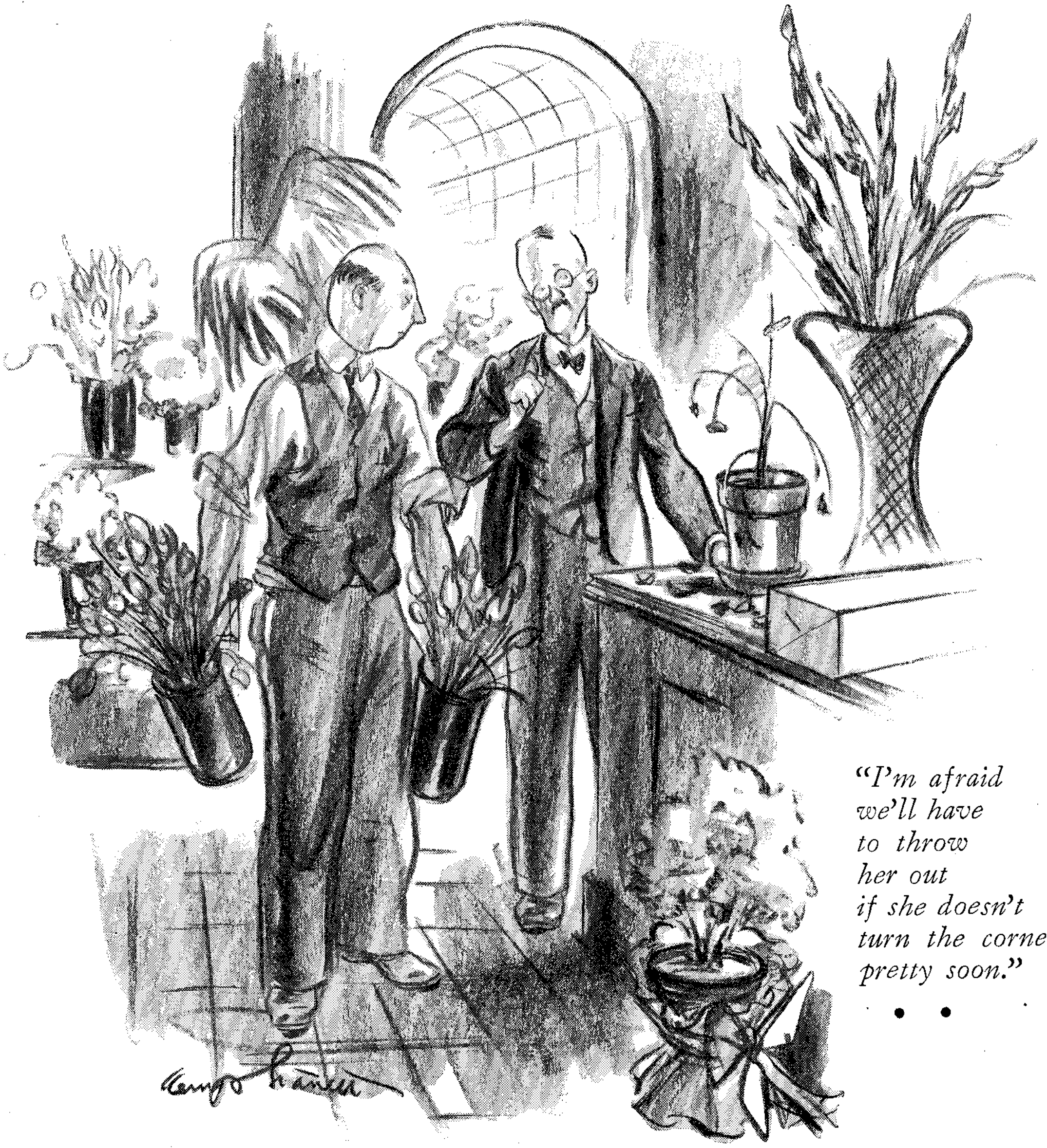
"No sir," said McQuierahan, "I was doin' my duty as I seen it, and what do I get out of it?"

"Demotion," I said.

"De-what?" he asked.

"I said you got stuck out here, and





"I'm afraid we'll have to throw her out if she doesn't turn the corner pretty soon."

• •

it seems like a clear case of injustice."

"Sure it's a clear case of injustice," said McQuierahan, "but whatta ya goin' to do? Whatta ya goin' to do with a sloppy, sentimental public like we got in New York?"

"The New York public's impossible," I said.

"I don't trust no public," said McQuierahan. "Always steppin' in and takin' the part of some no-good woman and sendin' guys like me an' McGlue to jail or out on a beat like this."

We both looked around at the dismal lot.

"Well, I got to be getting along," I said.

"Well, so long, Jack," said McQuierahan. He looked up at the sky as he got up off the bedspring and turned away. "Looks like it'd be a swell night for yachtin'," he said, wistfully.

I felt sorry for him.

—James Thurber

THE NEW BARMECIDES

THE founder of Futurism, Filippo Tomaso Marinetti, has apparently decided that a man is entitled to be a menace once every twenty years. In 1910, or thereabouts, he attacked grammar and frightened a lot of Humanists. He also took a series of glancing blows at painting, music, the theatre, and other unimportant activities. That was before Italy had become a world power. Today, with the Napoleonic complex running free along the Mediterranean, he has transferred Futurism from art to dining, and is full of bright thoughts.

His ideas about food are not so important. If he wants the Italian government to abolish all spaghettis and macaronis and raviolis because they "induce torpor, pessimism, and scepticism," that's his affair and Mussolini's. But when he comes to the run of a dinner, he touches us all. According to *Time*, his idea is:

> Rapid presentation, under the noses and eyes of guests, of a great variety of foods, some of which will be eaten later, while some will not, thus exciting curiosity, surprise and imagination.

LIKE all pioneers, Marinetti is a little unconscious of the true effect of his innovation. What he is really suggesting, for the first time in contemporary life, is the use of food as a social weapon. In the old days undesirable guests were placed below the salt, and current methods of expressing emotion through edibles are still coarse: to serve roast beef instead of quail is a crude expedient. In general the social system offers only one way to deliver an insult, and that is the negative one of not inviting the person you intend to insult. This seems to me inadequate. If you can express your pleasure in the company of others by giving them food, there ought to be a way—and there is a way—of expressing at table your dislike or your indifference or any of the other shades of emotion which polite society creates or encourages.

What is needed is imagination and a change of focus. People plan dinners in accordance with the number of their guests and, to a slight extent, with the appetites and prejudices of their guests in mind. They avoid a mixture of meats and dairy dishes for rabbis and provide nuts and spinach for vegetarians; but they do not plan their dinners to express their own feelings. This is not the way to success. And if, like most people, you are going to disregard your own emotions and let dinners for no matter whom consist of a soup, a roast with vegetables, and a dessert, you will get nowhere with the new art of dining.

Dinner should be planned in accordance with the natures of the diners: those who get tight before dinner so that they cannot appreciate the taste of food, those who are greedy, those who are dieting, those who are constitutionally without sensitive palates, those who talk all through dinner, those who take so long with the roast that the soufflé is spoiled in the kitchen. They'd none of them be missed, but they have to be asked to dinner, and the dinner should fit the crime.

For those who get tight there is really only one satisfactory method, which is to have no dinner at all. Observing the signs of intoxication, one shakes up another round of cocktails and remarks with a forced laugh that the dinner is burned, that there has been a misunderstanding about dates, or simply "Let's eat at a speakeasy." To rebuke the greedy you serve in miniature, on Brittany plates, and on a table lighted by candles with little pink shades with fringes. The dieters must be subtly tempted. The food they will not eat must be deliciously prepared, but by a system of signals the really charming hostess will see that her butler never offers it to her thinning guests. It is quite true that the insensitive ones will not care whether the food is good or bad, and here the art of conversation will help, because two or three gourmets can keep the talk so exclusively concentrated on food as to make these dull palates acutely uncomfortable. For the talkers and the dawdlers there is nothing like a plate-snatcher. You need a really impressive butler to do this. Even without him it can be done, and is a source of infinite irritation.

THE serving of food is, in fact, as obvious a social weapon as its selection and preparation. I do not mean that one should ever omit the napery and instruments dictated by polite society and by little books for the newly-married. But there is a tempo of service which a subtly-minded hostess can vary, with accelerations and retards which in themselves constitute a commentary on the desirability of her guests. Vulgar spills should not be encouraged, but the blank refusal to pour a third glass of wine, if suavely managed, is extremely effective, and the nonappearance of a second helping is a grand insult.

The more delicate problems are those of the food itself. Take, for example, the guest who is an amateur cook of great pretensions and who, even if politely silent about the quality of your cooking, makes his refusal of a second helping a commentary. The thing to do with him is to open all vents and doors from the kitchen, so that, while the guest waits, the divine odors of exquisite foods are wafted through the living-room—the spice of a ham, the subtle fragrances of an exquisite sauce. When this excitation has gone far enough, serve something entirely different—it hardly matters what. The reverse process you might use for a friend who has lent you money and is willing to lend you more. Let the house be flooded with cauliflower, but let no cauliflower appear at dinner. The friend will be pleased.

To prevent the timid from feeling at their ease you create the difficult dinner, serving with the cocktail canapés overloaded on soft and inadequate rounds of toast. For the first course a deceptive soup, flanked by toast Melba and very crisp celery—onion soup perhaps, or any other *potage* which escapes the spoon; if everything else fails, grated cheese can be trusted to create a nuisance. Then fish which is far from boneless, but very little of this because the appetite must be keen so that a powerful effect will be made to get all there is of the forthcoming squab. With this many vegetables, and none of your vulgar side dishes for vegetables. For dessert a very hard ice cream with crushed strawberries on flat plates with ordinary spoons.

If your aestheticism has been questioned, allow yourself a chaste orange dinner: Orange Blossom cocktails; a fruit cup, mostly oranges; duck *bigarade*, and orange ice will do. This is more colorful than a banana dinner, which should be served only to people who dislike bananas, and in which you change the proportions of the fruit cup and serve steak Stanley, with its fragrant cooked banana, for what is unhappily called the "dinner."

MY impression is that if you keep up this sort of thing long enough the necessity of giving dinners will slowly evaporate, and you will begin to notice it when you find that your own engagements for going out to dinner have become a little infrequent. People will not call you up and insist that "you've got to eat somewhere." If they do, and if you still have a friendly feeling for dining at home, there are a few more things you can do. Having made your own home virtually impossible for your friends, you can make your own presence equally impossible at their homes. Perhaps the most effective way is to adopt the custom of the British in India and always bring your own servant, especially to dinners of not more than six. Another effective method is to pretend to be entranced by the aroma of the food set before you. Nine out of ten hosts will assume that you are hinting a fault or a dislike. Finally, I think that if you rob the baby's silver chest and always carry with you, and ostentatiously use, a pusher—which is by far the most useful and agreeable of table implements—you will find yourself very shortly in the most desirable of all social positions: that of an outcast.

—GILBERT SELDES

• •

THEY LIVE, THEY BREATHE

I—THE COW

The cow is of the bovine ilk;
One end is moo, the other, milk;
And but for Bossy, Walker-Gordon
Would long ago have crossed
the Jordan.

II—THE RABBITS

Here's a verse about rabbits
That doesn't mention their habits.

III—THE COBRA

This creature fills its mouth with venum
And walks upon its duodenum.
He who attempts to tease the cobra
Is soon a sadder he, and sobra.

IV—THE JUDGE

This is a judge.
Boy, can he budge!

V—THE ROACH

I haste to hymn the humble roach
Whom other poets won't approach.
His flickering feet, his apt antennae
Have given great offence to many,
Yet I'd prefer him in my pantry
To Mr. Barrett or Elmer Gantry.

VI—THE BABY

A bit of talcum
Is always walcum.

—OGDEN NASH

OF ALL THINGS

THE President sadly observes that all we bought in the Virgin Islands was an effective poorhouse. By a remarkable coincidence, the latest unemployment figures show that an effective poorhouse is just what we need.

•

Macfadden takes a load off this department's mind by his promise not to change *Liberty's* editorial policy. We were afraid he would try to raise its basic mental age from seven to eight.

•

Arthur Hammerstein is bankrupt, but he takes a cheery view of the situation. "I've got," he sings, "five dollars."

•

There is a persistent rumor that grand opera is dying. If this is true no doubt tickets for the funeral may easily be obtained from speculators.

•

Dr. Holmes predicts that our sun-kissed Mayor will be out in a hundred days, but old John Citizen is not so sure. Jimmie is a great one for being late.

•

Tammany's efforts at sweeping up the mess are commendable but pretty pathetic. We hate to think what Judge Seabury will find when he looks under those fifty-seven bureaus.

•

What brand of soap should be used in our municipal housecleaning? What cigarettes sustained our brave marines through the rescue work at Managua? Something seems to have happened to the old pep.

•

A beauty specialist claims that it costs the South more per face for complexion upkeep than any other section. This is an affront to Southern womanhood, if we know our Dixie.

•

From Republican G.H.Q. at Washington come reports of grave discontent over the sour publicity work of Lucas and West. The nicest thing they have been called so far is "depress agents."

•

Now Dexter Fellowes breaks down and admits that the R. B. and B. & B. circus is not over seventy per cent more thrilling than ever before. We are all sorry to see the old gentleman losing his grip.

•

The Jesse Straus poll shows that our Governor, though an avowed wet, is a favorite with Southern Democrats. Down there the boys care less about where a man stands on public questions than where he goes on Sunday.

•

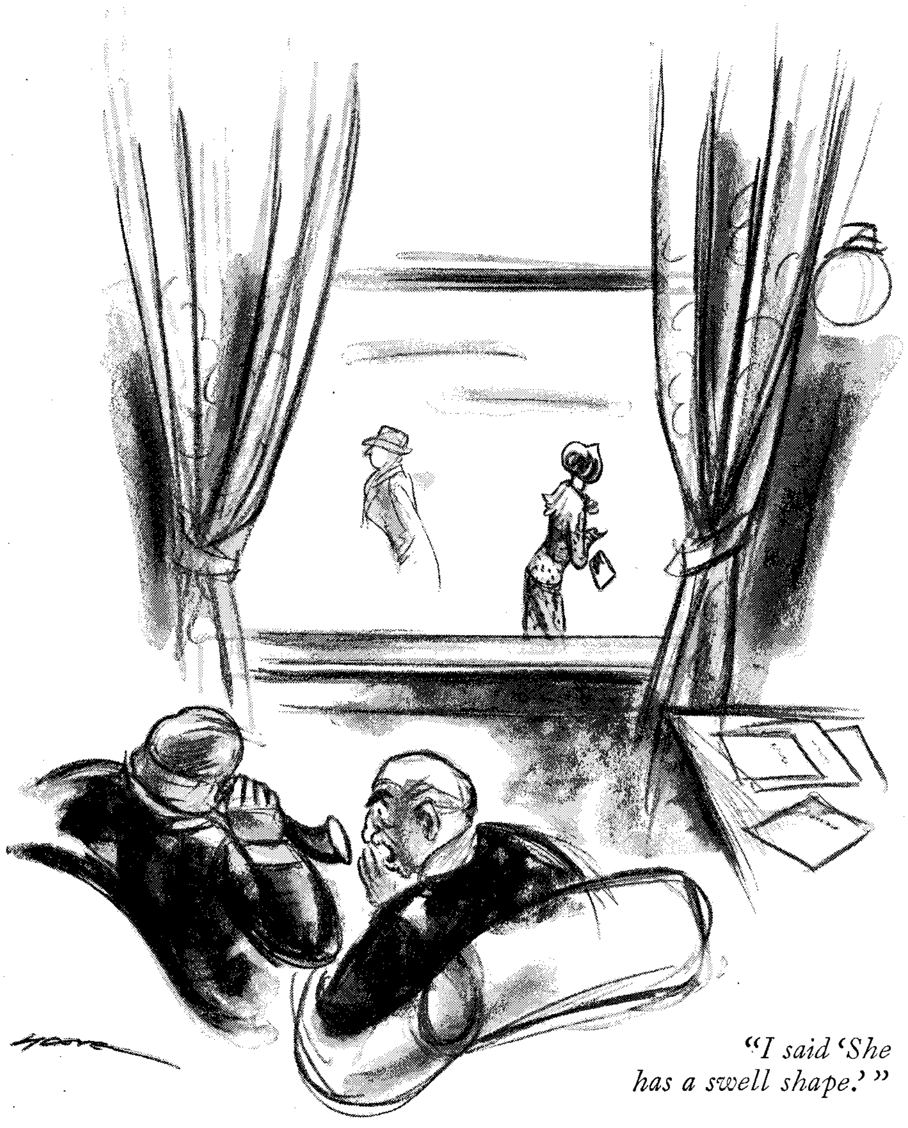
Plans for the great Rockefeller amusement centre are to be altered. The public was amused too soon.

•

Graduates of Yale '26 have an average salary of three thousand a year. This is not wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, but we can't all be New York cops.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •



"*I said 'She has a swell shape.'* "

IN FAR AFRICA

Whereas our
Crocuses arise
Under cold winds
And silver skies

In Africa
As travellers tell
Bloom miles of lofty
Asphodel.

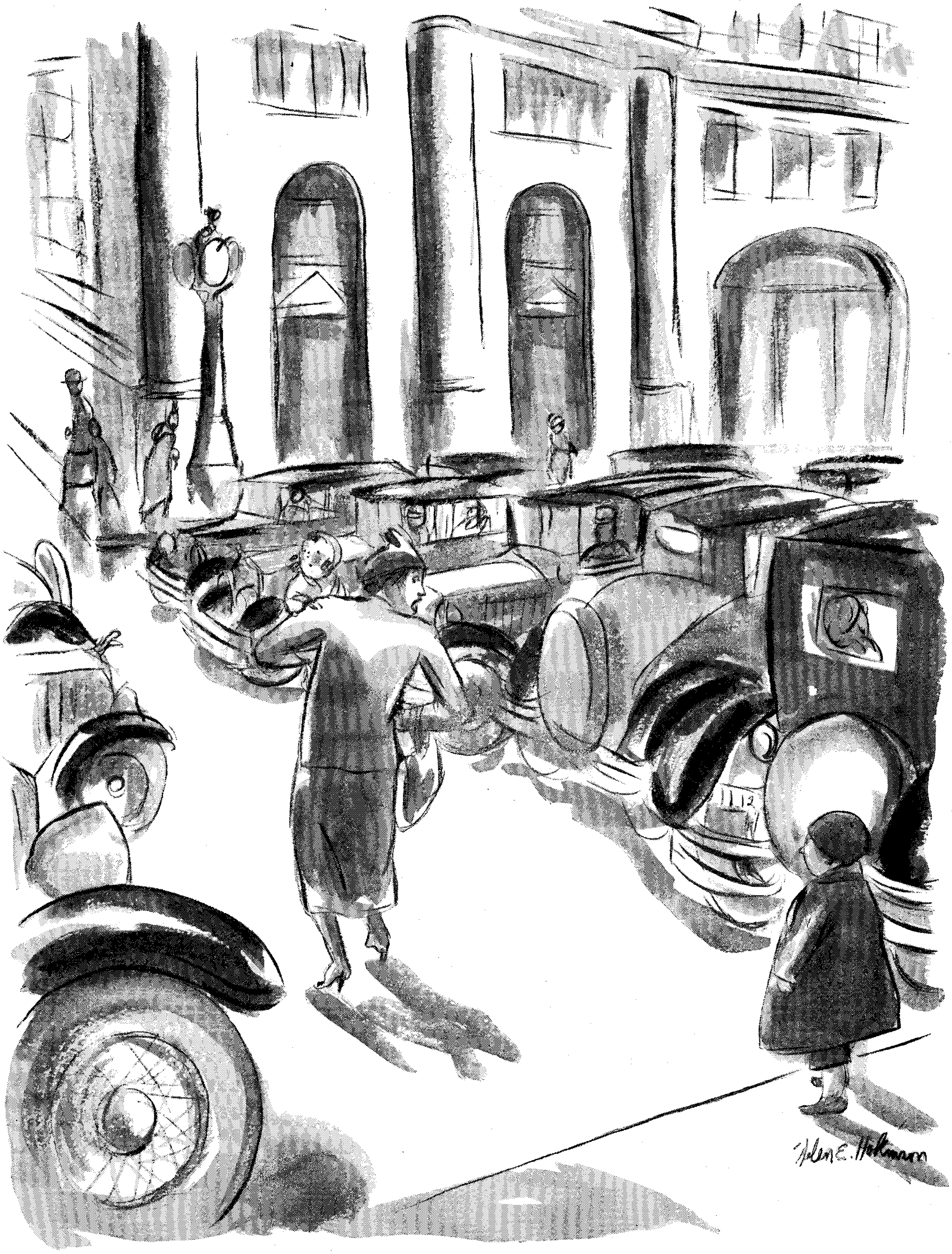
In gardens walled
From any breeze
Birds sing from green
Banana trees,

While here one robin
Bleak and cold
Scratches among
Dead leaves and mold.

The wary leaves
Notch the thin boughs
The field mouse peers
From his small house,

But in far Africa
Like psalms
The rainbows stand
Between high palms.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

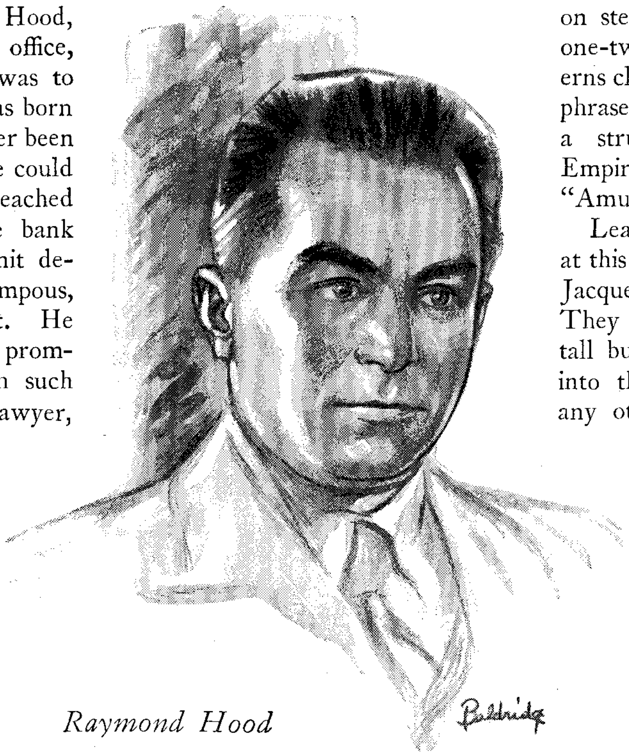

1112
Helen E. Hokinson

"See, Junior—Baby and I are not getting run over."

PROFILES

MAN AGAINST THE SKY

SOME years ago Raymond Hood, in his modest New York office, heard that a new bank was to be built in Providence. Hood was born near Providence, but he had never been able to show its citizens what he could do. Five hours after the news reached him he was there, asking the bank president to invite him to submit designs. The president made pompous, deprecating noises in his throat. He feared that Mr. Hood was not prominent enough to complete with such New York firms as York & Sawyer, John Russell Pope, and McKim, Mead & White. It happens that though the last firm has continued, the original Mr. McKim and Mr. Mead and Mr. White are dead. Hood didn't hesitate to present his own claims when living rivals were named, but when this firm was mentioned he exploded. Clapping his hat on his head he strode to the door. "If it's a question of competing with ghosts," he said, "there's only one firm that can do it: God Almighty, Michelangelo & Raymond Hood."



Raymond Hood

Raymond Hood possesses the position in architecture that he wants. He is its brilliant bad boy. The fine old gentlemen in their fine old offices distend their nostrils slightly when they hear his name and, sighing faintly over their gay-blade memories of Beaux-Arts days, they call him a youngster. Perhaps he is.

HOOD is fifty, a solid little man with a definite bulge to his brow. There is something pleasant and friendly about him that resists analysis. His face is brown and large, accented by nimble eyes and hair that is a shock of amazing gray-black bristles sticking straight in the air. His clothes are ugly in a gloomy brown way, and his friends say that he does not care for display in dress. This may be true now, but it has not always been so. He once purchased, after a visit to Longchamp, a gay gray-checked suit and a brilliant tie, as well as a malacca cane to set them off. He never had the courage to wear the outfit.

In spite of the drabness of his personal costume (he likes to work and receive clients in a windbreaker) Hood has never hesitated to erect at a cost of millions such architectural fancy dress as a skyscraper of solid black or a country house spattered with red, yellow, green, and blue paint. He was brave enough to design the Daily News Building, which drew from Royal Cortissoz the exclamation: "That's not architecture!"—a comment to which Hood replied sincerely: "So much the better." There is conflict in whatever he does, an intense emotion sweeping first over him, then over the spectators. You either love or hate his work. You cannot be cool or merely intelligent about it. Certainly Hood is not and other architects are not. The product of Brown University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the École des Beaux-Arts, Hood has burnt out of himself all that he once wanted to do in the use of traditional design. The hot spirit, dramatically expressed, which leaped through the blood of the Greek, the Gothic, and the Georgian designer, is never warmed over by him. Hood builds what Hood himself feels.

Architecture these days is rancorously shooting off in all directions. The reactionaries cling to their Georgian arched windows, their Gothic masonry hung like sham stage-setting pictures on steel foundations, and their Greek one-two, one-two rhythms. The moderns cling to nothing. Even the classical phrases give way as they gaze at such a structure as the eighty-six-story Empire State Building and murmur "Amusing."

Leading the New York modernists at this moment are Ralph Walker, Ely Jacques Kahn, and Raymond Hood. They are three little men who build tall buildings, and who probably rake into their offices more business than any other architects in the city. So frequently are their names strung together that one might believe they belong to the same firm, but although they eat and drink and lunch and confer constantly, each one has his own separate and substantial office. The three live in a ferment. They change their architectural notions once a week. They plan great projects. They lead the Architectural League: Hood as president, Kahn as vice-president of the Executive Committee, and Walker as a member of many committees. They are constantly publicized, interviewed, quoted. They dash to Boston. They race to Chicago. They have a glorious time.

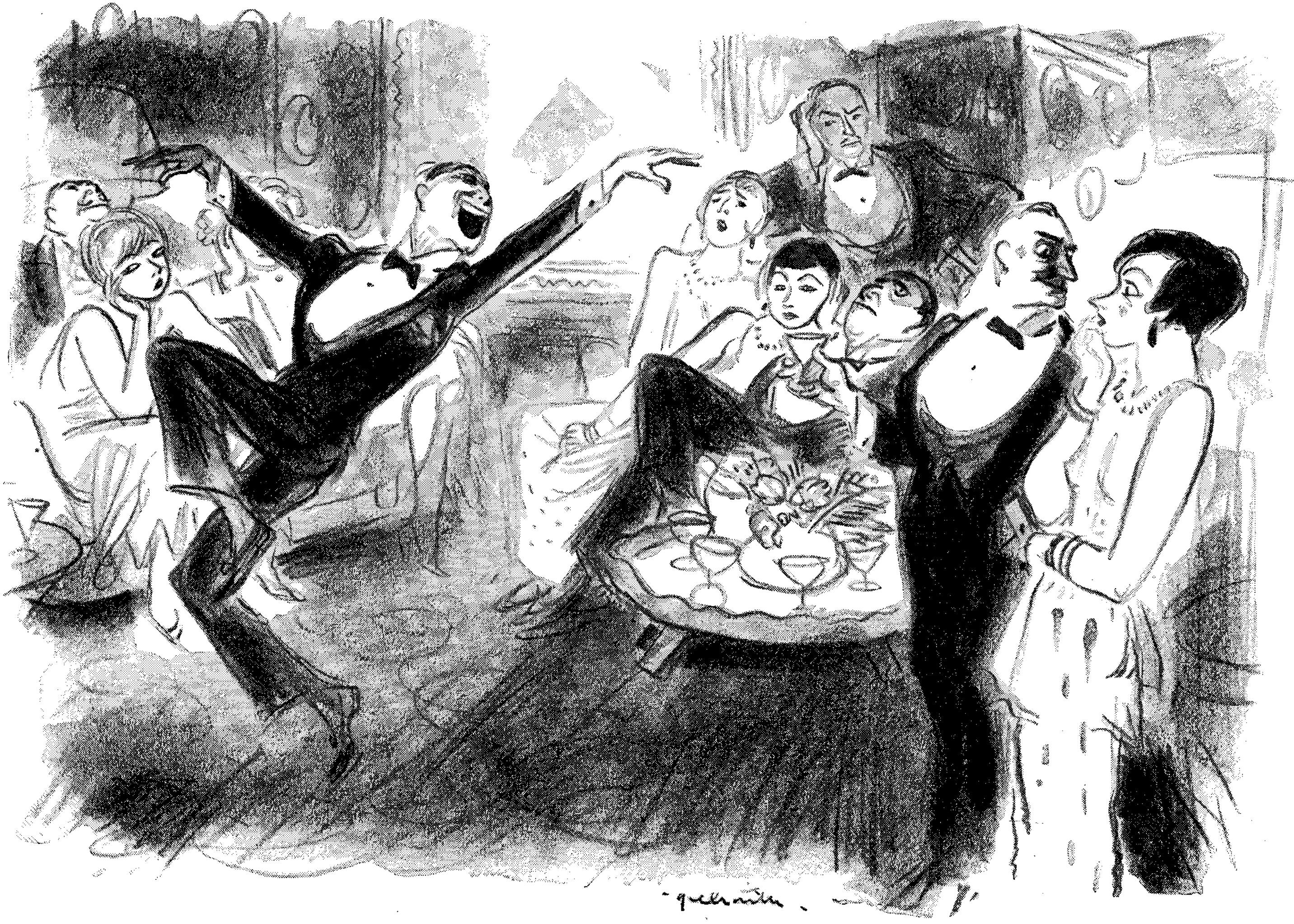
All this is the more surprising when one realizes that architecture has long been an aristocratic, leisurely profession. Its great ones are graduates usually of Yale and Harvard whose daughters make their débuts at Sherry's. The blue book of architecture and the *Social Register* are still one. The three little men are only in the telephone book.

RAYMOND HOOD was born at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a place chiefly known around Providence for its many mills and its one notorious house of ill-fame. The circle, however, in which Hood lived had no cognizance of such matters, so godly was it. At the age of ten, young Raymond, with his hair plastered down by some witchery, confessed publicy to a burden of original sin. His father was a comfortable manufacturer of boxes, shooks, and crates, and his great-grandfather had been the first Baptist Sunday-school teacher in Pawtucket. The Hood home, housing the parents and five children, was the ugliest place in town, sitting firmly on its base with a porch like an iron truss running clear around. From this house the boy set off first for public school, later for Brown, which he left before graduation, then to M.I.T., from which he was graduated in 1903, and at last for the Beaux-Arts, which gave him a degree in 1911. Whenever he is corrected now for some grammatical error, he always counters with "I went to three colleges," as though that settled it. At Boston, Hood was just another college boy, the only sign of originality that peeped from his rigid mind being a thesis on plans for a Gothic church—excellent, no doubt, but unsatisfactory to the professor, who had asked for a thesis on Greek proportions.

Following his M.I.T. graduation, Hood arrived in New York, lived at the Y.M.C.A., and worked as a draftsman for six months for Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, that firm of stalwart Gothic designers, the boy gaining from them his tendency to Gothicism, now only discernible in the irregular beat of his patterns. Not long after this, he started for Paris and the Beaux-Arts with two companions.

Hood alighted at the Gare du Nord, a bright Pawtucket child with three bags and a full set of objections. He objected to Notre-Dame, refusing to enter or admire it on the grounds that it was Catholic. He objected to the eternal hugging and kissing on the boulevards, and to the Continental Sunday with open theatres and open cafés. He and his companions set up an apartment, engaging as their *bonne* an old woman who could never bring herself to call the baby-faced Raymond *"M'sieu 'Ood,"* contenting the proprieties by calling him *"le jeune homme,"* a name that has clung to him to this day. Gradually she came to understand his peculiarities, but in spite of numerous explanations she never understood just what a Baptist was. Hood kept the rule of Pawtucket Sundays for the first few weeks, but after he took the examination for the Beaux-Arts matters changed. He received zero for his free-hand drawing, was refused admission, and in a pet rushed to Italy for three months. On his return, he tacked a small crucifix over his bed and passed the next examination. He began to drink and smoke and he learned to tolerate hugging and kissing. He stayed six years.

IN 1911, with most of Pawtucket rubbed off, he returned to America, taking a job with Henry Hornbostel in a Pittsburgh office, from which he eventually fired himself. Deciding, in 1914, to start for himself in New York, he hired a floor in an old brownstone walkup at 7 West Forty-second Street. Using the front room for his office and the back one for working and living, he was quite comfortable. One detail revealed the Hood of today. He started to decorate the office in gilt paper, but the money ran out before the room was finished, leaving it a misbegotten sight, known, nevertheless, to his friends as "Mr. Hood's Gold Room." He has always longed for grandeur. His ideal bedroom, his old companions say, is the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles, all marble and gold with



"Keep on encouraging him. After a while he gets tired and goes home."

a bed in the middle. At his own home in Stamford, Connecticut, he built his bedroom peaked to the roof, with the bed in the centre.

His first client was Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who engaged him, fresh from winning the usual allotment of Beaux-Arts prizes, to repair a bathroom which she expected the Prince of Wales to use, at Ophir Farm in Westchester. Hood went out there, looked at a crack in the wall, and sent in an estimate: "For masonry, $12." Mrs. Reid asked him to suggest something else. "Put a sporting print over the crack," he answered bluntly. Mrs. Reid gave him other small jobs. He repaired the roof, changed the doorknobs, and finally superintended the removal of eight bodies from an old tomb on the grounds to a new one, just off the grounds.

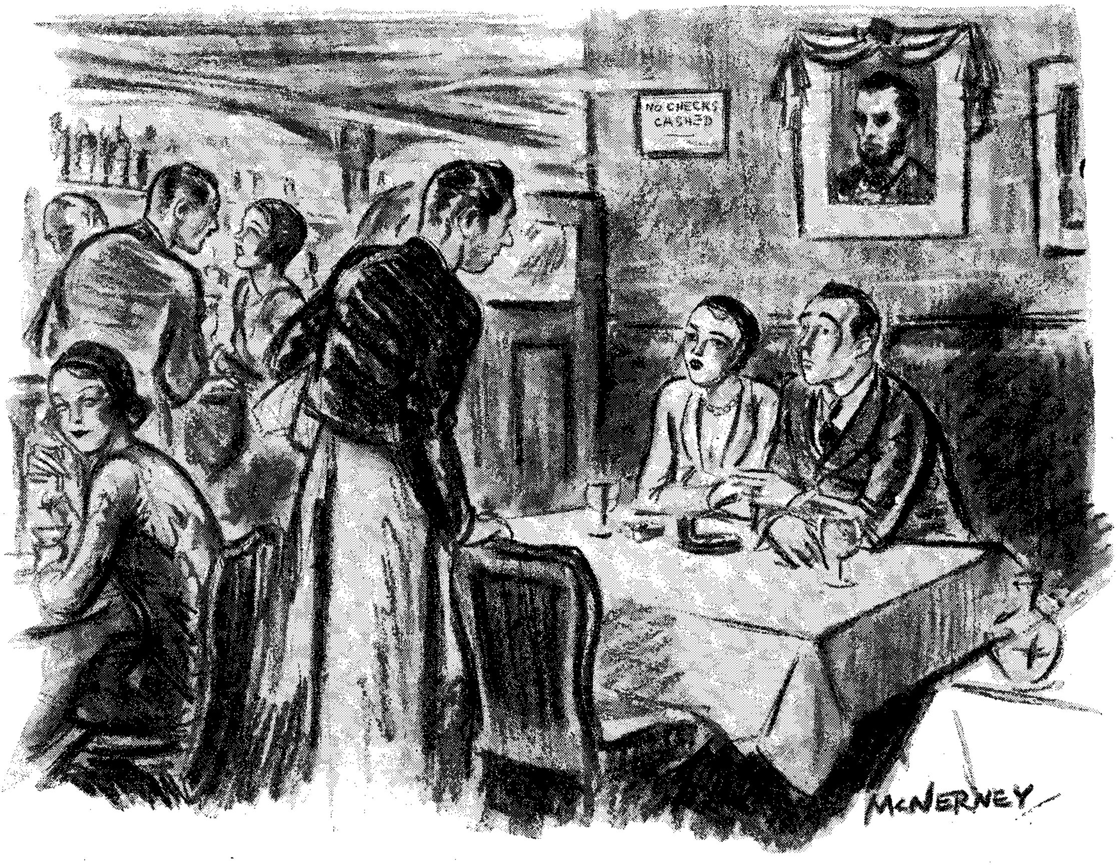
Business went only mildly and there were other occasional clients, with whom Hood usually came to live, in his practical New England way. While remodelling Mori's Restaurant in Greenwich Village, he moved in, married little blonde Elsie Schmidt, and stayed on for three years, since Mori believed in the young architect and was more than willing to stake him. By the time Raymond Hood was forty, his architectural practice had dwindled from an occasional client to no clients. He was in debt, owing about ten thousand dollars, and had three children. At this point he had almost decided to leave his profession.

THEN drama entered. The owners of the Chicago *Tribune* invited ten prominent architects to submit designs for a fifty-thousand-dollar prize and the commission to build the proposed Chicago Tribune Building. Only one condition was laid down. It must be a beautiful office building. Hood, of course, was not invited. John Mead Howells, invited, planned to make no designs himself, but asked Hood to make one to be entered in the competition under the architectural phraseology of "in association with." Two hundred and eighty-one schemes were entered in addition to the ten schemes of the great men.

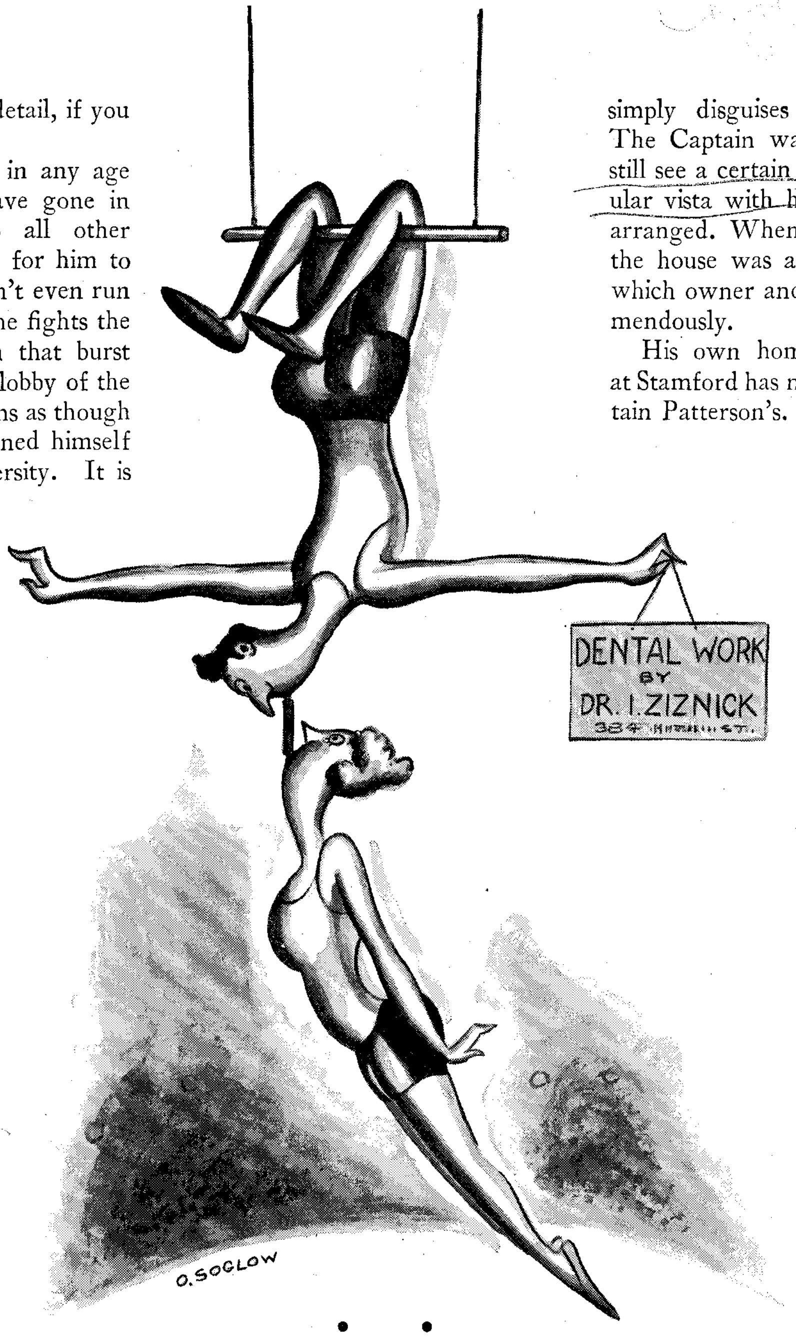
Many had the notion that a Gothic tower would win. The Gothic tower of Hood and Howells did. When Raymond Hood was informed, he sat stunned at the telephone, immovable for an hour. Then began his finest spree, lasting twenty-four hours. Soon he went out to Chicago for the dinner at which the prize money was awarded, ten thousand to him, forty to Howells. The building, frequently photographed, stands in Michigan Boulevard, a great, extravagant structure, Hood's middle aisle between Gothicism and modernism, Gothic in its detail, in its grand manner, modern in its height and sense of utility.

That was the beginning of big business for Hood. Now in his office, high in the American Radiator Building, which he designed, he has, only nine years later, two partners, Frederick Godley and André Fouilhoux; secretaries, draftsmen, a staff of several dozen persons. He is one of the eight consultant architects for the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933, for which he has planned the whole scheme in addition to designing one group of buildings, the Electrical unit; he is one of the three consultants on Radio City, the Rockefeller development in New York; he is just now watching the completion of the large McGraw-Hill Building; and he has done a speakeasy in New York, this being, he says, the most practical in its returns, because the owner visits him frequently at Stamford, bringing with him at least a week's supply of liquor on each trip.

IT is not difficult to distinguish Hood's buildings from those of others who belong to his group. He does not care for the pretty-pretty, despising to add, in his own phrase, more bric-a-brac to our streets. His buildings are not so clean and white and brilliantly functional as those of Ely Kahn, with their geometric rhythm in the ornament, nor are they wrought with such romantic frankness, such abstract idealism, as those of Ralph Walker. Hood builds for today, not for posterity. There is no idiom common to his buildings. All are different, all dramatic. There are many tall buildings, for instance, in Forty-second Street from the East River to Third Avenue, yet the only one which stands out as really important is his daringly successful Daily News, actually a factory, done at factory price, a white-and-black brick structure with a great slab of carved granite set in front, a distinctly untraditional building with-



"Excuse, please. Did you say Chambertin 1906 or 1907?"



out a scrap of modernistic detail, if you except the unique lobby.

There is no doubt that in any age Raymond Hood would have gone in the opposite direction to all other architects. It is impossible for him to run with the pack. He can't even run with himself. Constantly he fights the romantic spirit within him that burst out in that gleaming black lobby of the Daily News. It almost seems as though from childhood he has trained himself in the art of mental perversity. It is hard for him to agree with anyone. A biting opponent of prohibition, he has even been heard, after a round of applejack, sanely and miraculously proving with erudite facts and Department of Justice figures that prohibition is worthy. At his own office, when his associates desire a certain scheme, they claim that they oppose it bitterly, and then wait for him to force it down their willing throats. His combative spirit is equalled only by the genius of his animal spirits, his frantic eternal side-stepping of what is for what could be.

When his buildings are finished, idealized renderings appear in the Sunday real-estate sections and in the thirty-five-cent magazines. The old-school architects, with their fine courtesy, praise with large detractions, while his own group detract violently with a slight leaven of praise. This is in the charming architectural tradition. The intellectual laymen speak knowingly of the mass, and believe that they follow his symbolic notion. They follow more than Hood does. He has no symbolism. Those who were so tuned were thrilled by the American Radiator Building, that great black tower whose golden crown gleams every night over Bryant Park. Hood, they say, had in mind a live coal. Actually he was just tired of designing white or beige buildings whose windows formed black holes. Contrary, as always, he did a black building to match the holes.

Just after the Daily News Building was finished with its straight white-bricked lines, an acquaintance tapped him on the shoulder at a party. "Don't say a word! I know just what you had in mind when you did the News job. You were piling newspapers, hot from the press, in great white piles. Clever, very clever." Hood agreed. His own codicil to the story is: "All I had in mind was four-and-a-half-foot windows every nine feet."

THE symbolists won't let him escape. Now that the house of Captain Patterson in Westchester is being talked about, they try to find a symbol. It is difficult to explain this rambling stucco affair, one story high with a telescope set in its roof and with marvellous wide stripes of green and yellow and red and blue paint streaking its surface. Some say that he designed a secret home for a man who wanted to get away from it all, that the paint is to camouflage the house from the public. Nothing of the sort. The windows are all wrong, and the paint simply disguises the absurd spacing. The Captain wanted to lie abed and still see a certain tree, to view a particular vista with ~~his breakfast. All was~~ arranged. When the comforts were in, the house was a mad, distorted thing which owner and creator both like tremendously.

His own home on the waterfront at Stamford has no resemblance to Captain Patterson's. It is a simple English house which he built for himself, filled with antique and modern furniture jumbled together, mixed up with the dogs, and the servants, and his three children, who are all under ten years old. There is a tennis court where he plays vigorous but erratic tennis with his guests. On warm summer days he and his guests, the dogs, the children, and Mrs. Hood all swim in the Sound.

After dinner Raymond Hood always goes to sleep, waking after his nap to engage in long discussions, usually on architecture and prohibition. He is fond of consuming milk and ginger cookies in the middle of the afternoon and applejack in the middle of the night. Though he undoubtedly knows his classics, he would rather you would think that he did not. His infrequent reading nowadays is absurdly trivial. When criticized, he counters by saying that in five years nobody will read. His mind is quick, and his tongue flips off grand phrases. He splits his infinitives and at his office sits in a Windsor chair with his feet on a high stool. He never wears a vest, and gets along best with men and old women.

His chief architectural theory is to build buildings for those who live in them, rather than for those who are to see them from the street. While Hood can hardly be said to be averse to publicity, architects are more modest than plumbing manufacturers and never advertise. Few, therefore, recognize his name. He does not care.

—ALLENE TALMEY

PSALM OF DAVID SMITH

The Lord is my shepherd,
Tobacco's my solace,
My house is my palace,
My soup is well peppered
And my feet slippered.

I dwell in green pastures,
The Lord is my shepherd.
My room is repapered,
Well cut are my vestures,
And my sun westers.

Beside the still waters
I skitter the minnow.
With sickle and winnow,
With whiskey and bitters,
I approach letters.

My cup runneth over,
My clock is self-winding,
My love is attending.
No trouble my liver,
And my spleen never.

Thy goodness and mercy
My errand shall follow;
The earth is my pillow,
My tomb is in Jersey,
And my lips pursy.

—E. B. W.

• •

TEN CENTS IN STAMPS

Editors' Note: Upsetting as it may seem, the books reviewed under this heading are genuine.

Hip-Hip-Hypnosis!

A GLANCE through Freud—after the ladies have retired to the arboretum and left you and the Professor to your port wine and cheroots—should be enough to tell you that Love and Sleep are the handmaidens of the Muses. "Look for one and you will inevitably find the other," said Heine. (And while you are looking, try to find *that* quotation somewhere.) Well, both Love and Sleep got a break with the publishers last week; and amateur Svengalis are bolting their oatmeal these mornings and rushing out to buy, borrow, beg, or steal a copy of Professor M. Young's daring little brochure, "25 Lessons in Hypnotism, being the Most Perfect, Complete, Easily Learned and Comprehensive course in the World. Embracing the Science of Magnetic Healing, Telepathy, Mind Reading, Clairvoyant Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, Thought Transference, Personal Magnetism and Kindred Sciences." Not since the mighty Mesmer retired from the platform has such a tohu-bohu been raised in applied hypnotics. By Tuesday we can safely expect advertisements in the morning papers reading: "Amazing, swiftly paced, chock-full of the insight we have come to expect of Professor Young.—*Walter Yust in Philadelphia Ledger*."

I couldn't help feeling from the first that the title of the book was a bit cumbersome. Something like "Master Skylark" or "Under Two Flags" would have been easier for Mr. Average Book-Lover to remember. Perhaps Charles G. Norris has a monosyllabic title like "Brass," "Bread," "Salt," or "Seed" left over which he could let the Professor have at a cut rate. Despite the length of the title, however, Professor Young is a man of few words: twenty-two thousand, eight hundred and twenty-four, to be exact. And he wastes even fewer in getting away from the barrier. He assures you at the outset that there is practically nobody or nothing you can't hypnotize if you only follow directions. Not only humans, but hens, sparrows, pigeons, rabbits, and crabs yield with equal ease to his will. Simply press down the head and draw a chalkline on the ground starting from the beak. My knowledge of crab life has been limited to throwing the occasional ones I encountered a cookie, but if those cunning crustaceans do have beaks, it doesn't mean they intend to let you draw chalklines from them. Furthermore, the Professor neglects to mention the purpose of such trickery. One would have to be a pretty horrid fellow indeed to get any pleasure out of having a pigeon or a crab in one's power. I am afraid Professor Young is more the dreamer type.

THE technique of hypnotizing one's fellow-man is simplicity itself. A bright object, like a gold watch, held before the eyes, the word "sleep" repeated forcefully several times, and your subject is a harp to play on as you will. From this it is only a step to Page 21, where we find ourselves already "Extracting Teeth by Hypnotism." Here is the method, easily memorized if you are going to a party some evening where the occasion may arise: "Hypnotize someone who desires a tooth extracted. Make proper suggestions, such as 'You feel no pain. Your face and neck can feel nothing, absolutely nothing.' Have a dentist present and let him extract the tooth. When the subject awakens he will not know the tooth is out. He will suffer no pain whatever, either during or after the operation." If this bombshell doesn't set a new low in Novocaine Common, nothing will. The only trouble is that such a display might easily turn the meeting into a dental orgy, with everybody toothless by midnight. Still, it might be one way for the hostess to save money on the refreshments if all else fails.

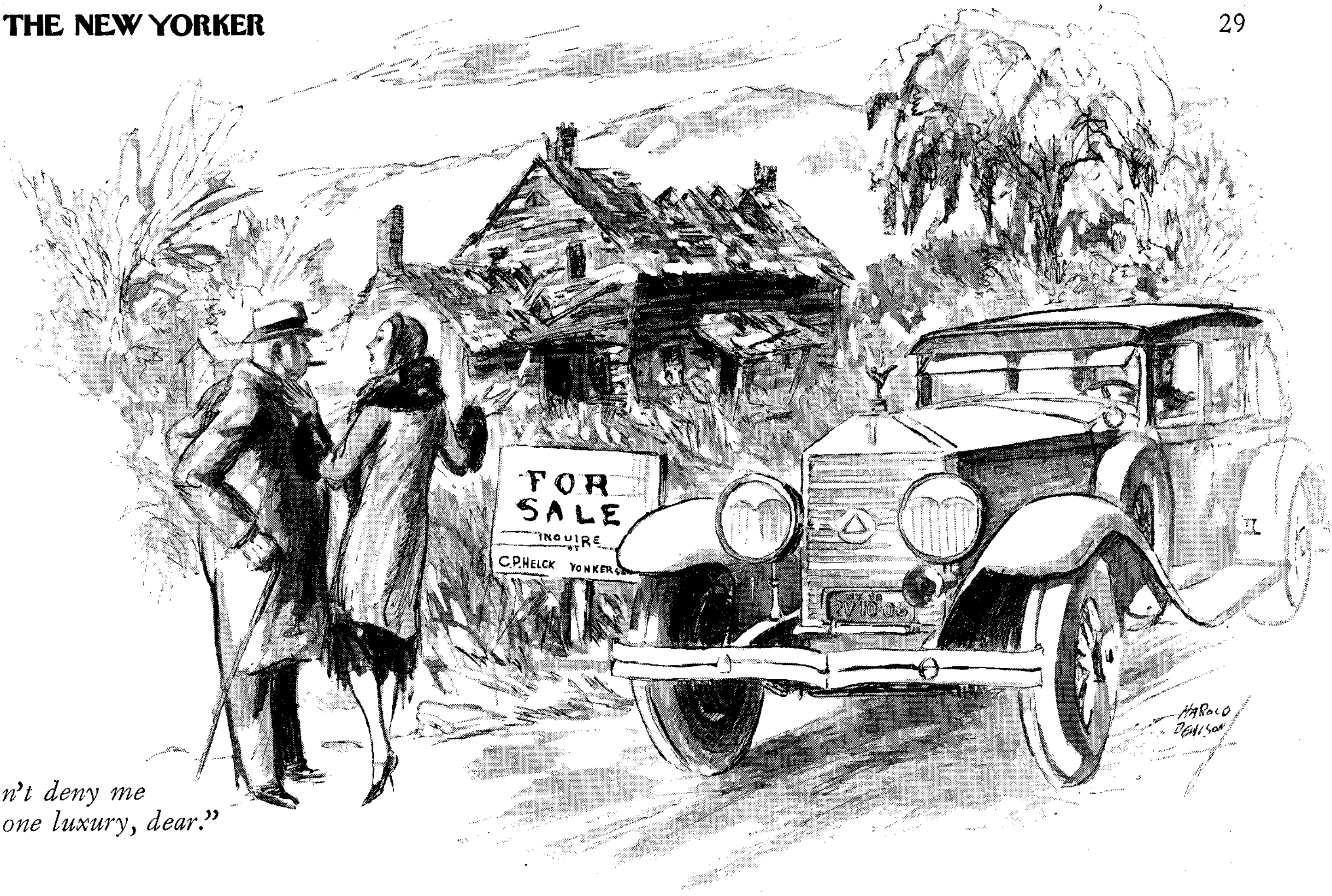
"How to Hypnotize a Bad Boy" is easily the high spot of the book, although "How to Hypnotize a Room Full of People At One Time" has its points. Once you have the bad boy under your spell, you begin with a little flattery: "You are a bright manly boy. You will never lie. No! No! You will never strike your sister again. You will never fight the other boys because sunshine is in your heart and sunshine is in your mind. My good boy, my bright boy, my happy boy." Your good, bright, and happy boy then awakes and inaugurates his redemption by plunging a Meccano girder into your right eye.

FIFTY rather unique "entertainments" have been outlined in the latter part of his book by Professor Young for the amusement of young and old. "Tractable" is hardly the word to describe your subjects if you have done your preliminary work carefully. I quote at random:

"No. 8. You can hand a glass of vinegar to one of your subjects, telling him it is wine, and he will drink all of it, often asking for more."

"No. 10. Suddenly change your subjects into very old people. Have some deaf, others toothless, others lame, others blind. The transformation from youth to old age will be very funny."

"No. 17. Tie up your handkerchief and tell your subject that it is his little



"Don't deny me this one luxury, dear."

son, and he will care for it with his fondest attention. Tell him it cries and he will attempt to hush it to sleep. Suggest that he is holding a colored baby, and he will throw it down in disgust."

"No. 29. Select a subject who talks easily under the influence. Hypnotize him and make the suggestion that when he awakens he will be the President of the United States, etc. Now awaken him and a few moments later a strange look will come into his eyes and he will commence a remarkable political speech. The power of even the most ignorant person to make a political speech under hypnotic influence is really most remarkable and baffles explanation."

"No. 44. Give him a glass with a few drops of water in it; tell him that it is a pint of peanuts and he will calmly pour them into his pocket."

And now that everyone in your audience has wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes, what about the patient who seems reluctant about awakening? "Should the subject experience a difficulty in opening his eyes, then with the tips of the thumbs the operator should rub briskly from the root of the nose outwards toward the temples, and finish by blowing or fanning."

But if—but if he—well, just call in the coroner. —S. J. PERELMAN

PROBLEMS OF THE UNIVERSE

A Brief Résumé of Cosmic Issues Recently Settled by Vote of the People

THE PROBLEM	THE VOTE		THE VOTERS
	Yes	*No*	
Are college comic publications humorous?	5%	95%	Noted humorists selected by the University of Tulsa
Should symphony orchestras be applauded?	70%	30%	Subscribers to The Philadelphia Orchestra
Will the world return to religion?	67%	33%	Audience at Darrow-Chesterton debate
Should the word "carefree" be hyphenated?	52%	48%	National Puzzlers Association
Does prayer influence the weather?	25%	75%	Representative clergymen chosen by the *Christian Century*
Should every man carry two watches: a wristwatch for convenience and a pocket watch for accuracy?	100%	0%	National Retail Jewelers Association convention
Should smoking be permitted in dining-cars?	80%	20%	Patrons of Boston & Maine Railroad
Is meekness the most desirable trait in a modern wife?	95%	5%	Married men students at the National University of China
Was last summer's drought in America caused by our "turning away from religion"?	100%	0%	Shenandoah Baptists Association
Should ladies' hands be kissed by gentlemen on informal occasions?	40%	60%	*Bon ton* of Berlin
Is a daily allowance of threepence preferable to a daily allowance of grog?	78%	22%	Sailors in the British Navy

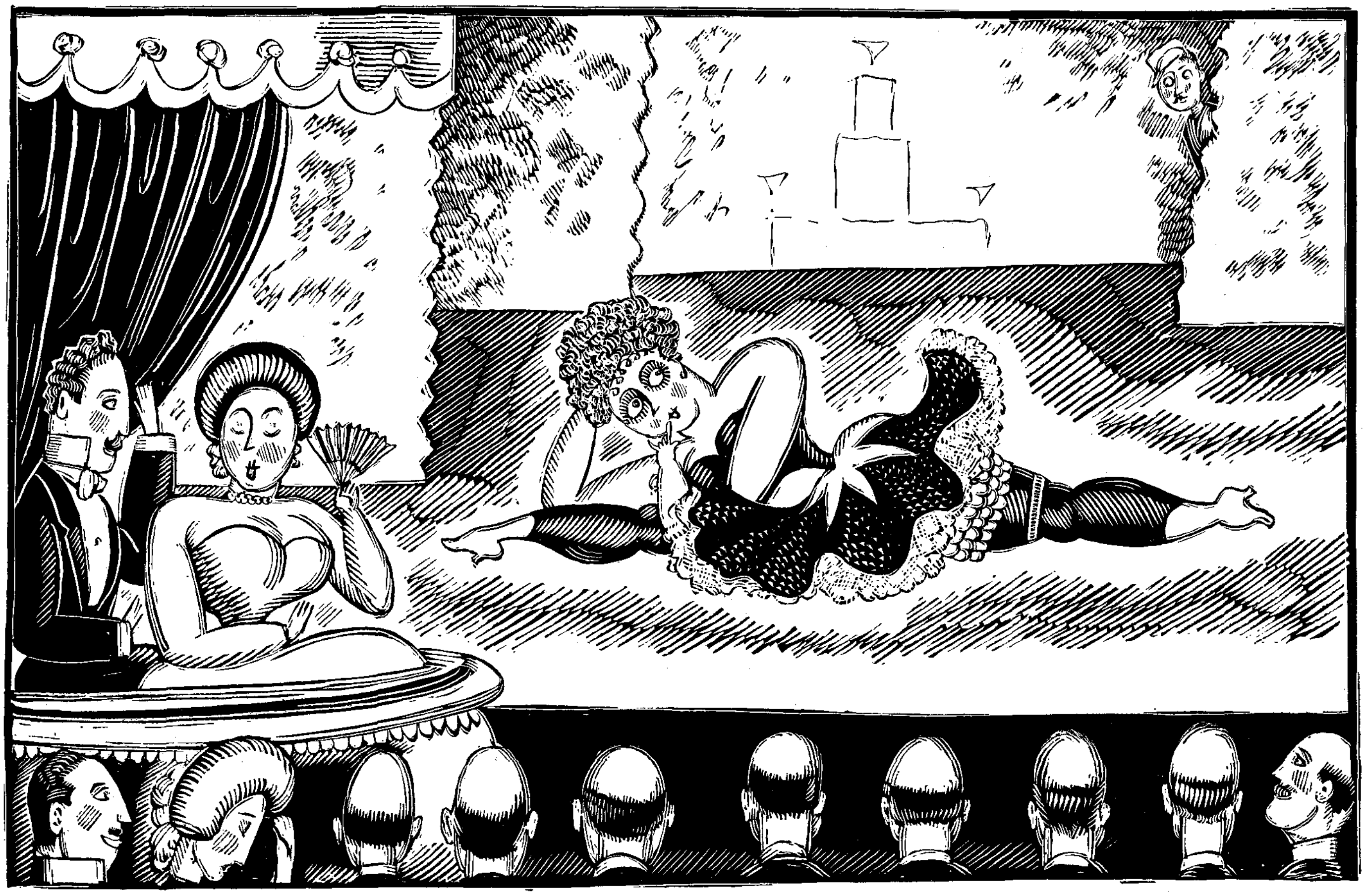
—W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE THEATRE

VALEDICTORY

EVEN as these short-lived words arrange themselves laboriously along the paper, the regular conductor of this department is speeding over the rails, head-on for home. If all goes well and swiftly with him, he will arrive just in time to take up attending as beguiling a succession of dramatic entertainments as has ever been promised us; for memory is baffled at matching a list of plays so brilliant, fascinating, and provocative as they sound that are scheduled for display from next week steadily on until Summertime,—plays that were only waiting, it appears, for his return. It is, as has probably been said somewhere, a man's world.

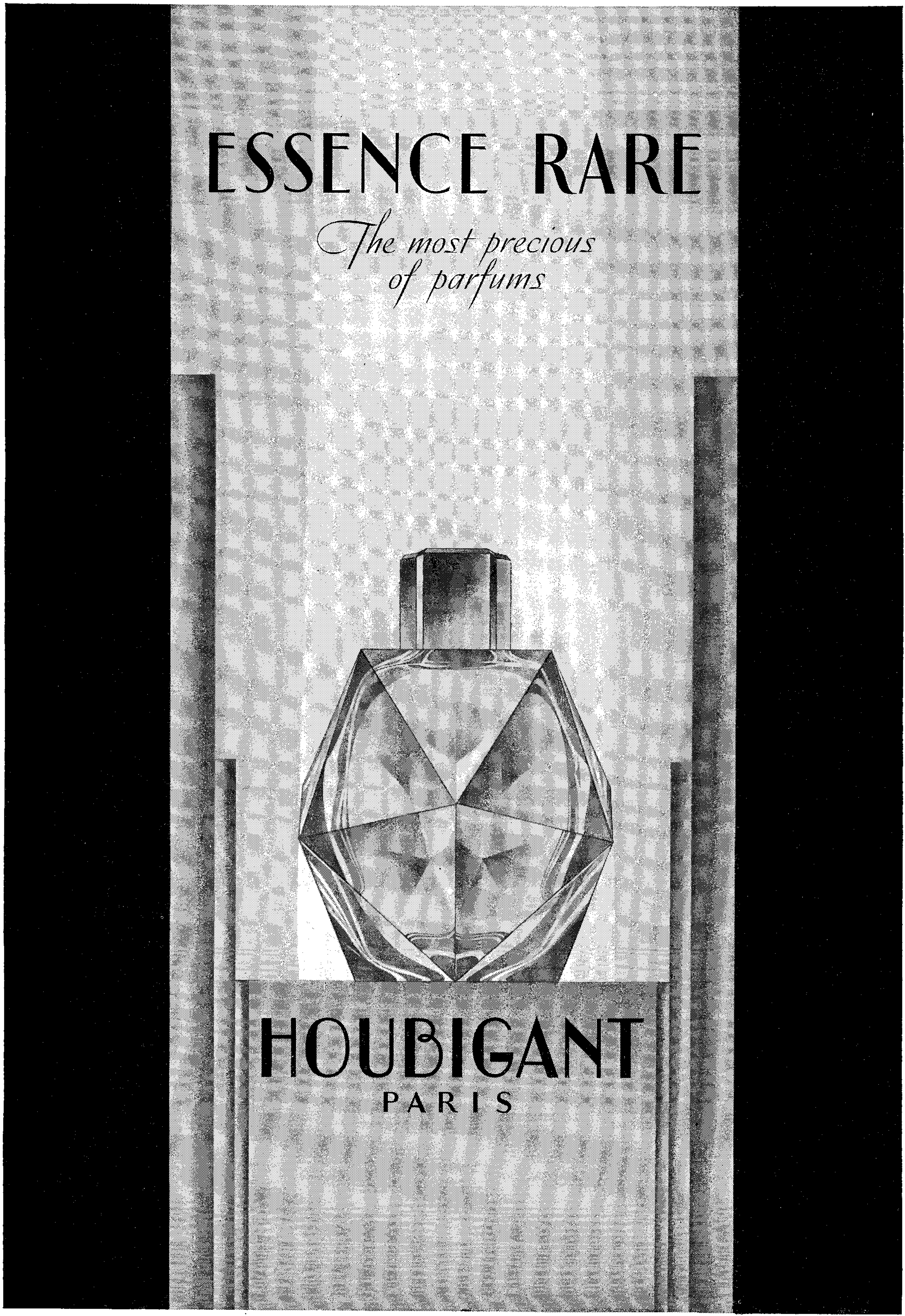
Meanwhile, this past week has proved a fitting climax to what may be called the Reign of Terror in the theatre. There is consolation only in the thought that at last it is over; and such solace is but thin liniment for an aching memory. It is a matter of grave doubt that I shall ever be the same again, after night upon night of "A Woman Denied" and "Paging Danger," of "Gray Shadow" and "Greater Love" and "Heat Wave" and "The Great Barrington," of "Privilege Car" and "The Admirable Crichton," "The House Beautiful," "The Gang's All Here," and "Give Me Yesterday." Some strange, sickly morbidness, brought out in me only by enforced dramatic criticism, makes me live my recent past over and over. The three plays of the week, which so doggedly upheld the traditions of the weeks preceding them, must be deferred for a bit while I linger among my *souvenirs*. (The fact that there is nothing whatever to report of the new exhibits, save anguish and boredom, may, it is true, have a little something to do with that.) For this is a fairly solemn moment. Here I am, taking my formal leave of the New York theatre, before I go, free, white, and eighty-one, out to battle with the larger and, I can but hope, the kindlier world. I have been awaiting this day, I know; but, just as there is in any lover's parting, no matter how tragic, a tiny flicker of relief, so is there in any termination, gaily anticipated though it be, a sweet and twilit melancholy of retrospection. Poor little plays, maybe they did all that they could. Certainly they did what was



WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ROMANCE

DOING THE SPLIT

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR MAN AND BOY



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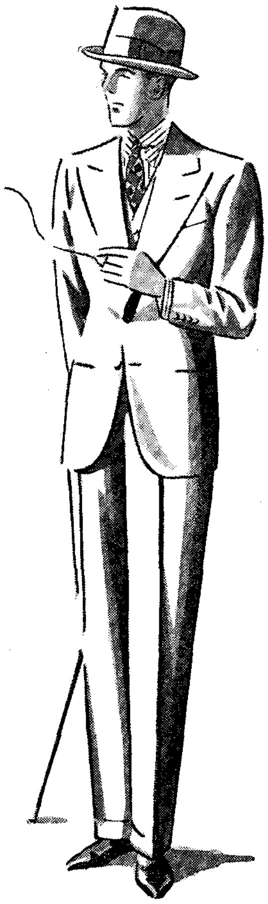

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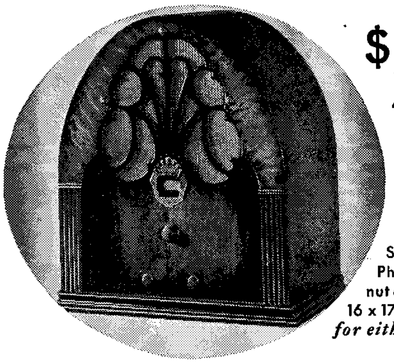
in their power to turn gray the hair and make weary the eyelids of this, your correspondent.

And I have my acknowledgements to make. To those old, tried friends, tried just this side of endurance, who accompanied me on my excursions into the drama, I can offer only gratitude and apology. To the dear, unknown new ones, who wrote to buoy me by agreeing with me, I can tender only my heart and my life. And to that mostly anonymous and largely feminine legion of Milne-lovers and Pollock-fanciers who took paper by the ream to inform me that they were every bit as good critics as I was—in which they're damn tootin'!—and invariably ended their epistles by exhorting me to go jump in an undesignated lake, I can but toss what may sound like a kiss.

BUT we're men or we're mice, and so I must shove sentiment behind me and get to the week's work. The initial offering was that of the Theatre Guild, which presented Bernard Shaw's plush horse, "Getting Married." I regret to say that during the first act of this, I, for what I hope will be my only time in the theatre, fell so soundly asleep that the gentleman who brought me piled up a barricade of overcoat, hat, stick, and gloves between us to establish a separation in the eyes of the world, and went into an impersonation of A Young Man Who Has Come to the Theatre Unaccompanied. But before I slipped to gracious oblivion, I did some thinking, and thus ran my thoughts: Everyone at seventeen years of age has worked out such humorous and devastating criticisms of marriage, but when he wrote "Getting Married" in 1908—wasn't it?—Shaw was something more than seventeen. . . . If the Guild has seen fit to present this dull and lumbering work of a mighty man, it might at least do him, his actors, and his audience the courtesy to excuse it by costuming its characters in the dress of its day, and not display it as something hot off the pen. . . . Miss Dorothy Gish ought to do something about the pronunciation of such words as "world" and "girl;" Miss Dorothy Gish ought not to be so awful, awful cute. . . . Reginald Mason is always good, no matter what. . . . Nowhere in the world may be seen so much batik, such coils of hammered jewellery, and so many *pince-nez* as at a Guild first night. . . . Oh, my God, Helen Westley's going to come on in the next act, and she has a



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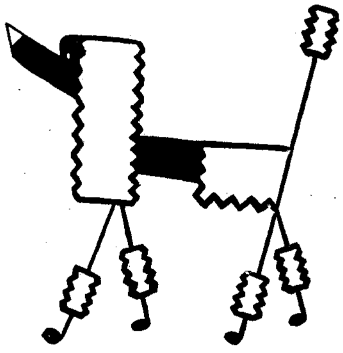
fifteen-minute speech. . . . I wish I'd never been born. . . . I wish I were home in bed. . . . I wish. . . . I wish. . . .

In the interval after the first act, I was awakened by the cessation of conversation, and went for a cigarette to the street. And somehow, once out in the open, I did not return for the second act of "Getting Married." (Hell, I've got nothing to lose now. This is my last assignment —I might just as well tell you I was not faithful to it.) But I brought away from the beautiful Guild Theatre a rankling resentment that, with all Shaw to choose from, these ladies and gentlemen had chosen to do this dullest of his plays—although I shall certainly listen to anybody who puts up an argument for "The Apple Cart" for first place—; a strengthened conviction that a batiked audience at a Shaw play, with its extraneous gurgles of appreciation and its coos of "Oh, delicious!," is one of the less attractive manifestations of modern civilization; and a sense of glowing gratitude for the boon of a long, refreshing slumber. I wonder, really, if it wouldn't be only decent of me to write the Guild a bread-and-butter letter. Or I wonder, on the other hand, if it wouldn't have been only decent of them to have offered me a night-gown and tooth-brush.

OF the second play of the week, "Lady Beyond the Moon," it is difficult to write, and, certainly, redundant. Redundant because the regular critics did all that was necessary to it, and difficult because of the behavior of its first audience. It was a dull, silly, dirty play of some sort of house-party on Lake Como, and there is little to be said of such attempts. But only once before, in my experience, in a New York theatre—and that was during the first-night performance of "Greater Love"—has an audience indulged itself in so many comments, titters, and lip-noises, and, though God knows the beholders in both cases have been sore tried, it is always free to them to get



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Radiant in majestic beauty against the sky, perfect in its appointments and in its service to its tenants, practical in its location between the two great railroad terminals, EMPIRE STATE offers to the business executives of the country the prestige of a world-renowned address, complete comfort of occupancy and the unexampled inspiration of the panorama of the city.

●

RENTALS ARE MODERATE
Rental Office in the Building
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Consult H. Hamilton Weber
Rental Manager
or your own broker

●

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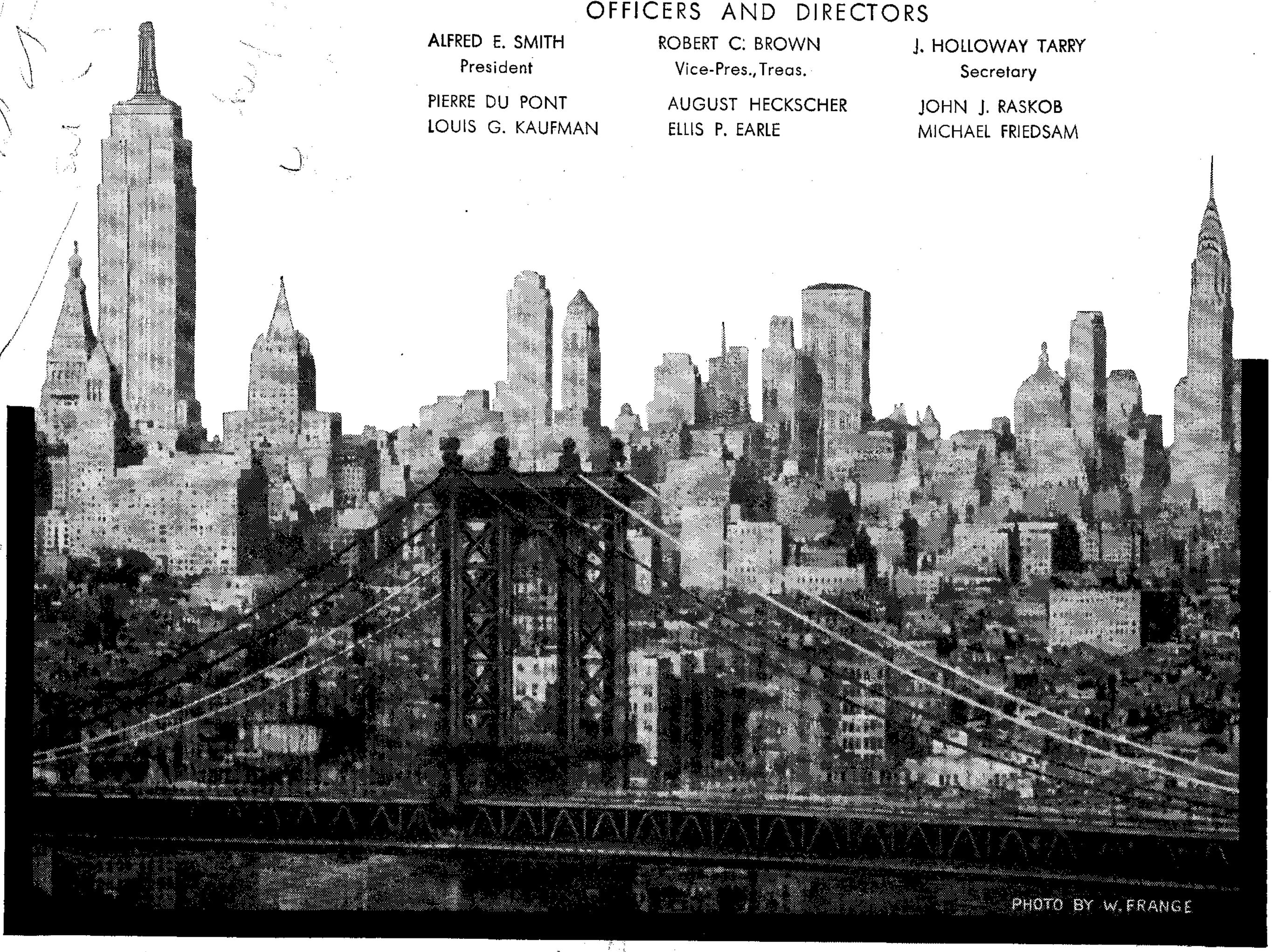


PHOTO BY W. FRANGE

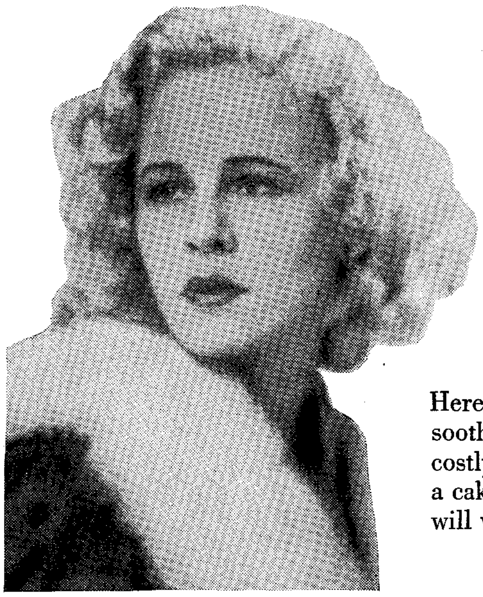
"Of all the charms a woman can have..."

"There's none so important as youthfully lovely skin,"... say the Broadway stars

This is in the way of being a serious talk on a serious matter. But we promise brevity.

Is your complexion all that you'd like it to be... flawless, petal-smooth?

Hortense Alden *of "Grand Hotel." "I am devoted to Lux Toilet Soap — it leaves my skin in the very best condition."*



Lyda Roberti *of "You Said It," says of Lux Toilet Soap: "This white, fragrant soap keeps skin smooth as a child's."*

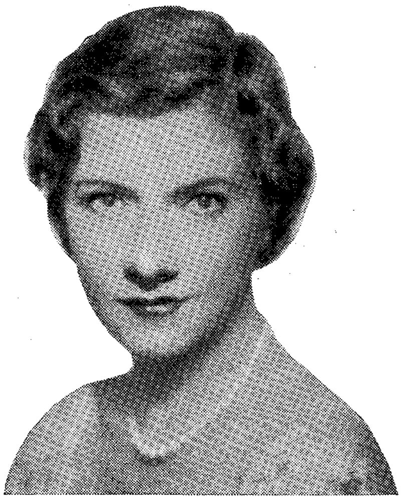
Do people often say to you, "You have such lovely skin!" If you have, they do.

But whether you have or haven't quite, there's no simpler, surer way to care for it than by using Lux Toilet Soap.

Quoting the opinion of innumerable famous actresses, "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping skin lovely."

On Broadway, in Europe and in Hollywood (where 9 out of 10 screen stars use it) this is the favorite complexion care. It is found in theatres everywhere and is official in *all* film studios.

Here is a white, fragrant soap as gently soothing and caressing as the most costly French soaps — at only ten cents a cake! Try it for a few days and we will wager that you'll continue.



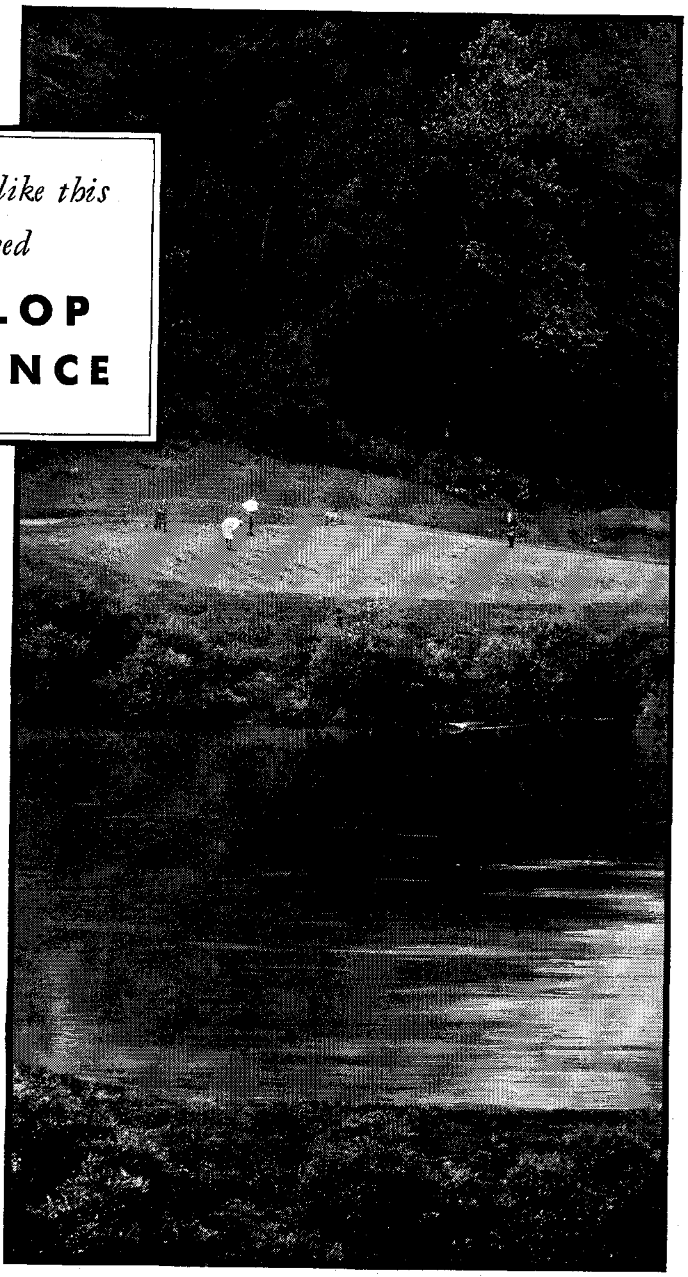
Mary Philips *of "House Beautiful," says: "Lux Toilet Soap is so white and has such caressing lather."*

IRENE BORDONI, *whose inimitable charm has made her world-famous, has used Lux Toilet Soap for years. This fascinating star says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth that even birthdays hold no terrors for me."*

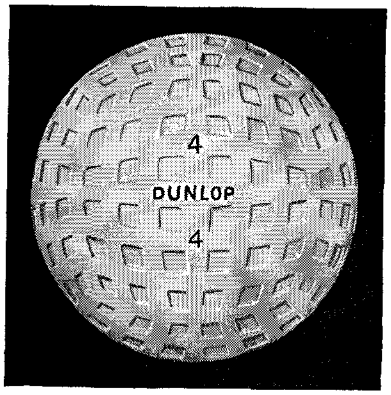
Lux
Toilet Soap
10¢

FAMOUS WATERHOLES OF AMERICA

At a hole like this you need
DUNLOP DISTANCE



16th hole, "Binniekill." Shawnee Country Club Delaware Water Gap, Penna.



IMPORTED DUNLOP $1

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

WHY do you need Dunlop distance here? This famous "Binniekill" hole is not so long...only 135 yards from tee to pin. Yes, but in between stretches an arm of the Delaware River. You have to hit the ball with *confidence,* and that's what Dunlop gives you. Every Dunlop ball leaves the club with a click that means full return for every ounce of power. A long ball... accurate in flight... true on the green... Dunlop for distance every time. Think, have you ever heard anyone ask for a better golf ball than a Dunlop? At your pro's.

up and go, and quietly. Such demonstrations have the boomerang effect of turning one's sympathy to the actors; and bad though the acting was on the stage, during "Lady Beyond the Moon," that of the audience was worse.

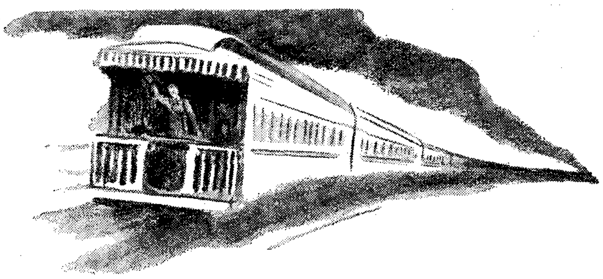
BUT the audience at what must surely have been the world première of "Right of Happiness"—for if it had ever been tried before spectators at any earlier date, it is scarcely conceivable that it would have reached town—conducted itself like a group of little lambs. And could there be an excuse for displayed impatience, it was right there before them. "Right of Happiness" fittingly concluded the horrible little pre-Easter season, and there are no harsher words to say of it. It was a crude, bad, strangely furious play about, as much as I could discern of its theme, the bitter resentment of a cripple for the pity and the patronage that must be his portion. There could certainly be a fine play, and a rending one, on that premise, but "Right of Happiness" was so truly abominably written and devised that it would have been ridiculous had it not been so stultifying a bore that one had no spirit left for laughter. There is little need, and there would be less mercy, to talk about those who acted it. But one does wonder what on earth Anne Sutherland was doing in that company, and one would like to proffer condolence to Mr. Herbert Rawlinson for his having to play the rôle of the great surgeon—for it has apparently become traditional that great surgeons must be so presented on the stage that nobody in his right mind would trust them with the treatment of a hangnail.

And with that play, ladies and gentlemen, my labors end. Good-byes are best said briefest. So I thank you all so very much, and, though I certainly had a rotten time, I hate to leave you. —DOROTHY PARKER

•

Marjorie Evans, a cashier at the bank, was slightly bruised Monday afternoon when the car driven by George Baker struck her in front of the bank. Mr. Baker is to be commended for the consideration he showed for Miss Evans. He stopped the car immediately, picking her up and feeling her all over to make sure that no bones were broken after which he insisted on taking her home where he could make a closer examination. We are glad to hear that outside of a bruised hip she escaped injury.—*Norwood (O.) Enterprise.*

We're not a little relieved, too!



"Daddy's gone A'hunting...

Will he bring back a "rabbit's skin"?

OFF HE GOES to the Big City for a little business "hunting."

Don't worry . . . he'll bring back his "rabbit skin." Orders may be elusive today, like the proverbial jack rabbit, but he's learned a thing or two, including the real need of keeping his nerves steady, eyes clear, wits nimble . . . so he can draw a finer bead on his prospect.

And that's where the Palmer House helps him.

He exchanges the city's hard pavements for its soft-napped rugs. He trades noise and confusion for one of its quiet, well-ventilated rooms.

Whether he pays $4.00 or $6.00 or more a day, he escapes even the little irritations and gains healthful relaxation.

Neighbors may sing under their showers but he never hears them through the walls. Not even his bed squeaks. And the desk, too, is made of such solid stuff that it never wobbles.

Bath towels are man-size affairs. The Servidors in every room let in service and keep out servants... and incidentally reduce his tipping overhead.

Neither he nor his furnishings have a "squeezed in" feeling. In fact, he takes his setting-up exercises in the bath room every morning . . . and has reported no bruised knuckles or skinned elbows as yet.

And what a story his food tells when he is away from home.

He doesn't remember the tempting venison, buffalo meat, prairie chicken and grouse that the old Palmer House used to serve. But he does know that Chef Amiet, with four dining rooms and a lunch room, serves American and French cooking that's guaranteed to brace any appetite that happens in.

He always did like the good things . . . especially when he found them in a location that saved him transportation-and-walking time and money.

Now he values them more than ever... because he has to step faster these days to get his "rabbit skin".

. . . WALTER L. GREGORY, *Manager*

FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

A woman's floor, exclusively for women.

Floor clerks and reception parlors on all floors.

Two libraries. A hospital with nurses and doctors always on duty.

Children's open-air and enclosed play-rooms. Educational supervisors.

Tea-time concerts in the Great Hall.

Dining rooms with dance or symphony music—and also without music.

Beauty parlors and fashion shops right in the hotel.

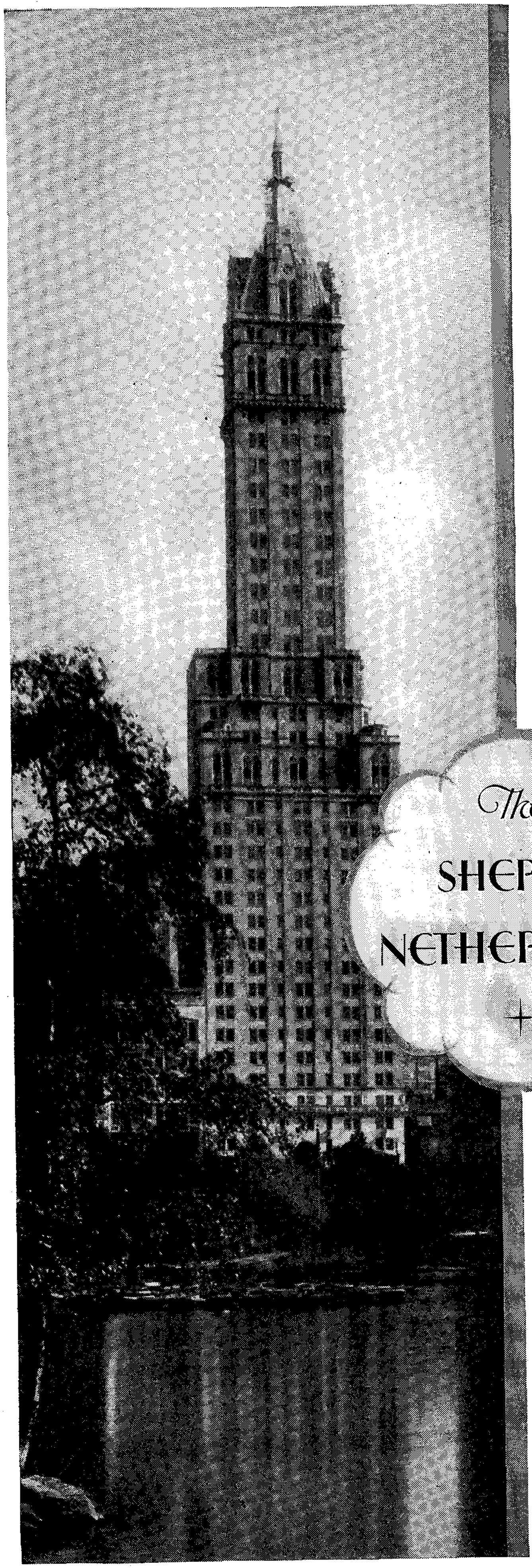
Expert women shoppers, to accompany you or to do your shopping for you.

PALMER
HOUSE
CHICAGO

Send your name and address to the Palmer House, Room 2370, for either (or both) of these booklets: Chef Amiet's 25 favorite Recipes, for use in your home. Chicago's Everyday "World's Fair"—a guide to things worth seeing.

Rates: $4.00 and more; $6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath

"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"—STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE



The
SHERRY-
NETHERLAND

WHEN the town house weighs you down with costs and cares . . these sky-tower apartments, appointed in private-home elegance. Sherry-trained service staff. Arrangements as flexible as your plans . . . by the day, or lease.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET · NEW YORK

LADY, LADY!

If your love-affairs
Are playthings,
Let unpleasant people
Say things;

Wave your folly
Like a banner
In a gay
And gallant manner!

It is simple
In this city
To find beaux
If you are pretty.

It is normal
To begin some
Light flirtations
If you're winsome.

It is proper
To demand some
Flattery if you
Are handsome,

Or to figure
In some fruity
Escapades
If you're a beauty!

Give men little,
Love them lightly;
Clinging women
Are unsightly.

Though it cost you
Something sometimes,
Just remember
There will come times,

If you're ardent,
Tense, and throbbing,
Prone to tantrums
Or to sobbing,

When the men
Who used to pet you
Will regret
They ever met you!

So if faithlessness
Can hurt you,
Lady, lady,
Cling to virtue!

—ANGELA CYPHER

•

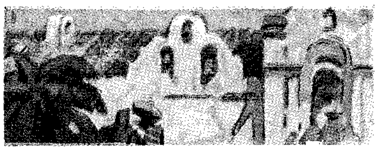
Members of the Humdrum Club were entertained at dinner Wednesday by Dr. Seelye W. Little at the home of his sister, Miss Alice Little of Plymouth Avenue South. Dr. Joseph Roby read the paper.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

Which was one way out of a dull evening.

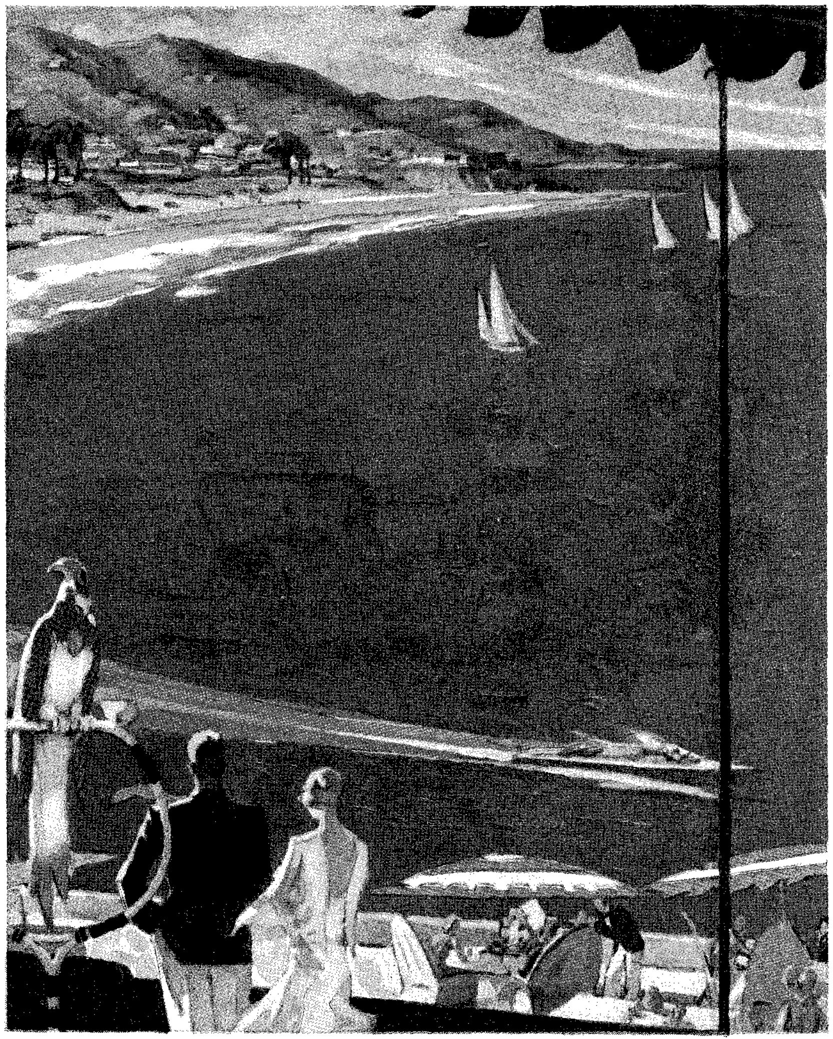
Summer playground of the travel-wise

Every kind of vacation joy—beside the cool Pacific

Gay night life



Old Spanish Missions



America's Riviera

CONSIDER the amazing versatility of this romantic Southern California summerland. Then you'll see why it holds so much for those who know the fine art of getting the most out of life...and vacations. For you can literally name what you want in summer play...and find it here.

Your Pick of Pleasures

Climate? Summer days are comfortable, nights so cool you'll actually want light wraps and sleep under blankets. No humid, "sticky" weather, or rain to mar a moment's pleasure.

Seashore? You'll plunge into foaming Pacific breakers...sail blue waters to nearby pleasure-isles...soak up sunshine as you bask on broad, sandy beaches.

Mountains? A couple of hours away are mile-high peaks to explore...quiet, leafy canyons...pine-bordered lakes.

Gaiety? Brilliant resorts...Los Angeles and the diversions of a big, cosmopolitan city...Hollywood with its gay night places, unique "premieres" and galaxy of world-famous orchestras and entertainers...all are yours to command. Fiestas somewhere every week during 1931.

Foreign glamour? See historic Spanish Missions, palms, orange groves, luxuriant gardens, harbors with ships from the seven seas, nearby Old Mexico and the many reminders of the days of the dons that still linger here in this romantic West.

Sports? Every kind, of course...swimming, sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, polo, riding and all the rest, in new settings that bring out their keenest delights.

Colorful Los Angeles is the hub of this vacation land, linked by famous boulevards and studded with fascinating cities like Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica and scores of others you'll want to know.

By rail from New York, you can be actually here 10 days of even a 2-weeks vacation. Eleven or 12 days from most points in the country. And because Southern California is a year 'round playground you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. In fact, living costs in Los Angeles County are 15.2% less than the national average.*

New Free Vacation Book

To help you plan, we've prepared an unusual Illustrated Itinerary for a Southern California summer vacation, outlining day by day, the things you'll want to see and do. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map and itemized figures on daily costs of hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc., while here. Send the coupon now for your free copy.

If you wish *another* beautiful Southern California book—containing more than 80 large gravure photographs, send 4 cents to cover mailing cost.

*Based on U. S. Gov't surveys for food, rent, fuel and light.

Orange groves and mountains

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

• 1931 • FIESTA • YEAR •

FREE BOOK

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd.,
Div.4-U, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Send *free* illustrated 2-weeks Sightseeing Itinerary (with costs while in Southern California).

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps (postage cost) enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles
☐ Los Angeles Sports
☐ San Bernardino
☐ Orange
☐ Riverside
☐ San Diego
☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Ventura

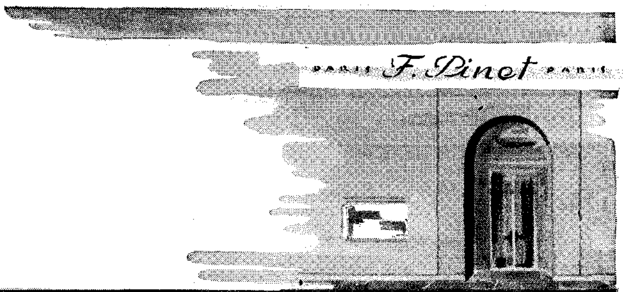
Name ______________________

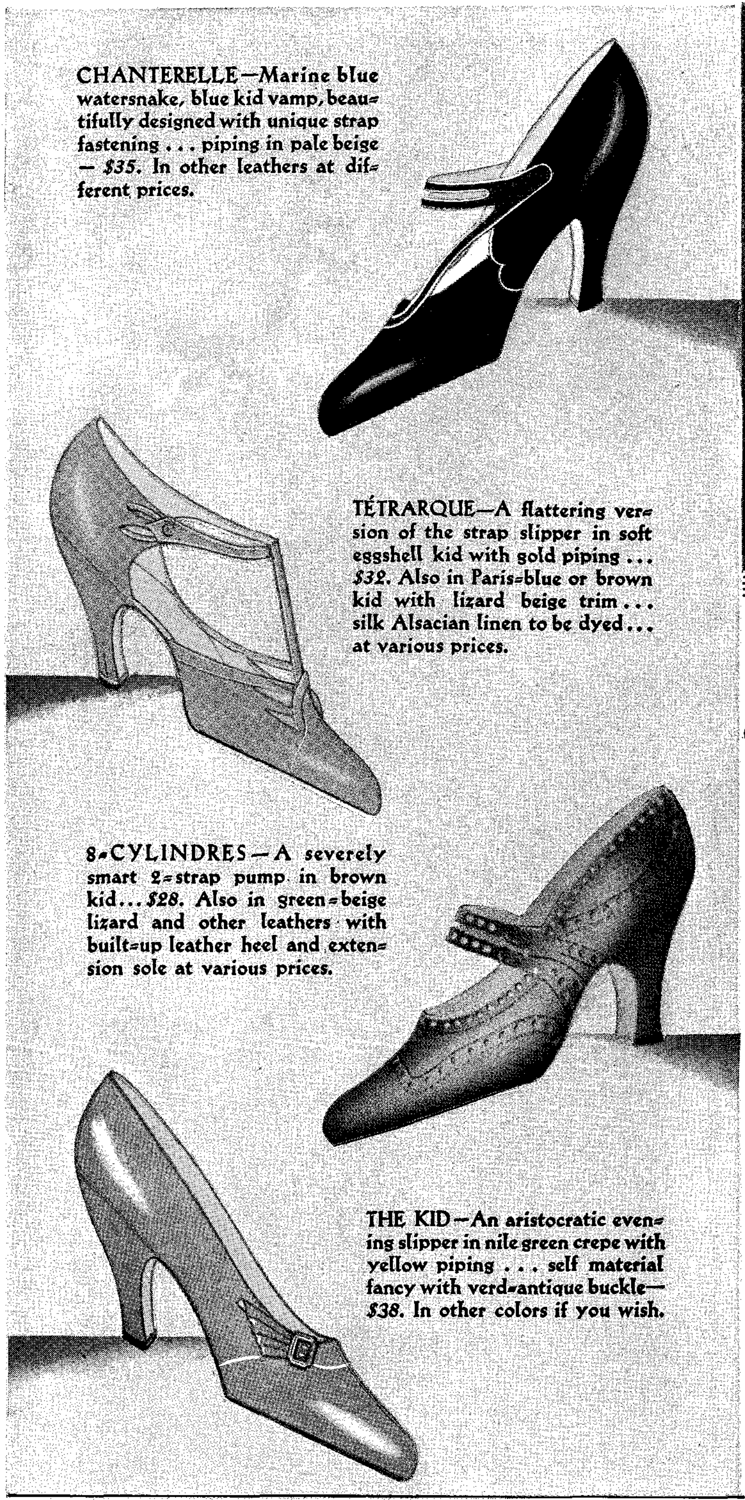
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

Street ______________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

"36 pairs of shoes only—then the design is destroyed—"





CHANTERELLE—Marine blue watersnake, blue kid vamp, beautifully designed with unique strap fastening . . . piping in pale beige — *$35.* In other leathers at different prices.

TÉTRARQUE—A flattering version of the strap slipper in soft eggshell kid with gold piping . . . *$32.* Also in Paris-blue or brown kid with lizard beige trim . . . silk Alsacian linen to be dyed . . . at various prices.

8-CYLINDRES—A severely smart 2-strap pump in brown kid . . . *$28.* Also in green-beige lizard and other leathers with built-up leather heel and extension sole at various prices.

THE KID—An aristocratic evening slipper in nile green crepe with yellow piping . . . self material fancy with verd-antique buckle—*$38.* In other colors if you wish.

F. Pinet.

SHOES *by* *F. Pinet. Paris*

$20 *to* $50

NEW · YORK · SALON
FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

MADE WHOLLY BY HAND IN PARIS ON AMERICAN CUSTOM LASTS *to fit the slender grace of the American foot —*

Each shoe a Paris original — each design made for only 36 American women — then destroyed! Could anything more fully interpret the true artist's reverence for exclusiveness?

Pinet brings to America shoes with the high chic of Paris — of inimitable structural smartness and lightness — lovely lines expectantly alert . . . . a salon, vivid with beauty — Paris on Fifth Avenue . . . . M. André Rouchaud, a Parisian, who pridefully presents old-world craftsmanship and royal skill in boot making.

F. PINET—*Fifth Avenue at 54th Street*
PARIS ✣ LONDON ✣ BERLIN ✣ VIENNA

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PRO BONO PUBLICO

THE State appropriates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and names a commission; the Honorable Jimmie grins and slants a wisecrack down the middle; the outraged voices of John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Wise ring out to their worshipful multitudes; His Excellency the Governor glances wistfully toward an embattled dream of dwelling in the White House; Samuel Seabury moves several dignified paces closer to the Mayor's chair; the Messrs. Steuer and Untermyer shove gracefully toward the centre of the stage; a thousand city-jobholders shiver with a sudden remorseful memory of their sins—and lo! they are investigating Tammany again.

IT is a little early, yet, to determine whether it will be a good investigation or a dull one. For we are still in that stage when the last echo of speeches by upstate senators and assemblymen—speeches that moan with righteous pain at the woes of the poor citizen—hangs upon the air with a faint resemblance to stale tobacco smoke. It seems fairly safe to believe, however, that the coming revelations will be altogether stunning in an earnest, official way, but just a little too dreary and a little too choked with words for any of us to read very carefully after the first day or two. Perhaps a little like the oil scandals, if you chance to remember the oil scandals.

It will go on for days and weeks and weeks again, with this one testifying that he had to pay fifteen hundred dollars cash or give up the idea of putting a penthouse on his roof, and that one testifying in slightly incoherent phrases about the big million-dollar-dock scandals, and still another one telling how Tammany takes care of its friends on the insurance for construction projects. A few disgruntled bootleggers will tell about the fifty-dollar bills they handed the cops without getting value received. Now and then another magistrate will come tumbling out of his robes. The Honorable Jimmie's frail person will spin across the scene as he leads the defence with a flourish.

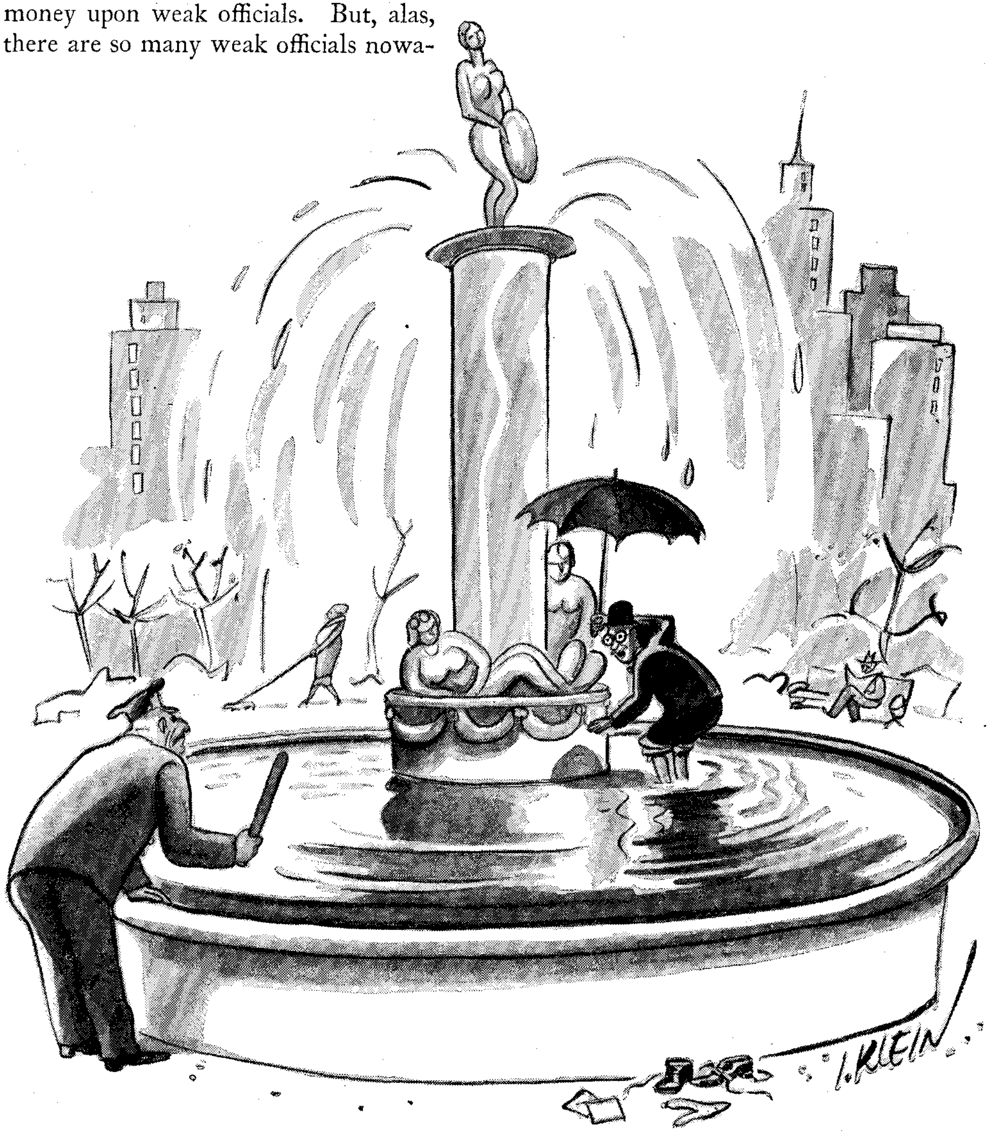
These things, of course, will hardly excite us. They are neither novel nor dramatic. Yet there is a hint of excitement in the situation, one which lurks down in the background of events. Tammany is in a pretty serious fight, after all, for Tammany has been seriously weakened in late days and its enemies are stronger than they have been in many years.

The weakness of Tammany lies in two chief elements. The first of these is the arrogance that it assumed after Walker's tremendous vote in the last election: the adoption of an attitude that an organization backed by five hundred thousand votes may do just about as it pleases. The second is produced by a serious division in the ranks.

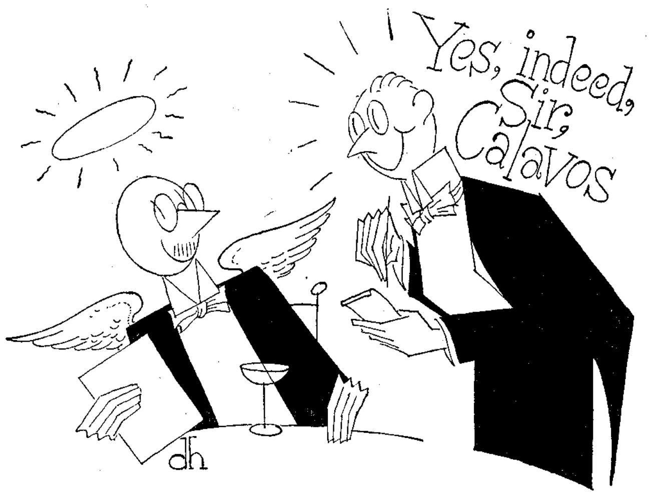
IT is, perhaps, unseemly to indulge in glib talk of graft when that very thing is to be investigated by the rules of law. Still, Jimmie is so amiable a fellow that he does not deny the graft and so he cannot mind. He accounts for it with a rebuke to those disreputable citizens who force their tainted money upon weak officials. But, alas, there are so many weak officials nowadays, or else the applicants for business licenses, the steel-construction companies, the insurance brokers, the bowling-alley proprietors, and the speakeasy folk, all those people who must receive official permission to proceed with their jobs, are indeed of the most disreputable.

On the other hand, graft charges leave most of us pretty cold. Only the official reformers and the opposition party take graft very seriously. It is just as well, no doubt, for all bowling-alley proprietors to be members of the local Tammany club and to contribute toward the upkeep of the clubrooms. Indeed, it was not in the realm of graft at all that Tammany displayed its blandest assurance after the big election. It was in a more subtle thing, which perhaps can best be demonstrated by an anecdote:

Not long ago, a member of the New



"But Officer, I'm not wading for pleasure. I'm trying to find the name of the man who made this work of art."



Calavos are the Key to the Waiter's Heart!

NOTE how the waiter's interest quickens when you say, "Calavos!" Here's One Who Knows, he heartens. Someone deserving of attention not to be wasted on the unimaginative table d'hote addict!

Your order for Calavos reassures the waiter that his is not so thankless a calling, after all. It consoles him to think that there still are those who share his professional appreciation of things edible. It brightens his whole day and yours, too!

"On the halfshell"... with a thin, sharp dressing or merely a little lemon juice and salt... Calavos cause you to lean back and shut your eyes at each melting spoonful!

Sliced in salads... diced in cocktails... mashed into a sandwich spread or hors d'oeuvre... or smoothed into ice cream, they acquit themselves nobly as Aristocrats among fruits.

No ordinary "alligator pears" or "avocados" these! Grown only on the sunniest, protected hillsides of Southern California. Picked only when a laboratory test says they are "just right." Inspected individually before being stamped "Calavo." Packed regally to reach you in perfect condition... Served to you superbly!

Healthful... worse luck!

The skeleton in the Calavo's closet is that it is disgustingly good for you. Vitamins, minerals and all that sort of thing. *And* the energy value of lean meat, stored as a natural fruit oil, 93.8% digestible. That's why Calavos make an ideal "luncheon-in-one"... satisfying, energizing, yet "light."

You'll want them often at home, too. Hint: Send for the "Calavo Hostess Book," hand it to Cook with a suggestion that Calavos may be purchased from the grocer. (He has lots of them this year, at *much* lower prices.)

CALAVO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The Aristocrat of Salad Fruits

CALAVO GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, Dept. 505, 4803 Everett Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

You may send the *free* "Calavo Hostess Book" containing recipes, correct service suggestions and detailed health information on "The Aristocrat of Salad Fruits."

Name__________ Street__________
City__________ State__________

York Stock Exchange came out of the subway to the street and walked innocently into the midst of a garment-workers' demonstration. Before he could work himself clear of the mob, he was knocked unconscious by a policeman's blackjack, trampled pretty badly, and hauled off to a station house. There his pockets were turned out and papers indicating his membership in the Stock Exchange found. He was patched up at once and allowed to go home. One can fancy his rage. He gave his lawyer instructions to follow the matter through to the ultimate satisfaction. But before anything could be started, an official of the Police Department called on the injured broker. The official expressed his sorrow at the incident but his apology was not accepted. He was told vehemently that trouble lay ahead for all the cops connected with the affair.

Then the official grew a little sterner. The broker was quietly reminded of the tax assessments on his large real-estate properties. He was asked to consider the permits that were necessary for the new buildings going up on some of his land, and the extreme difficulties that might be dropped in his way in connection with a dozen enterprises in which he was engaged. He was reminded that the simple parking of an automobile may be made easy or hard, and of numberless small annoyances that might be darted at an active businessman. The recital went on for a considerable time, and at its end the broker gave a humble nod. He called his lawyer then and there with instructions to abandon the matter altogether.

Such unimportant things as this, rather than the tattered bugaboo of graft—such things as the numberless trifling rackets that thrive under Tammany: the florist racket and the garage racket and the bakery racket and the newly conceived taxicab racket—these things have an incalculable power to goad humble citizens. They are the pinpricks of a careless despotism, and pinpricks are frequently surer to stir a people than cannonballs. They mean to Tammany, now, that thousands of people will be itching to come down to Judge Seabury's office and get something off their chests. Thousands of people will want to return a pinprick to the administrator of so many. The town is annoyed, and annoyance is often a more deadly enemy than fury.

AS for the division of Tammany's strength, that is a simple thing and really an interesting one. There

● Notice: Doctor Marcel Von Wertaur requests that women will please not come to his laboratory to buy Velo-Derma. He has none for sale there but has appointed The Velo-Derma Company, 105 East 29th St., New York City, sole distributors for the world

One Woman Told Another Until Fifth Avenue Hunted Out This Man

How an explosion in a German scientist's laboratory discovered a new way

TO MAKE THE SKIN GROW YOUNG

. . . bringing women flocking to his door

by DR. MARCEL VON WERTAUR

● This is the first and last advertisement I ever expect to write.

When it is finished I am going back to my laboratory, disconnect my telephone and take up my real work where I left it off on March 7, 1930, A.D.

First of all, let me say I am neither a dermatologist nor a cosmetician. After graduation from Heidelberg I engaged in research chemistry for an European government and after the war took up similar work here in New York City.

My discovery of Velo-Derma was sheer accident. If it will do all the wonderful things for the complexion that women swear it will do, I am very glad. I only know it served me well at the time of what might have been a serious accident.

How I happened to create formula 770

On March 7 of last year I was working with some very powerful acids when a retort suddenly exploded and covered my hands with its searing contents. As you may already know, all chemists, when working with acids, keep a lye solution handy in case of accident. Lye neutralizes the action of acid and frequently prevents a nasty burn.

On this occasion, because my lye solution had stood so long, it was excessively strong, and when I plunged my hands in it, the lye over-balanced the action of the acid and left my hands corduroyed with wrinkles.

I immersed my hands in 770

In another container on my table was formula 770 (Velo-Derma), a new organic reagent which I was using in another experiment. Knowing it was harmless and would be cooling, I hastily dipped my hands into the receptacle. Imagine my astonishment when I withdrew my hands, to find the wrinkles entirely smoothed out and the skin white and normal.

Mrs. S. pays a visit

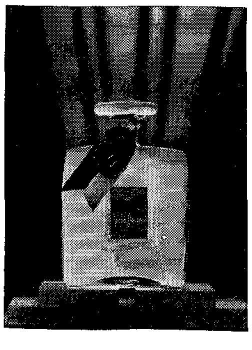
Thinking nothing more of this at the time than to jot down a memorandum of the incident for future safety, I went about my work.

A few days later, an acquaintance, Mrs. S., dropped in at my laboratory to make a call. Over a cigarette she complained at the complexities of her daily beauty treatments and asked me why I didn't invent a cosmetic that would do the work of all the others.

I told her cosmetics were out of my line. Then, suddenly, I remembered Experiment 770 and told her the story. Interested at once she begged me to give her a vial. I did so, but told her that its cost was prohibitive for popular use.

Then the trouble started

Perhaps a week later, Mrs. S. telephoned. She simply had to see me. She was so excited she could hardly talk.



IN FLACONS, $10 AND $25

She arrived breathless, her hands filled with bits of paper.

"Look at me, Doctor, look at me!" she exclaimed excitedly.

I had no idea what she was talking about.

Finally, I pieced out her story. It seems she had taken my suggestion seriously and used my Experiment 770 as a skin treatment with what were evidently remarkable results.

By word of mouth it had gone around that a sensational new beautifier had been discovered, and her friends had commissioned her to get some for them at any price. The bits of paper were checks. Nothing would do but I must stop everything and make enough 770 to fill her orders.

"But my dear lady," I told her, "in the first place I am not a beauty doctor and, in the second place, this formula is far too costly for any commercial purpose. It would have to sell for at least $10 an ounce."

"Don't be absurd," she said impatiently. "Women will pay that gladly for a preparation that will really do the work as this does. Besides, you have to use such a tiny bit, it wouldn't really be expensive. You've simply got to make enough to supply these orders." She thrust the money in my hands.

Women have made my life miserable

That was only the beginning. Since that day my regular work has been at a standstill and I have been busy day and night trying to keep pace with the demand for Velo-Derma.

Finally they heard about it in a great New York department store and the buyer searched three weeks until she located my laboratory and placed an order. Soon other New York department stores followed suit.

Women flocked here with checks in their hands. There was always a line of limousines at my door.

How so many people heard about it I have no idea, but my telephone rang incessantly until I had to change my number.

The New Yorker sent a young woman to see me; she wrote about Velo-Derma in the magazine. Harper's Bazaar and Vogue were next.

When these articles appeared orders started to pour in from out of the city. Telegrams came from San Francisco and Hollywood. I even received a cabled order from Scotland.

MARCEL VON WERTAUR, Ph.D., Sc.D.

I couldn't imagine what had happened. The whole world seemed to want Velo-Derma.

I appoint an agent

Without my spending one penny in advertising, without ever once putting my foot inside a store, the demand for Velo-Derma soon grew to where I could no longer handle it.

I had either to get rid of Velo-Derma or give up my real work. I chose the former.

At the advice of my lawyer, I got in touch with a group of individuals here in New York who are experienced in business. I have made an arrangement with them whereby they are to pay me a royalty on every bottle and take over the whole responsibility. I have agreed to supervise the manufacture. I can do that and still have time for my research.

So if you want Velo-Derma, and your favorite department store cannot supply you, please do not come to see me. Fill out the coupon and my agent will supply your needs.

How to apply Velo-Derma

● Velo-Derma is extremely simple to use. A very few drops should be applied to the face by pressure with the fingers, after the make-up has been taken off at night and before it has been put on in the morning. Mrs. S. says it is quite effective in actually erasing wrinkles, especially if applied with heat. Her way is to wring a hot towel as dry as possible and apply over the, Velo-Derma for five minutes. I can understand chemically why this might be helpful.

Mrs. S. says Velo-Derma not only removes wrinkles, but does the work of muscle oils and astringents and is quite the best powder base she has ever found.

I cannot vouch for these things, but hundreds of unsolicited letters from women enthusiastically bear out her statements.

You can prove it for yourself if you like. Velo-Derma is on sale at the better department stores.

Velo-Derma comes in $10.00 and $25.00 flacons. It is economy to buy the larger size.

USE COUPON IF STORE CANNOT SUPPLY VELO-DERMA

THE VELO-DERMA COMPANY
105 East 29th St., New York City

Enclosed is my check or money order for Velo-Derma
☐ $10 flacon ☐ $25 flacon

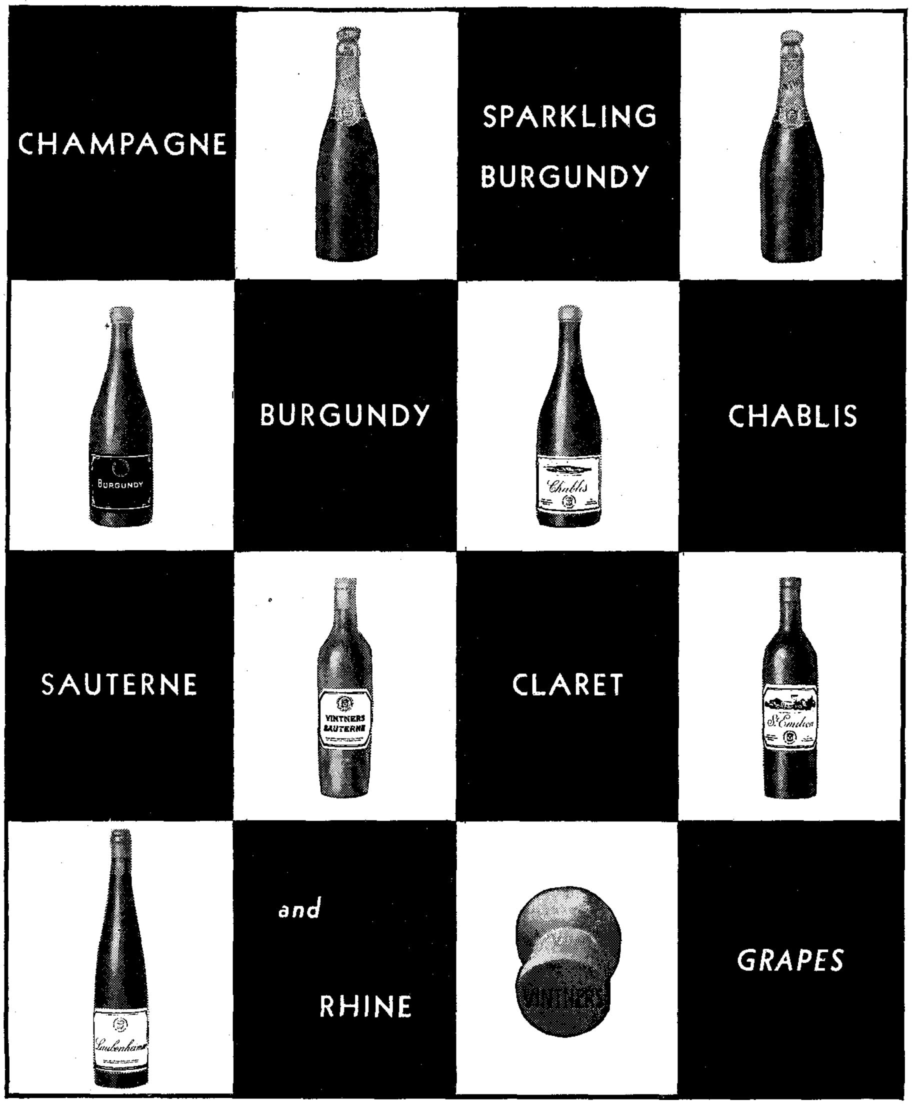
M________________________

Street______________________

City______________ State_______

On Sale in New York at

B. ALTMAN • BONWIT TELLER • FRANKLIN SIMON • LORD & TAYLOR • McCREERY
JAY-THORPE • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • STERN BROTHERS • WANAMAKER'S



ALL TRUE to European standards. No sales or deliveries will be made except in accordance with all State and Federal Prohibition laws. In the event that you are not satisfied, your purchase will be destroyed and your money refunded.

Champagne: Champagne begins with the grapes. They are Champagne grapes, sound, ripe, and contain the correct flavor. They are selected by six experts with 216 years aggregate experience here and abroad. Only the first pressings of the juice are used, and they are developed in such a way as to produce a finished result with the proper bouquet, dryness, and "after-taste" characteristic of Champagne and of Champagne only. Remember, Champagne is the necessary ingredient for the Champagne cocktail now so distinctly in vogue.

Sparkling Burgundy: It is our opinion, and the opinion of many unprejudiced expert tasters that Vintners Sparkling Burgundy is equal to anything of its type ever produced in this country or abroad. Its soft, full flavor, its lively pink sparkle, its rich bouquet—all pronounce it perfect. It is suitable to serve at luncheons, dinners, or late suppers.

Burgundy: Rich, dark ruby color, full-flavored, with silky finish, yet quite dry. Nothing goes better with duck, all game, mutton or venison, and, of course, all cheese—the stronger the better.

Chablis: (White Burgundy) Soft, free from acid, delicious flavor and aroma, but dry as is all Chablis. Correct for luncheons, fish dinners, and with all white meats.

Sauterne: Vintners Sauterne has the true Sauterne color and aroma. It is full-flavored but delicate and not too sweet. It may be served with oysters, soup, fish or meat, for luncheons or dinner or even afternoon tea.

Claret: The St. Emilion type. Good color, full flavor, yet delicate. A true claret. Used with all meals except fish. The tonic properties of Claret, free from sugar, are recognized by medical authorities and recommended as part of the daily diet.

Rhine: Closely resembles the Laubenheimer. Fair body, good bouquet, with slight acidity, no sugar. Most appropriate with oysters, fish, white meats. It makes perfect punches and cups, and its use with soda between meals is traditional.

VINTNERS

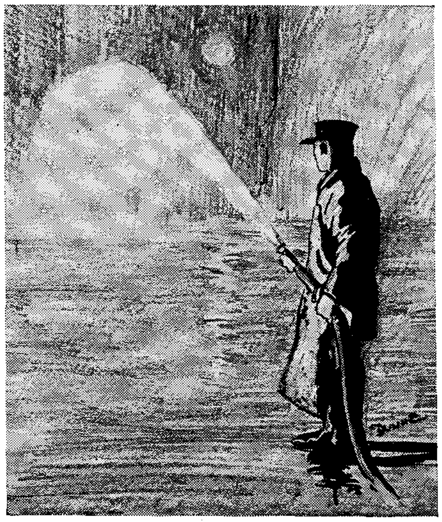
Produced by VINEYARDISTS, Inc.,
Grape Growers since 1835
Penn Yan, N. Y. *In the heart of the champagne district*

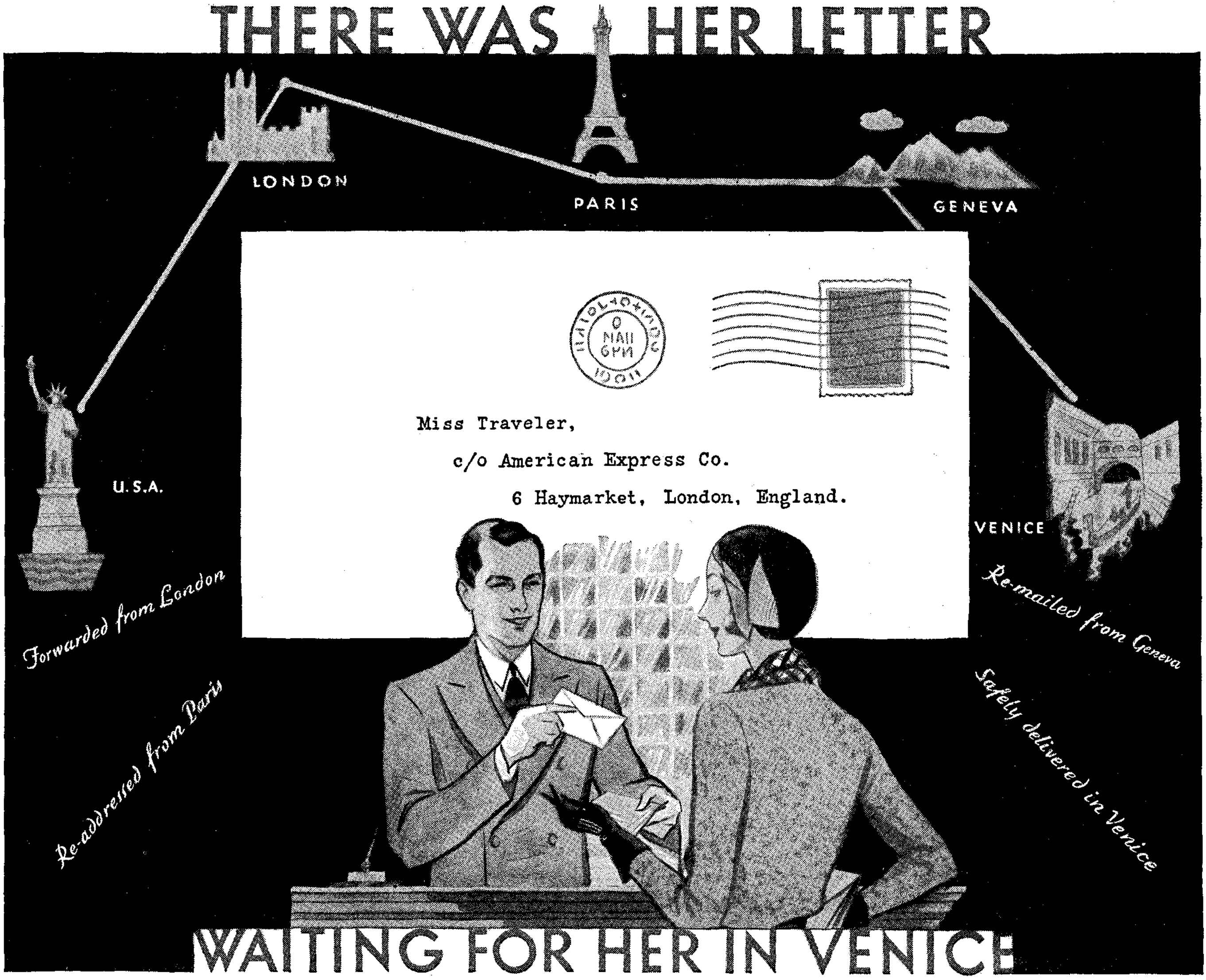
ALEX. D. SHAW & CO., *National Distributors*
Importers 15 Moore Street *Phone BOwling*
Since 1881 New York City *Green 9-8070*

are three distinct factions within the organization: the Curry crowd, the Smith crowd, and the Roosevelt crowd. I do not name a Walker crowd, for such a thing does not really exist. He has become a rather inconsiderable figure, and at this moment he gains most of his importance because he is the front of the organization: the man in office. But nobody recognizes more clearly than the guiding minds of Tammany that he is no longer impressive, that he has never been a genuine mayor, that he is a slick fellow who gained a lot of votes which he cannot retain by acts. He is the bastion over which the battle will be waged, but nearly all of Tammany knows (with a sigh in its heart) that the bastion is so likely to disappear at the peak of the fighting to pace a one-step over some enchanting floor or bow with the fanciest of wheezes over dainty fingers.

THE Curry crowd is chiefly made up of the gentlemen who hold jobs because Curry is willing. They are the working rank and file, their loyalty to the leader born and reborn every fortnight with the delivery of the payroll in the city departments. They form the most valuable nucleus of the organization because they learn while earning and speak with well-fed enthusiasm when the district clubs gather together.

The Smith crowd: These are the old-timers, the men who loved Murphy and who loved Murphy's friend even more; the men who sing "The Sidewalks of New York" because they knew it when it was a fresh song and because it brings back a glamorous past to them. They nurture the deepest devotion of all, and they are not friends of Walker or of Curry or of Roosevelt, because Smith is not a friend of Walker or Curry or Roosevelt. Still, one gath-




THERE WAS HER LETTER
LONDON
PARIS
GENEVA
U.S.A.
VENICE
Miss Traveler,
c/o American Express Co.
6 Haymarket, London, England.
Forwarded from London
Re-addressed from Paris
Re-mailed from Geneva
Safely delivered in Venice
WAITING FOR HER IN VENICE

And now Venice! For three weeks she had been traveling in Europe . . . Paris, Lucerne, Geneva. She herself had hardly known where she would be next . . . and the folks at home! How were they to know? And, too, how she longed for a word from them.

At parting she had told them: "Write care of the American Express, London." Little did she know what that was to mean to her later. She had thought only of London or Paris. She did not know how widespread was the American Express service in Europe. But she soon learned.

She asked for her mail in Venice. Her letter was there! . . . It had followed her from London to Paris, from Paris to Geneva, and on to Venice.

All along the route this lone woman traveler had been assisted by the American Express organization.

At Southampton a solicitous courier in American Express uniform had helped her to her boat train. At London she had arranged for her tour of England. At 11, Rue Scribe, Paris (the Company's office), she had secured her travel accommodations for Switzerland and Italy. On entering Italy an American Express interpreter had helped her with the troublesome details of the customs.

But it was this letter in Venice that brought home to her the completeness of American Express service.

Naturally, it was an American Express man who at the conclusion of her European travels, saw her safely on her steamer bound for home.

Her trip had been "thrilling," but it was made so by the experienced help of the travel men in the American Express offices wherever she went.

She had made sure that she would be entitled to this helpfulness before she left home, by changing her travel money into the convenient American Express Travelers Cheques.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

WORLD SERVICE FOR TRAVELERS

American Express Company 53
65 Broadway 551 Fifth Avenue 150 West 41st St. at Broadway, New York
896 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
Please send me information on a trip to____________________
leaving about_______________ lasting_______________weeks.
Name____________________Address____________________

Ye Olde Turk's Wiper-Off

GRANDPAPA KNEW MR. MICHELSEN—

THE Old Gentleman could not have told the story of the glass enclosed shower with fourteen kinds of hot water, all cold—but he took baths and enjoyed them, too. For even in Grandpapa's day when bathing was a simpler rite than it is now, Michelsen's Bay Rum was known and used all over the world.

You do not know bay rum until you know Michelsen's—the genuine, pure, double-distillation of bay leaves—made today as always down in sunny St. Thomas.

A delicate fragrance makes its use a delight—a cooling, stimulating rubdown—an ideal deodorant—a perfect astringent—a soothing application for aching heads—the perfect toilet requisite for the athlete, the every day man, the discriminating woman.

You can not compare the quality of Michelsen's Bay Rum—the world's choice for half a century—with synthetic so-called compounds that parade under the name of Bay Rum. *Do not confuse it with other rubbing lotions, many of which leave the skin dry and irritated.*

There is a delightful experience in store for you the first time you use Michelsen's Bay Rum—an experience that will quickly become a habit.

Give yourself a treat to Michelsen's Bay Rum. You'll be in the best of company.

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT—AND ALL DEPARTMENT STORES

MICHELSEN'S

DOUBLE DISTILLED

BAY RUM

ers the melancholy notion that theirs is the devotion which clings to lost causes, for the gallant cause of Smith is lost. He fought for that anomalous thing: an upright Tammany, full of statesmen and public servants consecrated to duty. The Smith men will not speak very loudly in these times.

The Roosevelt crowd: There was no Roosevelt crowd at all until the present situation arose. Roosevelt was close enough to Curry, and his friends could easily be Curry's friends. Then, suddenly, the reformers and the Republicans demanded an investigation of Tammany, and Roosevelt was placed on the horns of a dilemma. His deepest ambition was to be the President of the United States. If he approved the investigation of Tammany, his chance for Tammany's votes at the nominating convention would be hurt. If he evaded, the Southern Democrats would put him in the bracket with Tweed and Croker, and turn their love for him into hatred. He chose to investigate Tammany and endure the anger of an organization which cannot openly deny him because of the patronage he controls at Albany. The beneficiaries of that patronage are quite naturally on his side at this moment, and they are joined by many who will join up with anybody who is independent of Curry. For Curry has never been very popular in the organization.

THE result of this division is a little reeling among the faithful, and that demoralizing spirit of *sauve-qui-peut* which is Tammany's sharpest point of danger at the moment.

Among the reformers and the Fusionists and the Republicans the brightest dream is concerned with Seabury. If Tammany is hurt badly enough by his final decision—which he will make, of course, without prejudice or personal feeling or concern for his ambitions—he will make a sterling candidate for mayor on an independent ticket.

Pro Bono Publico!

—MORRIS MARKEY

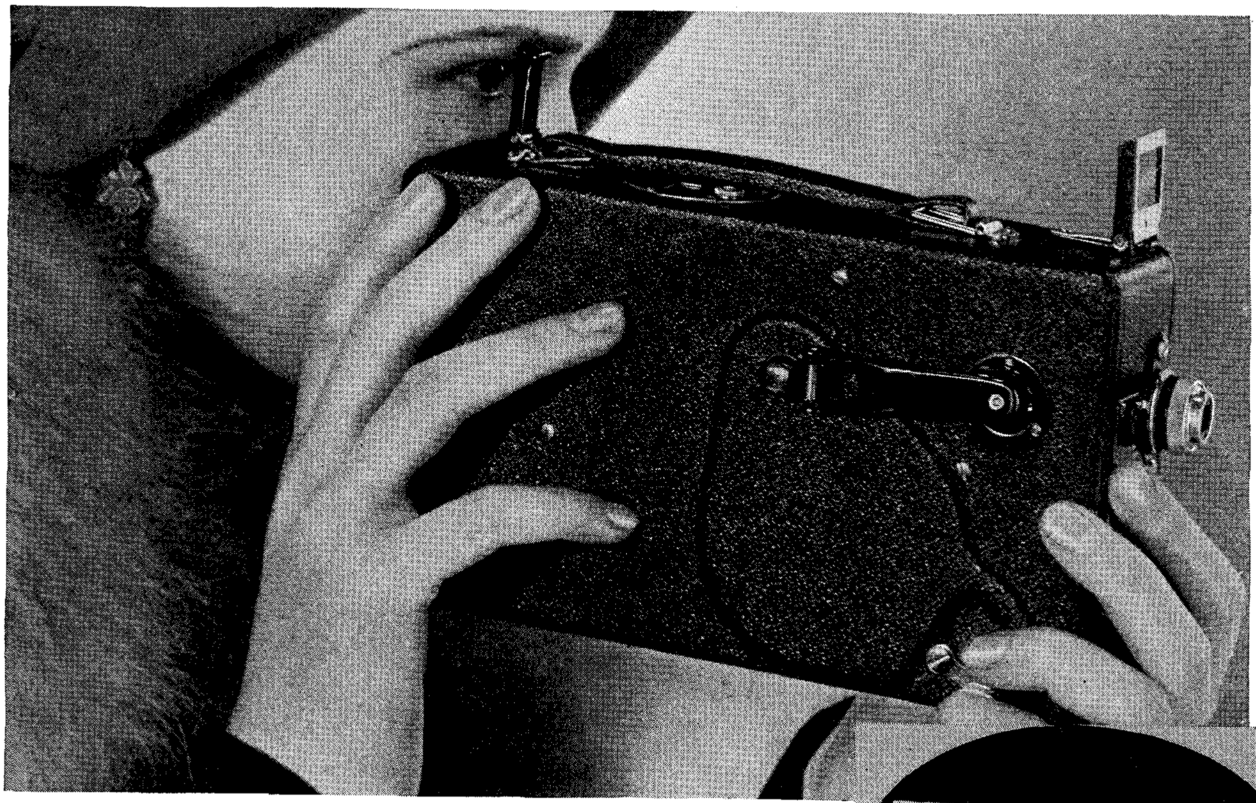
•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From an editorial in American Farming*]

The great need in library expansion today is more library service to the rural districts. We have just finished reading a letter from a farm woman subscriber in Nebraska who tells us of having to travel seventeen miles to get a copy of Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows."

Only $75 *for this new Home Movie Camera*



A Simplified Ciné-Kodak... low in price... *and sold on easy terms*

HOME MOVIES are not a rich man's hobby . . . something you would like to have but think you can't afford.

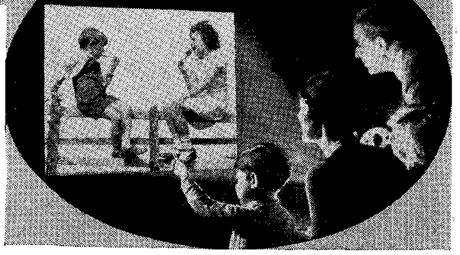
Eastman has so simplified the motion picture camera that today a Ciné-Kodak can be bought for as little as $75, with carrying case to match. It's the new Model M, illustrated above. . . the lightest camera ever made for 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Comes with *f*.3.5 lens and a special attachment for close-ups.

No focusing required. Just aim your camera and press a lever . . . that's all there is to it. You get crisp, clear movies ...sparkling with quality... alive with action... the first time you try.

Developing by Eastman experts is included in the price of the film. Your reels come back to you promptly, ready to show in your home.

Turn the switch of your Kodascope projector. Then sit back in the quiet of your darkened living room and enjoy the movies you made yourself.

If you haven't made a movie, you've missed one of the biggest thrills in life. Get acquainted with this new form of home entertainment. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and ask him about the $75 Ciné-Kodak Model M. Kodascope projectors as low as $60. You can get a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen, for a small down payment and easy terms, if you wish.



What a thrill! There before you on the silver screen are your own children, laughing and rollicking... every smile, every gesture, as real as life itself.

Mail coupon for free

HOME MOVIE BOOKLET

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, New York
Please send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

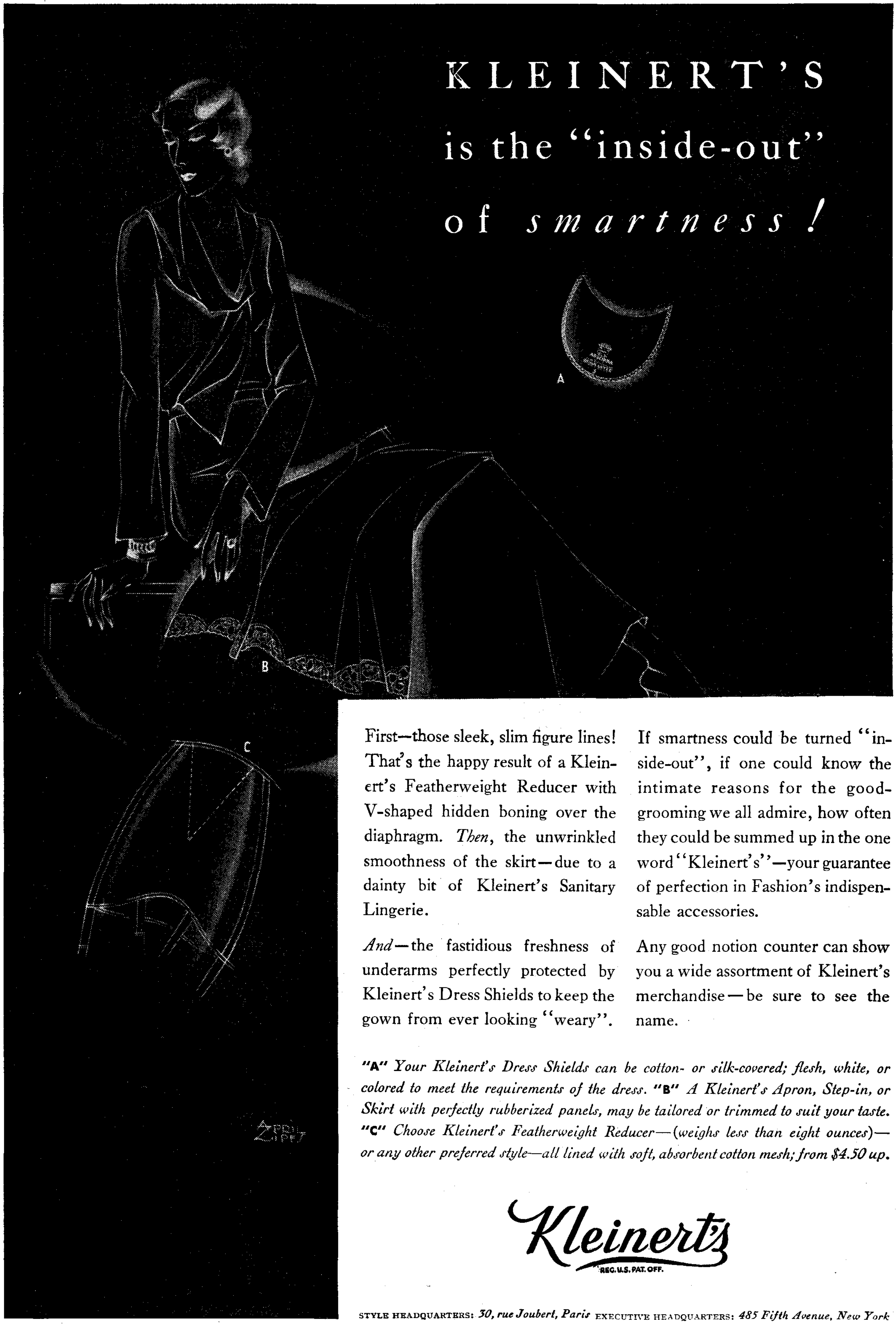
*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

N. Y. 4-11

Ciné-Kodak *Simplest of Home Movie Cameras*



KLEINERT'S is the "inside-out" of *smartness!*

First—those sleek, slim figure lines! That's the happy result of a Kleinert's Featherweight Reducer with V-shaped hidden boning over the diaphragm. *Then*, the unwrinkled smoothness of the skirt—due to a dainty bit of Kleinert's Sanitary Lingerie.

And—the fastidious freshness of underarms perfectly protected by Kleinert's Dress Shields to keep the gown from ever looking "weary".

If smartness could be turned "inside-out", if one could know the intimate reasons for the good-grooming we all admire, how often they could be summed up in the one word "Kleinert's"—your guarantee of perfection in Fashion's indispensable accessories.

Any good notion counter can show you a wide assortment of Kleinert's merchandise—be sure to see the name.

"A" Your Kleinert's Dress Shields can be cotton- or silk-covered; flesh, white, or colored to meet the requirements of the dress. "B" A Kleinert's Apron, Step-in, or Skirt with perfectly rubberized panels, may be tailored or trimmed to suit your taste. "C" Choose Kleinert's Featherweight Reducer—(weighs less than eight ounces)—or any other preferred style—all lined with soft, absorbent cotton mesh; from $4.50 up.

Kleinert's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

STYLE HEADQUARTERS: *30, rue Joubert, Paris* EXECUTIVE HEADQUARTERS: *485 Fifth Avenue, New York*

SCOTCH IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

FOR BORREL LOONS*

I HAD always thought that Scotch (not counting Gaelic, of course) was a dialect of English, and more or less comprehensible, in print at least, to English-speaking people. I know better now, after a brief trip through a Scottish glossary. Without even having to look very hard I found enough words to make up the following sentence, which might be used any day as a headline in an Aberdeen tabloid, assuming that there is such a thing:

TEUCH CALLANT DUNTS
HALLANSHAKER'S GRUNZIE
AS USQUE IS JIRBLED
ON BURD'S ROKELAY**

Now, is that English dialect?

QUITE early in the expedition I came upon "clink," one of those words so common in all tongues but ours, which means almost anything: "a smart blow," "move," "go," "act," "clap," and "clinch." With more energy than I possess at the moment one could make up a sentence which consisted merely of the word "clink" repeated several times and separated by prepositions, articles, etc.

"Capernoited" is a word which inspired an instant and lasting respect. It combines nuances and meanings expressible in English only by the use of several words. Also, it does away with quibbling categorical distinctions concerning various phases of drunkenness. All alone, it means "muddle-headed, peevish, and partially intoxicated." In Scotland, when you wish to explain the condition of last night's companion who wished to have a taxi-driver arrested because his cab had green cushions, all you need to say is: "Old Walter certainly was capernoited."

An amusing oasis in an otherwise dull column was "cutty," which is "short," "quick-tempered," or "a testy or loose woman." Here the glossary adds in parentheses: "Often used playfully." This is an interesting sidelight on Scottish humor; in fact it rather makes me think the glossary is being somewhat playful with the reader.

"Oy"—surely out of place in Scotch—is not an exclamation, but means "grandchild."

"Barlafummel," a fine, resounding

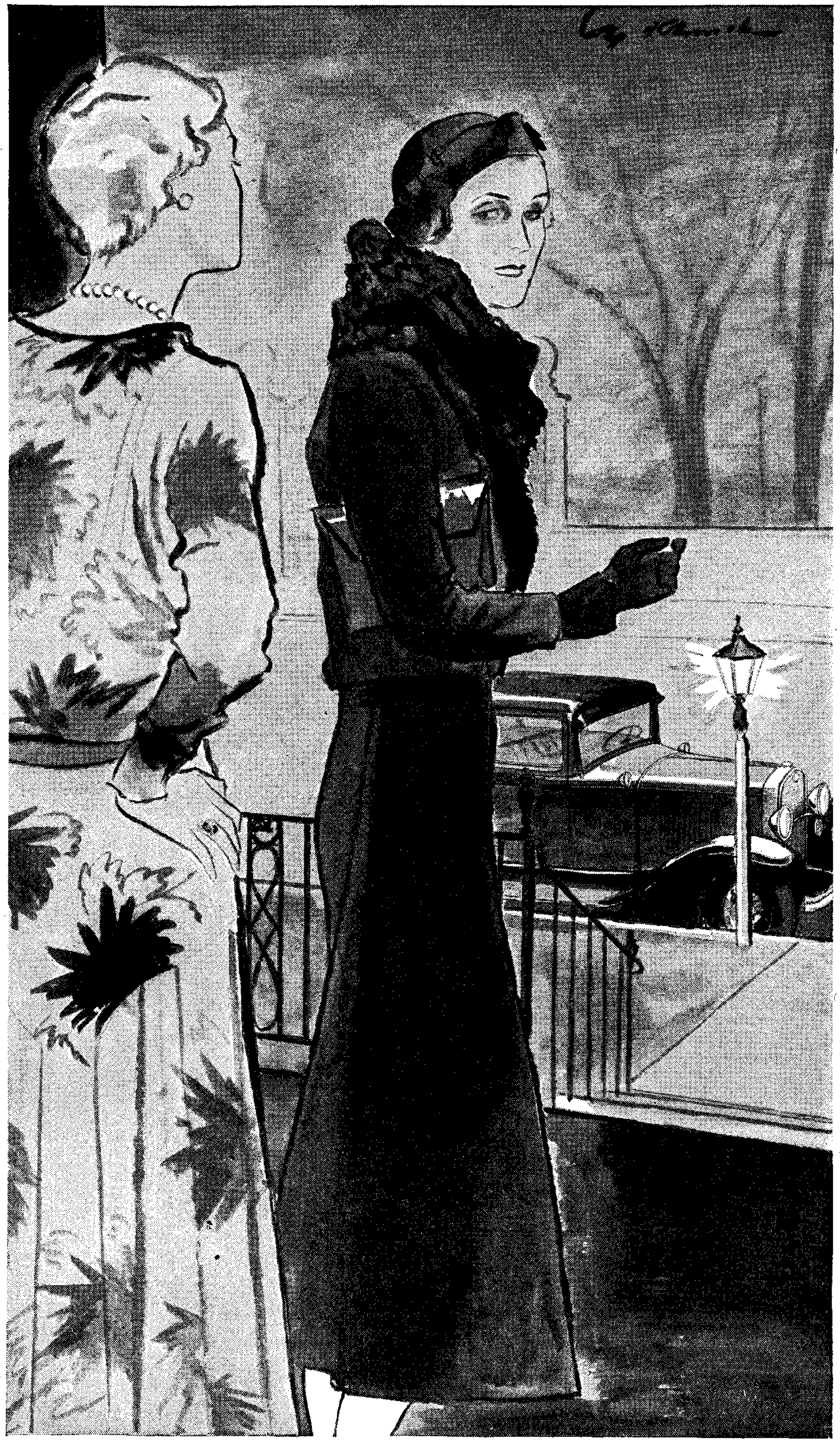
---

*Untutored rustics.

**For those capable of believing it, the translation is: "Tough boy wallops bum as whiskey is spilled on girl's cloak."

"My dear, we've kept you awfully late!"

"Oh, I'll be home in no time. My Chevrolet fairly flies through traffic."



THE NEW CHEVROLET SIX $475 to $650 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Food for thought . . . *for*

Food Advertisers

THE surprising fact is not that The American Weekly carries so much food advertising, but that more food advertisers have not analyzed thoroughly its values.

To the owner of a trademarked food with national distribution, this great magazine offers economies not to be duplicated by any other magazine or group of magazines.

With almost double the circulation of its nearest competitor, The American Weekly gives national coverage at by far the lowest cost per family.

Every Sunday morning it reaches 5,500,000 homes at a cost of less than ⅓ cent per home for a full color page more than twice the size of any other national magazine page.

That means an opportunity for illustration, headline, copy, recipes and a coupon if you like.

And while these 5,500,000 American Weekly families are scattered throughout all forty-eight states, still this magazine concentrates and dominates in the richest markets.

In twenty-four states and the District of Columbia are located 74.5% of the grocery and delicatessen stores of the nation.

In these states more than 80% of all trademarked food is purchased and consumed.

And into these states each week The American Weekly pours 86.7% of its circulation, a higher percentage of its circulation than any other publication.

To give some idea of the coverage of this mighty magazine, let us analyze its circulation.

The American Weekly concentrates and dominates in 536 of America's 812 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over.

In each of 185 cities, it reaches one out of every two families
In 132 more cities, 40 to 50% of the families
In an additional 102 cities, 30 to 40%
In another 117 cities, 20 to 30%

. . . and, in addition, nearly 2,000,000 families in thousands of other communities, large and small, regularly buy The American Weekly.

Now let's sum it up and see what The American Weekly has to offer the national food advertiser.

a. More than one out of every five families in the entire United States
b. Concentration of circulation in the richest buying areas
c. Color page advertising at less than ⅓ cent per family
d. Editorial interest that has built the largest magazine circulation in the world

Where can you spend your advertising dollar more effectively?

THE SOCIAL REGISTER OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

A Partial List of Important Advertisers in The American Weekly during 1929, 1930 and 1931

- All-Year Club of Southern California
- American Tobacco Co., The
- Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
- Armstrong Cork Co.
- Associated Oil Co.
- Associated Salmon Packers
- Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc.
- Auburn Automobile Co.

- Babbitt, B. T., Inc.
- Bauer & Black
- Beech-Nut Packing Co.
- Bon Ami Company, The
- Borden Co., The
- Bristol-Myers Co.

- California Fruit Growers Exchange
- Cantilever Sales Corp.
- Champion Spark Plug Co.
- Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd
- Chrysler Corporation
  - Chrysler
  - De Soto
  - Plymouth
  - Dodge
- Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.
  - Super Suds
  - Palmolive Beads
  - Palmolive Soap
  - "Seventeen" Cosmetics
- Congoleum-Nairn, Inc.
- Corning Glass Works
- Crosley Radio Corp., The

- Daggett & Ramsdell

- Eastman Kodak Co.
- Elgin National Watch Co.
- Enna Jettick Shoes, Inc.
- Esmond Mills, The
- Eugene Ltd.

- Firestone Footwear Co.
- Florida Citrus Exchange

- General Foods Corp.
  - Walter Baker's Cocoa
  - Calumet Baking Powder
  - Jell-O
  - Maxwell House Coffee
  - Log Cabin Syrup
  - Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt
  - Post Toasties
- Gilbert Co., The A. C.
- Gillette Safety Razor Co.
- General Motors Corp.
  - Chevrolet Motor Co.
  - Fisher Body Corp.
  - Oakland-Pontiac
  - Oldsmobile
- Glemby & Sons Co., Inc., S.
- Glessner Co.
- Gold Dust Corporation
- Goldman, Mary T.
- Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.
- Ground Gripper Shoe Co., The

- Hawaiian Pineapple Company
- Heinz Co., H. J.
- Hills Bros.
- Hohner, Inc., M.
- Hopper-Kissproof Inc.
- Hudson Motor Car Co.
- Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., The

- Jell-Well Dessert Co.
- Jergens Co., The Andrew
- Johnson & Johnson
- Johnson & Son, S. C.

- Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
- Kingsbury Mfg. Co.
- Kolynos Co., The
- Kotex Company
- Knox Gelatine

- Larus & Bro. Co.
- Leeming & Co., Inc., Thos.
- Lehn & Fink, Inc.
- Lever Bros. Co.
  - Rinso
  - Lifebuoy
  - Lux
- Libby, McNeill & Libby
- Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
- Lorillard Company, P.
- Luden's, Inc.
- Luxor, Ltd.

- Manhattan Soap Co.
- Mars, Inc.
- McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
- Mennen Company, The
- Model Brassiere Co.
- Mueller Co., C. F.

- National Carbon Co., Inc.
- National Retail Furniture Ass'n
- Neet Incorporated
- Newman & Sons, Inc., I.
- Norwich Pharmacal Co., The
- Numismatic Co. of Texas

- Old Dutch Cleanser
- Oneida Community, Ltd.

- Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.
- Park & Tilford
- Parker Pen Co., The
- Parker-Regan Corp.
- Patent Cereals Co., The
- Pepsodent Co., The
- Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.
- Pompeian Company, Inc., The
- Pond's Creams
- Premier Malt Sales Co.
- Procter & Gamble

- Quaker Oats Company, The

- Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.
- Robertshaw Thermostat Co.

- Salada Tea Company
- Schnefel Bros., Inc.
- Scholl Mfg. Company
- Sears, Roebuck and Co.
- Simmons Co., The
- Singer Sewing Machine Co., Inc.
- Spool Cotton Co., The
- Stanco Inc.
- Standard Brands Inc.
  - Chase & Sanborn Coffee
  - Fleischmann's Yeast
  - Royal Baking Powder
  - Royal Gelatin
- Steelcote Manufacturing Co.
- Stewart-Warner Corp.
- Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Ass'n

- Texas Co., The

- Union Oil Co. of California
- United States Rubber Co.

- Vanity Fair Silk Mills
- Vantine & Co., Inc., A. A.
- Vivaudou, Inc., V.

- Wander Co., The
- Warner & Co., Wm. R.
- Warren Featherbone Co.
- Washburn Crosby Company
- Waterman Co., L. E.
- Watkins Co., The R. L.
- Welch Grape Juice Co.
- Willys-Overland, Inc.
- Wrigley Jr. Company, Wm.

- Young, Inc., W. F.

What $16,000 buys in The American Weekly

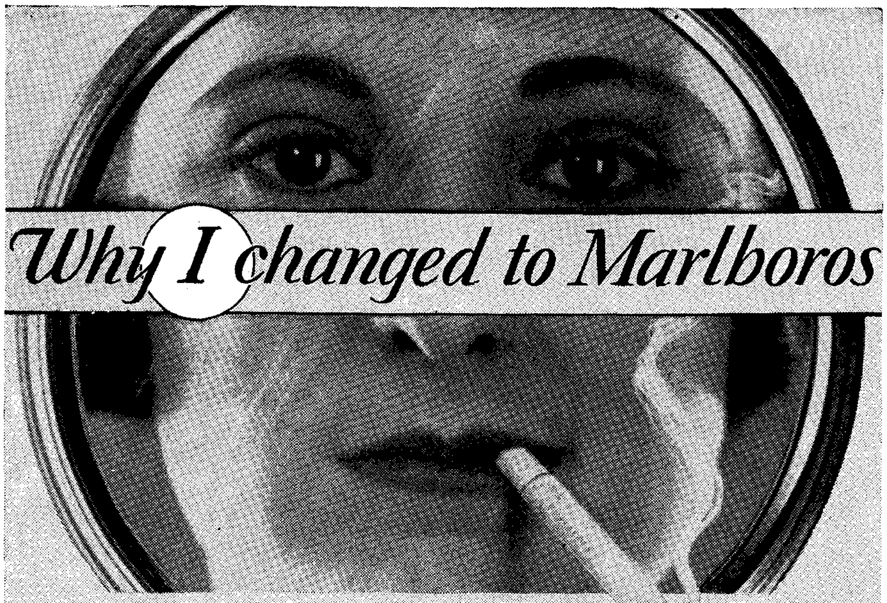
A full page in color nearly three times as big as any other magazine page in the world . . . 5,500,000 families at a cost of less than $\frac{1}{3}$ cent per family . . . The attention of the entire family instead of a single buying factor.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Main Office: 959 Eighth Avenue, New York City

Branch Offices: PALMOLIVE BLDG., CHICAGO . . . 5 WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON . . . 753 BONNIE BRAE, LOS ANGELES . . . 222 MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO 11-250 GENERAL MOTORS BLDG., DETROIT . . . 1138 HANNA BLDG., CLEVELAND . . . 101 MARIETTA ST., ATLANTA . . . INTERNATIONAL OFFICE BLDG., ST. LOUIS



Why I changed to Marlboros

Hundreds of thousands of new smokers change . . . develop . . . progress . . . graduate to Marlboros. Help us put into words the *REASONS* for this ever-increasing recognition.

First Prize $100 Cash

100 PRIZES TO SMOKERS

THOUSANDS of cheap cigarettes, of course, are still sold for every carton of Marlboros. But . . . past year's figures show Marlboro sales forging ahead at a record-breaking rate. Can you say *why?*

We know many reasons. We want *yours*. For the best hundred reasons submitted before the last day of next June, we will award 100 prizes as listed. No strings. No conditions. Write in your own words your own reasons for changing to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

100 Prizes!

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$75
Third Prize	$50
Fourth Prize	$25
5th to 10th	each $10
11th to 50th	each $5
51st to 100th	Library package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

Good Reasons for Changing to Marlboros:

Marlboros are machine packed, *tips DOWN!* Nobody's fingers—not even your own—can soil them.

IVORY TIPS

Are Lip Insurance

. . . they prevent dangerous infection. Protect torn, chapped, or rouge-roughened lips.

Ivory Tipped *or* Plain, Marlboros show always a dainty hostess. Particular people are careful to avoid cheap cigarettes for dinner and bridge party guests. Smart debutantes recognize Marlboros as a suitable accessory. Successful men demand Marlboros as the cigarette of distinction.

You, yourself, may have just progressed . . . developed . . . graduated to Marlboros. Write us a few words about *your* reasons. This courtesy may win for you one of 100 prizes.

SELECTED winners will be published in magazines and newspapers. No fees or payments beyond the prizes. We cannot undertake to return suggestions nor enter correspondence. Prizes duplicated in any tie. Judges, R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris & Co., K. M. Goode, advertising consultant, and Lee Brown, advertising agent.

Contest Closes June 30th, 1931

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
119-E FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

MARLBORO
Mild as May

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO AFFORD 20c FOR THE BEST

word with no Anglo-Saxon counterpart, is "an exclamation asking for a truce, as by one who has fallen in a wrestling match." It wouldn't work in this country, judging by the wrestling matches shown from time to time at the newsreel theatres; not only wouldn't the loser have time to say "Barlafummel!" before his opponent jumped him, but no attention would be paid if he did.

Another idiosyncrasy of the Scotch is their bird-complex. The glossary positively bulged with various names for birds—at least I think they are birds, but I am not much of an ornithologist. "Piet" means "a water ouzel," and if that isn't a bird, then what is it? There are also three distinct words for "yellowhammer": "yoldrin," "yoldring," and "yellow yoldring." However, for all I know, "yellowhammers" may be boats, fish, or even some kind of hammers, though this doesn't seem likely.

RATHER to my surprise I found that the Scotch, who have such a reputation for honesty, had swiped several American expressions. (I flatly refuse to believe that they had them first.) Worse, they distorted the meanings almost beyond recognition. For instance, "yammer," instead of meaning "to stutter or talk nonsense," means to them "whimpering" or "lamenting," and, of all things, "yank" in Scotch means "to *push*." Something should be done about that. "High Jinks"—surely as American an expression as ever was coined—is "an old pastime entailing forfeits," if you please. They come close to redeeming themselves on this one by having a secondary meaning: "noisy revelry."

"Usque" annoyed me a lot. I had always thought it a Latin word, and here it turned up in a Scotch glossary. I took a required Latin course in college (since then I have pingled—Scotch for "worked for a living") and was pretty sure. I was right. On looking it up I found it in the Latin dictionary, and it means "continuously" and not "whiskey," as the Scotch would have you believe.

"Yawp" is allowed to keep its true American meaning; i.e., "to yelp and squawk at the same time."

Finally, there is "wampish." Wampish is a verb, in spite of the "-ish" ending, and signifies "to fluctuate." Can't you imagine, on the financial page of the Glasgow *Herald*: "COTTON PRICES WAMPISH HEAVILY"?

—FREDERICK PACKARD

TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY—

"THE trouble with you young people," Uncle Edward said, issuing his weekly ultimatum, "is that you're soft. You don't have to struggle for existence. Look at this apartment, now—"

It looked very nice, I thought. Not luxurious, of course, like Uncle Edward's, but very comfortable, in a modest way.

"Just look at it," he continued. "You don't have to raise a finger to get things done. This place is just one electric contraption after another. Now take your great-great-grandmother, on the Hosmer side, for instance. She never had any of these contraptions to help her out. Worked from dawn to dusk and only took time off to shoot at the Indians who tried to attack her. She was a magnificent woman. No la-de-da's for her."

AFTER Uncle Edward had been whisked away in his limousine, I sent for an electrician to fix the percolator plug, which had been throwing off horrid little blue sparks whenever I stuck it in the socket. The electrician was a stalwart man with a huge red scar covering one side of his face. When I showed him the plug, he shook his head sadly and pursed up his lips.

"Put it in the socket," he said to me.

"I don't like to," I told him. "It spits at me."

But when he insisted, I obeyed, standing as far away from the socket as I could. He watched me so intently that I began to think of Great-Great-Grandmother Hosmer and her conduct with the Indians. Maybe it would be wiser to keep some sort of weapon in the house. A small revolver would do.

"See this scar?" he asked me suddenly, pointing to the side of his face.

I felt myself getting red, because I

...the hands were the hands of Jekyll but the feet were the feet of Hyde...

The encircling crowd took a deep breath as Golfer McChesney's cunning fingers flicked his putter through an arc as true as the pendulum of a grandfather's clock.

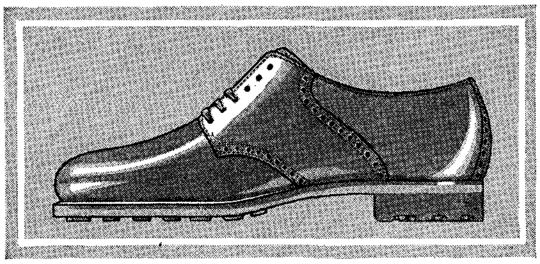
- The ball strolled leisurely to the cup, peered over the edge a moment, and dropped. McChesney had won another match.

- But think you, reader, that the applause of thousands, even of hundreds, could quicken the pulse of McChesney at this moment? Ah, no! There was but one—!

- Bright eyes met his, wavered and looked down—and saw McChesney's feet! A shudder, and she was gone. And with a low, moaning cry, McChesney stumbled to his locker.

- McChesney's feet were housed in a withered pair of brogans that might have seen service at the concrete-mixer. McChesney loved them because they carried him around the course with never a twinge.

- He did not know, poor fellow, that a pair of smart Hanan Golf Shoes would carry him more comfortably still!



GOLF SHOE BY HANAN—executed in boarded tan Scotch grain, with Hanan Gro-Cord rubber sole—$14.75

Hanan also creates Golf Shoes for Women

HANAN SHOES

NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON • NICE

Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Buffalo • Chicago • Cleveland • Columbus • Detroit • Kansas City
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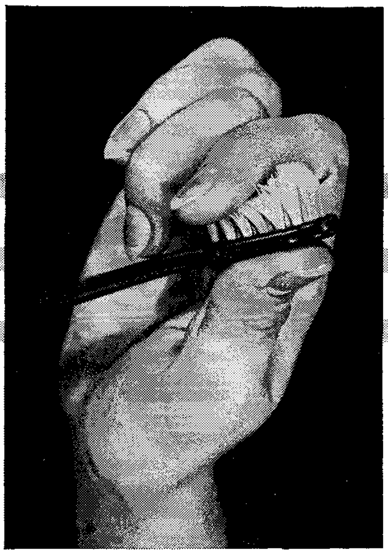
GUERLILAS • GUERLAROSE

THE LILAC AND THE ROSE BY GUERLAIN

GUERLAIN

PARFUMEUR *PARIS*



Tek

the modern

TOOTH BRUSH

This thing called Spring . . .

is the active cleansing power of Tek bristles! The life of Tek is longer because its bristles are better. And Tek's shape is *just what the dentist ordered.* Technically correct, it sweeps freely even the narrowest parts of your dental arch. Tek's double value is in its approved *Better Shape and Better Bristles*—at no extra cost. Tek, sterilized and Cellophane-sealed, at your dealer's, 50¢; Tek Jr., 35¢. Guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

had been having difficulty in keeping myself from staring at it.

"Yes," I said. "That *is* quite a scar, isn't it?"

"It sure is. Well, do you know how I got it?"

"No."

He smiled triumphantly.

"I got it when I didn't know no more about electricity than you do, putting a plug just like that one in a socket. It blew up, like that one might any time now, and there I was—marked for life."

I watched him with respect while he fixed the socket. He departed with a few brief remarks on the condition of all the other plugs in the apartment.

"Watch them, lady," he said. "Any one of them might go, one of these days."

IT was lonely there after he had left. The only sound was the obbligato of the icebox, which had been making rather annoying knocking noises for some time. Pretty soon it got on my nerves, so I telephoned downstairs for Mr. Gulbrannson, the superintendent, and asked him to come up and fix it. He arrived in high spirits, and took out the board that hides the mechanism. Then his face darkened.

"Gee whillakers, Miss Gibbs!" he said. "It's a good thing you called me. In another day this thing would have filled the place with poison gas, and you'd be—" He snapped his fingers airily, to indicate just where I would have been. Then he took out his tools and did mysterious things to the icebox.

"That'll be all right now," he said presently, straightening up. "It ought to hold together anyhow until I can get the fellow in from Jamaica to install a new feed pipe. Just keep your eye on it, though, and if it knocks again, open all the windows quickly. That gas is deadly. It don't smell at all, you know."

While I was waiting for the man from Jamaica, I strolled over to the fireplace and looked up at the portrait of Great-Great-Grandmother Hosmer that hung above it.

"Don't talk about Indians to me," I said scornfully. —ANGELICA GIBBS

•

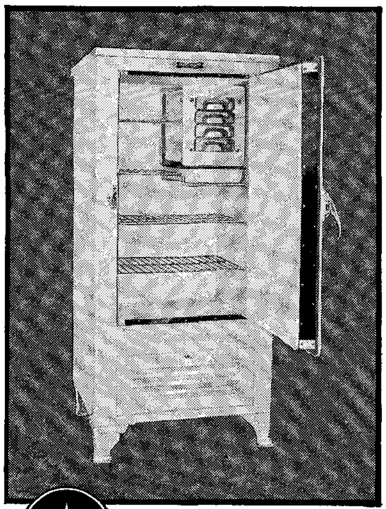
Tent 95, Daughters of Union Veterans, of Pomeroy, remembered one hundred old soldiers with a pound box of candy.—*Pomeroy (O.) Democrat.*

Just *barely* remembered them, you might say.

This Easter parade in front of the old Waldorf-Astoria now seems old-fashioned—and so do automatic refrigerators that are full of noisy machinery.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, *yielding place to new.*"

Tennyson



THE KITCHENETTE—a roomy, beautiful Electrolux model—extremely popular for families of 2 to 5 persons.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Electrolux, the *modern* automatic refrigerator that operates without noise or moving parts, makes other refrigerators seem behind the times.

TODAY 145,000 fine homes and apartments have chosen Electrolux, *the modern automatic refrigerator that contains no machinery at all, and never makes a sound.*

A tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water do all the work. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed within rigid steel. The gas flame is completely protected by an automatic shut-off. The chilling action is continuous—*no alternate stopping and starting.*

Connections for both gas and water are through flexible copper tubing no larger than a lead pencil, and are quickly and easily made for you by your gas company. And should your Electrolux ever need adjustment, you get the prompt, efficient kind of service for which your gas company is famous.

Electrolux costs only 5 to 10 cents a day to run. Despite its many advantages, Electrolux prices are no higher. And it is made in 10 different household models, from 3 cu. ft. capacity up to 20 cu. ft.

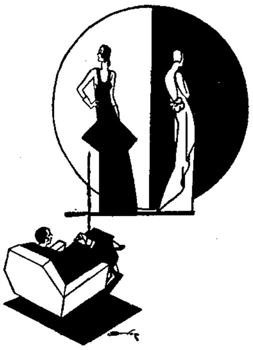
On display at your gas company's showroom. For complete information by mail, write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City, or phone VAnderbilt 3-5700.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



EVEN without the fond belief that I had *seen* everything in town there was to see in the way of trick scarves, I never would have expected the ole, conservative house of Cunn'l Jaeckel would startle me with some. Nevertheless, I must eat them words, for there are at least half a dozen ideas there that are worth looking at.

In the first place, they are using galliac, flat caracul, Persian lamb, and such, to make those scarves that are looped over once at the throat and then descend to make a double, rippling jabot. Grand to vary your furless coat or suit with. For evening, they are making much of sable or fox, with a four or five-inch band of chiffon to match below. This fastens on the chest in front with a bunch of real or artificial flowers, and the chiffon hugs the shoulders in such a way that the fur stands up and stays in place beautifully. The most glorious scarf is of sable and brown chiffon, but the white or black fox and chiffon one isn't so dusty either.

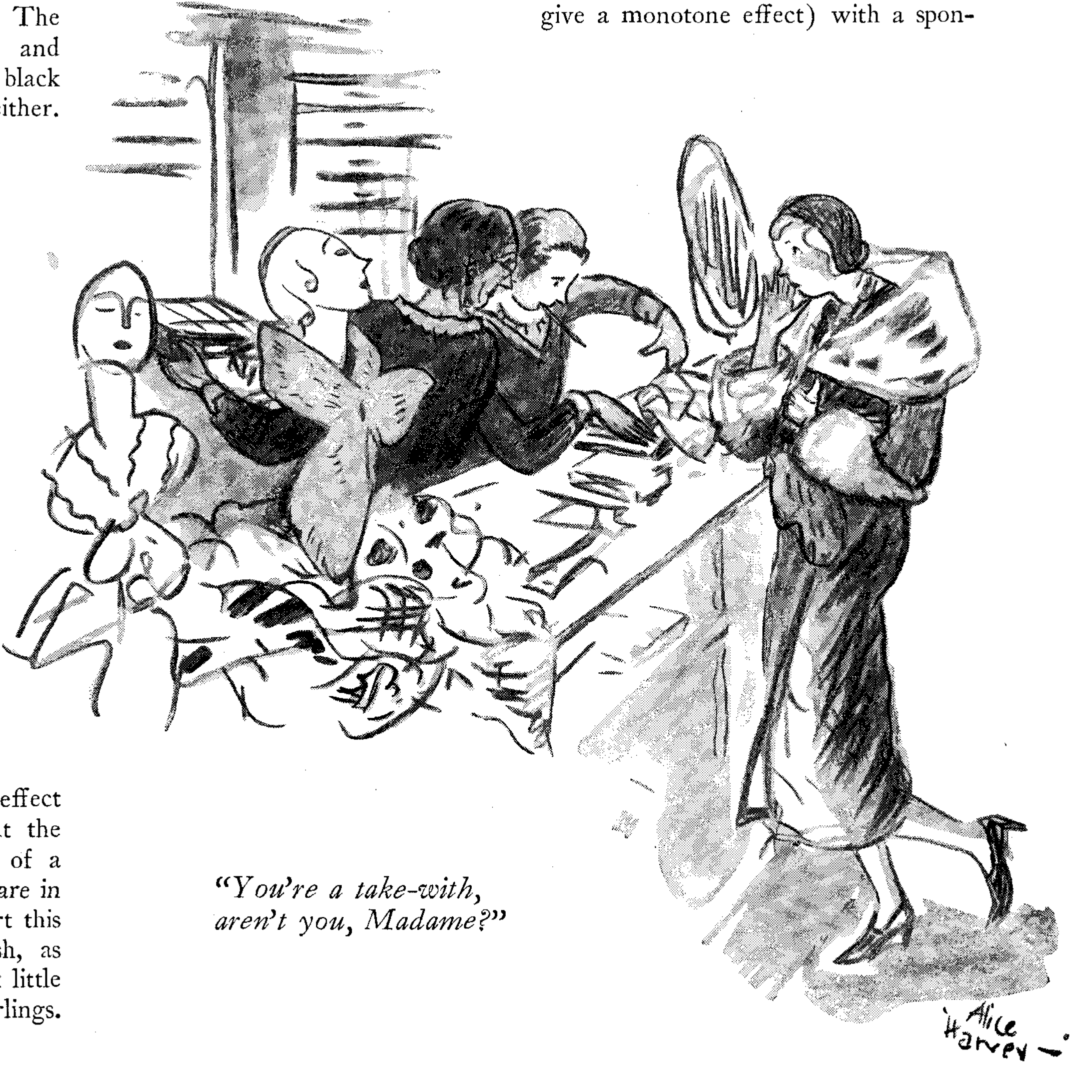
These can dress up furless evening jackets or make dinner dresses out of evening ones. An evening cape of chiffon, close around the throat, has sable hugging the shoulders—very quaint. Then there is Vionnet's stole of black and white ermine, half a yard wide. The black ermine starts below one shoulder and proceeds around the back; the white comes down diagonally in front and is held in place by a narrow black belt. Mainbocher, who seems to do everything well, contributes an evening arrangement of hunter-green satin with long sleeves. This has great triangular gobs of white ermine so arranged that they may either come down flat in the front, with satin ends going round and tying to give the effect of a jacket, or be draped about the shoulders with the casual look of a scarf. Sable scarves, in case you are in a position to consider sables smart this year, are more and more lavish, as sables ought to be. Six and eight little sables are a mere nothing, darlings. One of the best that I saw here (sable isn't becoming to me, thank Heaven) has two heads joining at the throat —*the scarf is so arranged that one skin* dangles in back and in front of each shoulder. But enough of these extravagances. On to the cloth coats, *chez* Jaeckel.

MUCH stress is laid here upon the fact that the cloth coats on the premises are either made in Jaeckel's own workrooms or are imported, with Jaeckel furs added in this country. There are lots of monotone tweeds, the best in beiges so light as to be almost cream-colored, that are marvellous with dark nutria or dark-brown caracul. Look at Vionnet's travelling coat in this light beige, entirely lined with dark-brown nutria, and cut so as to look as slim as an unlined coat.

The collars are interesting: the narrow Vionnet collar that shoots off away from the neck in back; Paquin's big fox collar with a head nestling in the fur behind each ear (they line the fox heads with green wool to match the stuff of the coat); collars that stand *way up high in back and come down* flat in points in the front; Maggy Rouff's circular ruff collar of Russian lynx; and others much too intricate to describe.

Also, if you are interested in coats without fur, there are two from Schiaparelli: one in a light-beige tweed, with a brown-and-white mixed tweed fichu for a collar that crosses in front and ties around in back, and another of brown tweed, belted, and having a crossed, overlapping collar that resembles a scarf.

MRS. FRANKLIN, at 16 East Fifty-third Street, has made fanatics of her customers, not only because of her hand-knitted sweater suits, but also because of her knack for getting up tweed ensembles for town or country. Outstanding just now are some three-piece suits of hand-knit crêpe tweed (two colors, so closely blended as to give a monotone effect) with a spon-



"You're a take-with, aren't you, Madame?"

Hal Phyfe

The first spring suit in

CHECKS AND PLAIDS

by Bergdorf Goodman

Spring gets off to a good start in this suit of brown-and-white shepherd's check . . . just plaid enough to be in the mode . . . just classic enough to be good on its own merits, worn with a plain scarf when more conspicuous plaids seem overdone. Or you may choose the dark cloth town suit, or the country tweed, or the soft ratiné suit . . . sure of Bergdorf Goodman chic and Bergdorf Goodman fit in all.

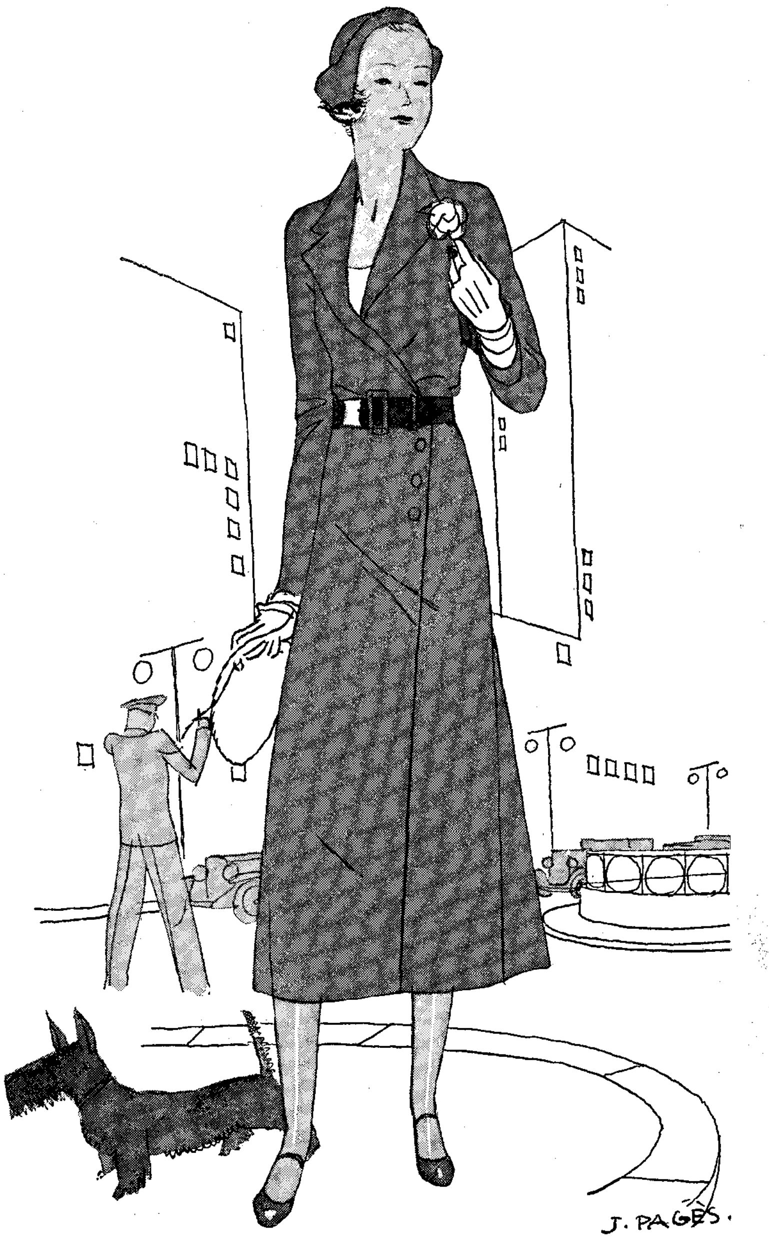
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

ON THE PLAZA . . . . . NEW YORK

gy look, the blouses having contrasting yokes and decorations. The trick is that she has had materials woven to match these knits and to form coats that go over them. The coats may be of the cape type—coming to the knees and having slashes for the arms, with an English shooting-box kind of smartness—or simple, belted, collarless things with a double scarf that ties under the chin or folds across the throat. You may have, also, the same knits done in an openwork lacy version. They make knitted tiny hats with an insertion of lacy knit in the top, and lacy narrow scarves—to be sold as separate sets or with an ensemble, for hats and bags to match your costumes are done beautifully here.

For other items, there is a grand brown-and-white checked travelling coat after Vionnet, with a casual big collar that hunches around the shoulders, and a brown patent-leather belt. The most amusing sweater is of black knit and has a yoke that starts on the tip of one shoulder and curves downward to the waist on the opposite side. The yoke is a mixture of about six or seven different colors, all of which emerge in a loose fringe between the sweater and the yoke. There is a nice collection here, too, of those simple, wearable all-day-long dresses that are so hard to find in this season of femininity—dresses of thin wool with a white crocheted yoke coming down in V-points over the shoulders; printed dresses with simple buttons up to the revers; a grand two-piece dress of white-dotted navy silk, the blouse having vertical tucks for a yoke, a white collar, and a trig way of tucking into the tailored skirt. Around $75 for simple, under-a-coat dresses; simple three-piece tweed ensembles, not to be seen all over town, and chic as possible, cost around $150.

AT the Peck & Peck shops, you can find some perfectly dandy new sweaters, for these shops have a reputation for sweaters that they insist on reasserting at regular intervals. For one thing, there is a group of lacy white blouse sweaters of a frilly type to wear with suits. There are ruffled edges on the collars, jabots even lacier than the bodies of the sweaters themselves, and such frivolities. In a more practical vein, the new Roustabout sweaters are worth seeing—one has a simple round neck and buttons coming up to it, the other is buttoned up to a tiny polo collar and adorned with short sleeves and a cross-bar pattern of lacy



A SMART ONE-SIDED AFFAIR

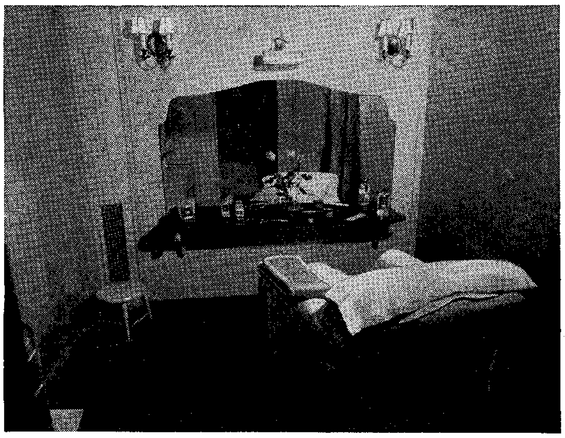
This Peck & Peck coat of Chinta Cloth chooses the newest and nicest way to the season's streamline silhouette. Semi-fitted, it wraps suavely about the hips and buttons 'way over at the side. The well-tailored notch collar and patent leather belt are further signs of its superiority. $55. Of soft milan and felt, the bicorne hat approves a "cheeky" little feather. $15.

PECK & PECK

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO BOSTON DETROIT MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS
PHILADELPHIA

A NEW FEATURE IN OUR SERVICE TO BEAUTY ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

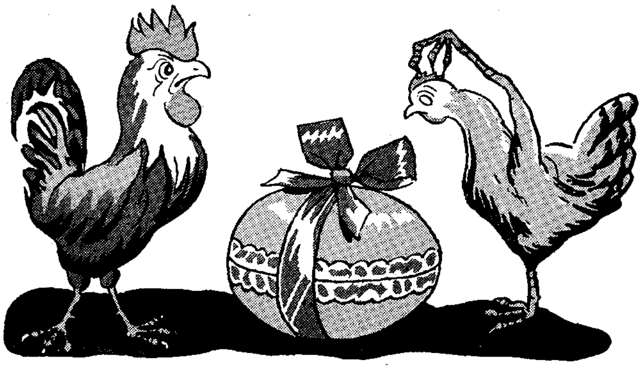
You rightfully expect your beauty treatment to be more than a hurried routine. You expect a careful study of your skin, a treatment planned to suit your individual requirements. Such special care has always been given as a matter of course at the Dorothy Gray salon. But now, in addition, we offer a new service—one so unusual that we think it well worth mention. ☆ For those cases when a physician's diagnosis can prove a valuable supplement to the facial expert's advice, a physician of recognized authority is now in attendance at the Dorothy Gray salon from three to five o'clock on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons each week. We should like you to feel quite free to consult with him. He will be glad to give you his professional advice on all matters pertaining to beauty-health, and will—if you wish—outline a diet suited to your personal requirements. ☆ There is no charge whatever for this diagnosis. We suggest that you telephone for an appointment. Call WIckersham 2-6109.



DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Paris Chicago Los Angeles San Francisco
Washington Atlantic City © D. G., 1931

Easter Egg THAT FAILED TO BE THE IMAGE OF ITS FATHER

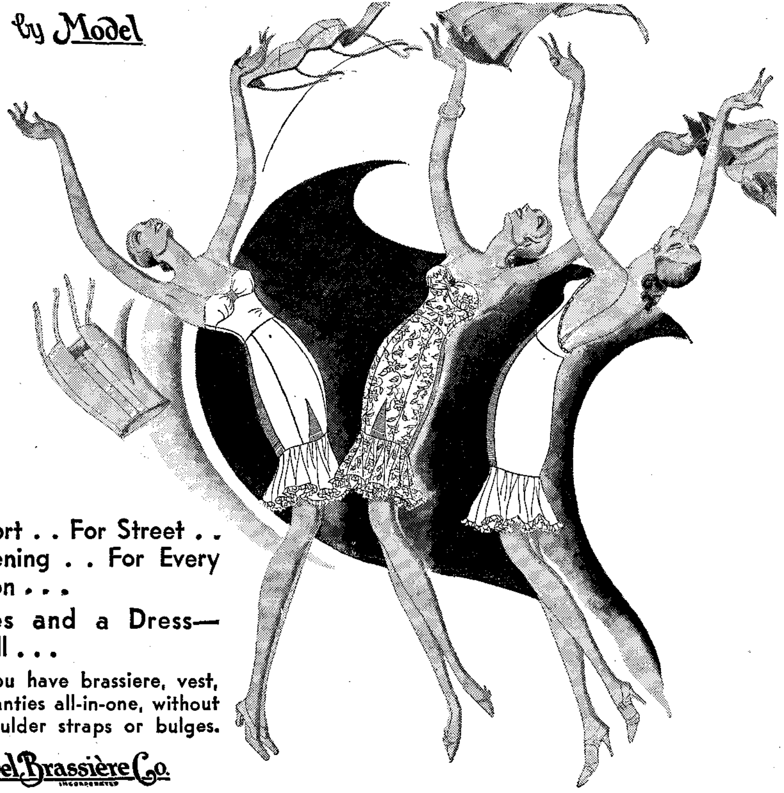


We fell in love again—a dream from the safe vantage of the orchestra stalls. Next day we paced the shop, racked on the choice of diamonds or rubies to burgeon our love. Suddenly we saw a pot of our noble caviar, its grains more lovely than black pearls. "What more perfect Easter gift?" we cried, "away with mere glittering baubles!" but the more we looked, the more our operatic dream faded, so we have given the present to ourselves, and are retiring with our caviar to Poughkeepsie for the evening. ¶ *Gorgeous caviar from selected volunteers amongst the sturgeons of the Volga ...4, 8 or 16 oz. jars—$12 per lb.*

fortnum & mason inc.

697 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

SCANTIES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PATENTED
by Model



For Sport . . For Street . . For Evening . . For Every Occasion . . .

Scanties and a Dress—that's all . . .

—And you have brassiere, vest, girdle, panties all-in-one, without extra shoulder straps or bulges.

Model Brassiere Co.
INCORPORATED
DEPT. 16
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knit. The cardigan appears in a new Chanel guise around here, made of horizontally ribbed jersey, buttoned simply in front, and not even having the customary band down the front for decoration. And those of you who want to do your beaching and boating in the Antibes way should look at the new mariners' shirts: navy-and-white-striped, of course, with short sleeves, and composed of eighty per cent wool and twenty per cent cotton. Heavy and careless and should not be too close a fit.

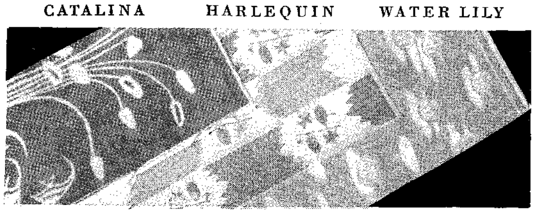
A new version of those pull-on-and-roll-back Agnès hats is to be found here, too. These are of a silk crocheted mesh, the top of it navy, brown, or black. The roll-back part is white. They are $10, and comfortable as well as chic. Also, at $19.50, you can find one of the best all-the-time dresses in town—of heavy wool crêpe in any color, with a trim box-pleated skirt, horizontal seaming on the top, and a zigzag buttoned closing down to the belt. The sleeves are short. Just one of those things.

THE Débutante Service at Bonwit Teller (you actually see débutantes here, though this name usually merely signifies low prices for girls on allowances) is centring considerable attention on little silk daytime dresses around $39, and evening clothes at $49 and $65. In the first group, you can find things like a little three-piece silk suit, the skirt straight and box-pleated, the jacket having a double twist in front before it wraps around and ties in the back, and a white blouse with short sleeves and a "V" business coming down over the skirt so that it looks well with the jacket off. Here, too, you can find little printed dresses with cape sleeves and patent-leather belts, and that Mainbocher two-piece dress, with deep "V"s front and back on the skirt and other "V"s carrying out the line of these on the top. The evening dress I liked particularly was one of those simple things of white crêpe, slithering just enough, with a very wide red patent-leather crushed belt and red and black patent-leather flowers in the centre-front. Another more picturesque dress of white net has brown lace diagonal bands set in the skirt and sports a crushed brown taf-

ABOVE, CATALINA

Their youthful beauty never fades

When you first see a Martex towel you are amazed that anything so richly endowed with beauty could be so practical. And the longer you use Martex, the greater will be your amazement, for Martex will prove to be far cheaper in the end than any other towel. The slightly higher first cost of Martex quality pays for finer cottons, deeper, firmer texture and for colors that will not streak or fade. Martex towels last longer—and you are glad to have them last longer because they keep their youthful beauty to the end. You will find Martex the most economical towels you can buy. At all the leading department stores and linen shops. Wellington Sears Company, 65 Worth St., N. Y.

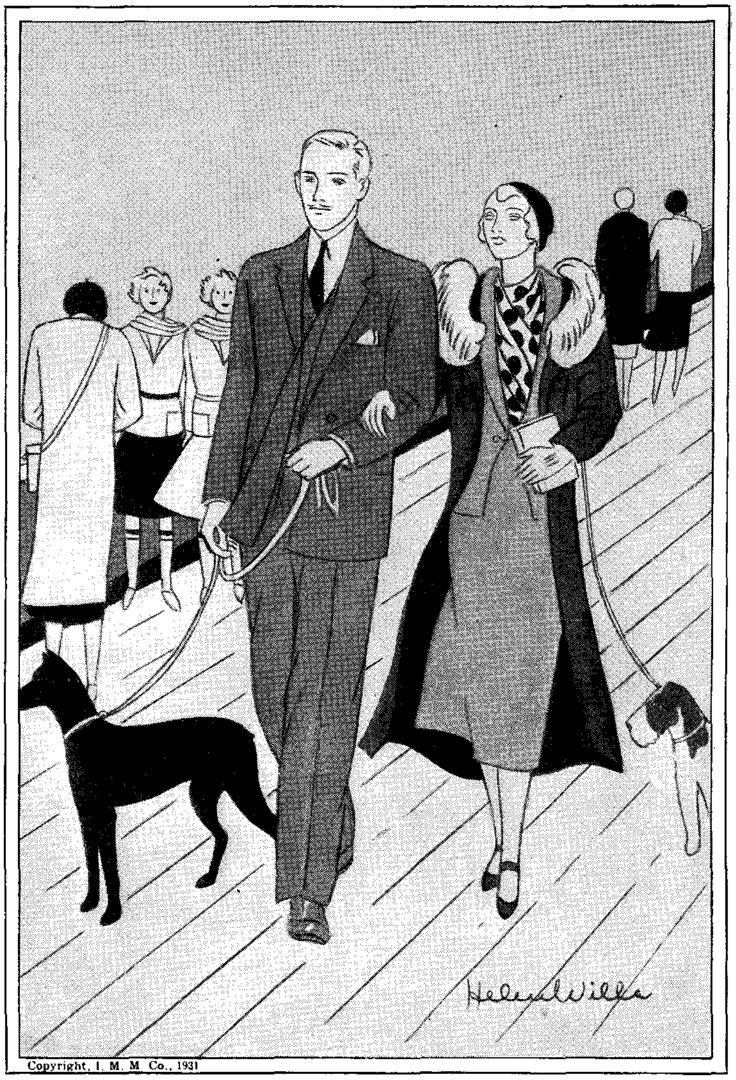


MARTEX

BATH TOWELS...BATH MATS...SHOWER CURTAINS...WASH CLOTHS

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN *EUROPE* . . . IT NEED COST NO MORE!

Pictorial impressions by Helen Wills



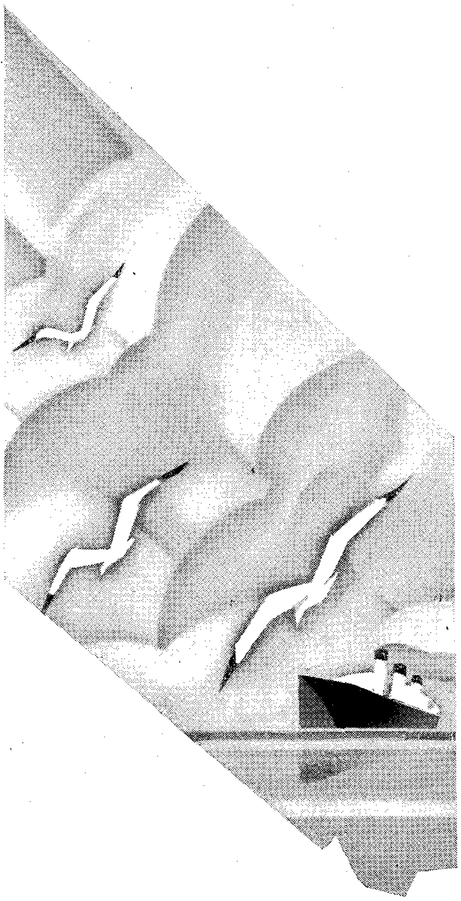
Copyright, I. M. M. Co., 1931

Helen Wills, a passenger on the White Star liner Majestic *last summer, illustrated the incidents which impressed her. This is one of a series.*

. . .

Her comment: *"How many turns make a mile? This young couple are doing their daily three miles. The vast sweep of sea and sky is theirs!"*

Helen Wills



FOR THOSE WHO LIVE GRACIOUSLY

THOSE who golf at St. Andrews . . . grouse hunt on the Scottish moors . . . shop in the Rue de la Paix . . . sun themselves on the shores of the Mediterranean . . . those who live graciously are fastidious in their choice of ships. They are in that discriminating coterie of travelers who invariably sail on the *Majestic* (world's largest ship), *Olympic, Homeric* or *Belgenland* when it is essential to speed to England or the Continent; on the *Minnetonka* or *Minnewaska* of Atlantic Transport when the goal is France or London and a sea trip of a week can be indulged in. And, if thrift is necessary and style a requisite, there are no ships that better fulfill the needs than the world's largest Cabin liner *Britannic* and her running mates the *Adriatic, Baltic, Cedric* and *Lapland,* the latter recently redecorated and modernized. For utmost economy there are the Tourist third cabin ships de luxe, *Pennland* and *Westernland.*

30 Principal Offices in the U. S. and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR LINE • RED STAR LINE • ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

feta sash. There are those elaborate afternoony things that I can never grow to like: one a petticoat dress of black chiffon over pink organdie—very dressy. And a slick Vionnet coat of yellow and brown mixed tweed, collarless, buttoning on one hip, and ascending slightly in the front at the closing.

Hats, apparently, get wilder and wilder. Fun's fun, but also enough is enough. The 1931 crop of picture hats look as if you had tried to reblock them with your own fingers after being caught in a rainstorm. A lot of them have a medium brim on one side, standing away from the face when you look at them full on, and resembling a poke in profile. On the other side they are perfectly enormous, coming down almost to the shoulder and having all sorts of quirks and irregularities of outline. They come in bakus or in the panama family, and the colors are strange and marvellous: raspberry with soft green, bright yellow and navy, and so on. Reboux, LeMonnier, and Valois did them and they are both amusing and dashing.

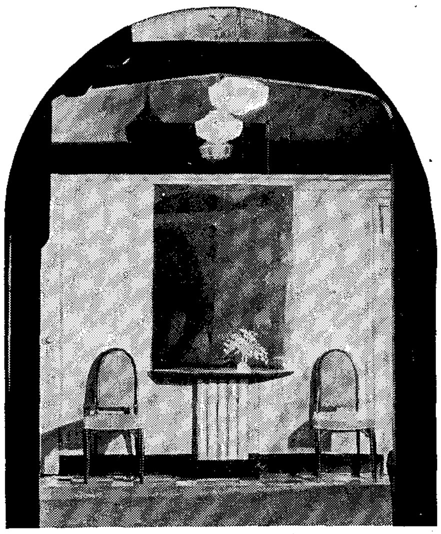
There is one white panama from Descat, however, that is very wearable. The brim is of a medium size on one side and swoops down almost to the shoulder behind the opposite ear. The very shallow crown is creased in trick ways, and a silly narrow black ribbon encircles it.

MACY'S Accessory Shop has some whimsical notions. One is widish sashes of striped necktie silks sponsored by Schiaparelli. They go across the front of you, twist in the back, and return to a flagrant knot on your tummy. For too-simple dark daytime dresses. There are bags of the envelope type and Ascot scarves to match. Another idea in accessory sets is flat, tailored handbags of natural or white pigskin, with belts and gloves to go with them. All are adorned with brown or black stitching. The advantages of these are that you can wash them (you should always leave a bit of soap in the last rinsing to keep them soft, in case you are no home-girl and didn't know) and, besides looking smart, they wear forever. For evening, the newest hunch is a double fichu of georgette edged with lace, and tiny lace evening envelope bags to match. In black or beige only, and very nice if you are a dainty type.

The Little Shop has a knockout spring coat: Lyolene's coachman's coat, one of those agonizingly simple things

DUO-SETTE
STEP-IN
LILY OF FRANCE
THE BEAUTIFUL LILY OF FRANCE DUO-SETTES AND STEP-INS —WORN BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TO MAKE THEM MORE BEAUTIFUL.... SOLD IN LEADING CORSET DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE....

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO.
1115 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.



at the **PEGGY SAGE SALON** ● ●

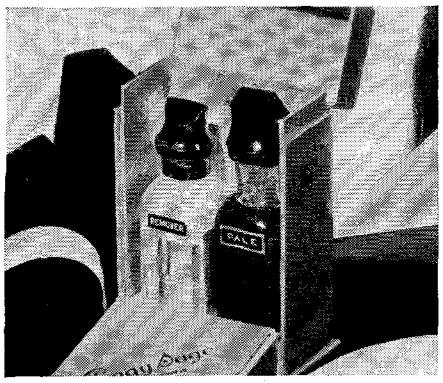
the smart world acquires smart hands

For the finest manicure your hands have ever had, come to Peggy Sage . . . the one smart salon in all New York exclusively devoted to a superior manicure.

With Peggy Sage, it is by no means a question of mere filing and coloring . . . her Salon Manicure brings to your whole hand exquisite texture and grace . . . It includes the Peggy Sage massage of the hands . . . and, of course, a choice of her Nail Polishes, authentic in color, and in quality supreme.

The Peggy Sage Salon Manicure, which costs only $1 . . . effects a remarkable transformation in your hands . . . However, you may also cultivate beautiful hands at home, by obtaining the luxurious Peggy Sage Hand Creams, Lotions, and Manicure Preparations at smart cosmetic counters.

● The Peggy Sage "Set of Two" contains Manicure Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, $1.50.



PEGGY SAGE

50 EAST 57 STREET
NEW YORK CITY
PHONE PLAZA 3-9011

with wide, saucy lapels, a way of fitting tight through the figure, and great chic. There is a spectacular Paquin black satin evening dress around here, too. It is one of those breath-taking affairs that should slither down good figures only. The shock comes in the décolletage, which extends below your girdle in the back and not only is as low and shoulder-strappy in the front as possible, but dips down a bit at the exact centre besides. Twisted black bows, worked into the dress in a way that is practically a Paquin trademark, are the decoration. One of those things that should be custom-made, but if it *does* happen to fit you, you would be a sirene in it. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

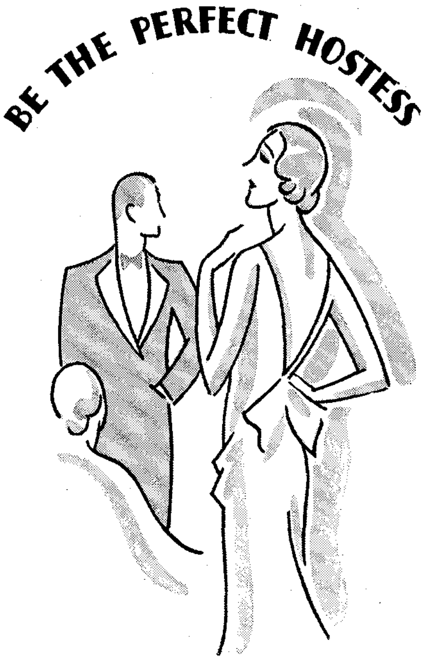
Scents and Soaps—Trial by Mirror

TO switch, for the moment, to the subject of beauty (for you have no idea how many finds-of-the-month come leaping here), Lenthéric has thought up a new product to make the bath a rite instead of a grim duty: an eau de Cologne with perfume added. It is a curious thing. You smell the Cologne first, nice and refreshing; when it dries on the skin, a faint perfume predominates. In all the Lenthéric scents, and costing $1.50 for eight ounces, which is decidedly inexpensive since it gives you a subtle aroma of perfume.

Also, Lenthéric has produced some bath soaps in fougère, lavender, and verbena odors. They claim there is just the right proportion of vegetable and coconut oils to make the soap highly beneficial. I only know it is suave, balmy, lathery, and fits beautifully into the hand.

THIS office is cluttered, these days, with lots and lots of little cards giving various sample lipstick colors, to help you select the one best for you. Christy's is one of the most amusing and practical to date. His five lipstick shades are painted in a row on top of a card, with an aperture for your mouth below, so that you can hold the card to your face at a mirror and decide which shade is the most becoming. Each lipstick has a paste rouge for the cheeks to accompany it, so there will be no clash there. The shades range from a brilliant orange-red for tanned

Chez vous...



COMMAND your friends to stay for tea—and mean it. If your pantry shelf is stocked with the original College Inn Chicken a la King, you've nothing to worry about.

College Inn's skillful chefs have combined firm, tender slices of young milk-fed chicken, pimento, sweet peppers, and the freshest of mushrooms in a deliciously seasoned pure cream sauce. It's perfect! Ask your dealer.

THE ORIGINAL

COLLEGE INN
CHICKEN
ALA KING

College Inn
CHICKEN ALA KING

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Hotel Sherman, Chicago
415 Greenwich Street, New York

blondes to a dark purply-red for older women. On the bottom of the card are semicircles of Christy's five face-powder shades, and these you place against the forearm inside and below the elbow to find the one suited to the normal color of your skin. Not only does the stunt work extremely well, but the powders and rouges are excellent, praises be. Saks-Fifth Avenue have both the cards and the products. —L. L.

•

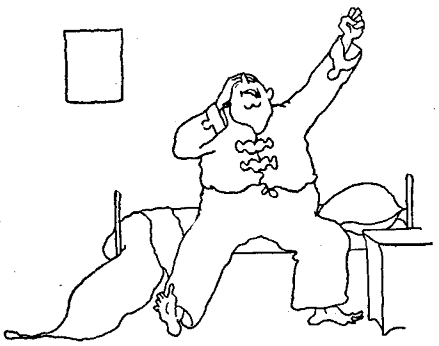
AUNT KATHERINE

EVER since I can remember, petty misfortunes, arising through no fault of her own, have dogged Aunt Katherine, my cousin Bob's mother. My aunt is a highly competent woman. When left to herself she gets on admirably, with never an untoward incident. Where others are involved, however, some mishap or misunderstanding nearly always occurs, with Aunt Katherine as the innocent victim.

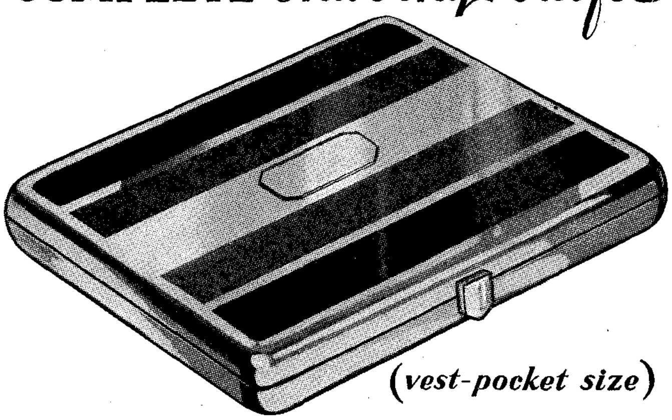
There is something almost uncanny about the way in which these incidents have multiplied and recurred. Aunt Katherine herself, while accepting the incidents with beautiful patience and resignation, has commented more than once upon the extraordinary nature of her case.

Take the matter of theatre tickets. My aunt never has the slightest difficulty in getting good seats for any show she may select. But if Uncle Ed or Bob or I am commissioned to get them, there is bound to be a slip-up of some kind. The seats are too far on the side, there is an exceedingly large man seated directly in front of my aunt, or someone with a distressing cough. There is nothing we can do about it. Aunt Katherine won't hear of trying to have the seats changed, or trading seats with one of us. There is no reason, she says, why one of us should suffer from her misadventures, or be inconvenienced in the slightest degree. We must not think about it.

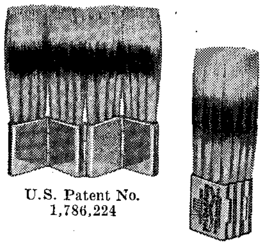
My aunt is very decent about it when



Believe it or not, there's a COMPLETE shaving outfit IN THIS CASE



(vest-pocket size)



U.S. Patent No. 1,786,224

The Foldabrush is made in four hinged sections. Closed, as shown above at the right, it becomes a thick, soft brush, ready for the shaving cream. Open, it is easily cleaned and quickly dried, and fits the bottom of the Kit.

For sale in:

NEW YORK
Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
J. P. Carey & Co.
Grand Central Terminal
Mark Cross Company
Faber, Coe & Gregg, Inc.
Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., Inc.
E. J. Layley, Inc.
Grand Central Terminal
Parker & Battersby
Rogers Peet Co.
Saks-Fifth Avenue
Franklin Simon & Co.
Alex Taylor & Co., Inc.
Terminal Toy Shops
Pennsylvania Station Arcade
Week Cutlery Stores

CHICAGO
Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Marshall Field & Co.
The Hub, Henry C. Lytton & Sons
C. D. Peacock, Inc.
Chas. A. Stevens & Bros.
Von Lengerke & Antoine

SALEM, MASS.
Daniel Low & Co.

ST. LOUIS
Famous-Barr Co.
Moss & Lowenhaupt Cigar Co.

MILWAUKEE
Bunde & Upmeyer Co.
T. A. Chapman Co.
Gimbel Bros.
Milwaukee Barber Supply Co.

CINCINNATI
The H. & S. Pogue Co.

DAYTON, OHIO
The Rike Kumler Co.
The Elder & Johnston Co.

DETROIT
Bleazy Shop of Gifts
The J. L. Hudson Co.
Wright, Kay & Co.

and also leading stores in Boston and Philadelphia

GETTING a complete shaving outfit, including razor, blade, shaving cream, and brush, into a handsome case small enough to go in your vest pocket, is an achievement in ingenuity and mechanical design—and that's just how those who have seen the Foldabrush Shave Kit describe it! The thing that makes this possible, of course, is the famous Foldabrush principle, illustrated at the top of the left-hand column.

Not that you would carry the Foldabrush Shave Kit in your vest pocket—except in emergencies! But you certainly will appreciate its convenient size when you tuck it into your brief case for an overnight hop, or into that already-crowded week-end bag. It is even more of a boon on those long trips, whether business or pleasure, when every extra ounce and square inch is a real problem. Right now the Foldabrush Shave Kit is smart, new and novel, and makes an ideal gift, prize or birthday present. You can buy it at $5, $7.50, and at $10 in a variety of colorful enamel finishes in the best stores. If the dealer in your own community cannot supply you, write to us direct.

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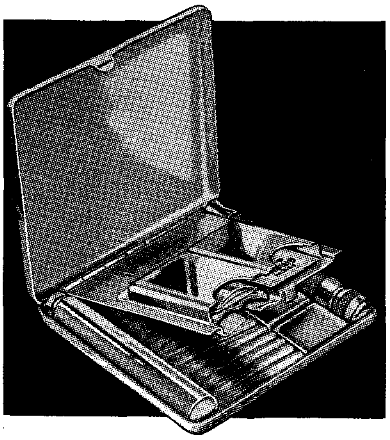
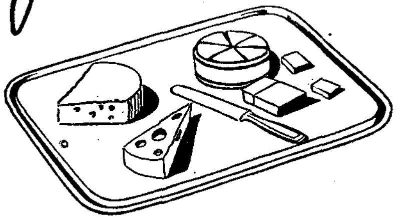


The illustration of the open case, above, shows the Foldabrush lying flat in the bottom of the case, and also shows how room is found for the razor (which can be used with either the Gillette or the Probak blade), the cream container, and the Gillette blade with which the Kit is equipped.

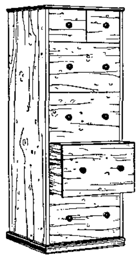
FOLDABRUSH SHAVE KIT

TRADE MARK FOLDABRUSH REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SHAVE KIT

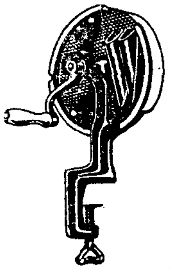
Shopping with Janet Gray at LEWIS & CONGER



CHEESE BOARD. When I serve cheese for suppers I make what the Big Chief calls "a thorough job of it." I offer several varieties nicely arranged on a Cheese Board together with crackers and butter. It always makes a hit—especially with the menfolk. The Cheese Board is of laminated wood, white and exceeding smooth, and it sets into a walnut finish micarta tray. Complete $4.00



CEDAR CHEST OF DRAWERS This well-built chest of Cedar Drawers fits handily into a corner of our hall. It has four big deep drawers and two small ones. I stow furs, blankets, sweaters and winter clothes in it—and they're safe from moths. Made of first quality solid Tennessee red cedar. 5 feet high, 21 inches wide, 20½ inches deep. $55.00



BEAN SLICER. Does a grand job on string beans—slivers a whole quart of them in about eight minutes. And slices them diagonally, just as French chefs do them. I feed the beans two at a time through the holes, turn the handle and out they come, sliced. $2.50

Janet Gray

© 1931, Lewis & Conger

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York
VAnderbilt 3-0571

we go to the movies and it turns out that she has seen the picture before somewhere, or one very much like it. It is the same when we go to restaurants and the waiter goes away on one of his long absences without giving Aunt Katherine a spoon.

"Take mine," Bob or I will say.

"No, dear," Aunt Katherine will say. "Please don't wait for me. I shall get a spoon presently."

THE latest instance of fate's giving my aunt both barrels happened the other day, when I took her to a doggy candy-shop. She said she'd like a chocolate ice-cream soda. I wanted a lemonade. I gave the two orders to the shopgirl. I thought, when it was all over, that if I had had my wits about me I'd have let Aunt Katherine give the orders. Then, doubtless, the drinks wouldn't have been fumbled. With me giving the order, it was certain that the girl would bring my aunt strawberry. Sure enough, she did. I discovered the error after the girl had departed.

"Here, *you* wanted a chocolate soda, didn't you, Aunt Kit?" I said. "Let me have it changed."

"No, dear, this is quite all right," said Aunt Katherine. "It looks lovely. I am sure I shall enjoy this flavor just as much as the other."

She ate all of the strawberry soda.

"Was it all right?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Katherine. "It didn't taste like much of anything, but it was all right. I don't think they put enough sweetening in it."

"That's too bad," I said.

"Don't worry, dear," she said, patting my hand. "I enjoyed it. I really did. Just as much as if it had been chocolate."

"Well, I'm sorry anyway," I said.

"I liked it, really," said Aunt Katherine, "but I shouldn't have eaten it. Strawberry—pretty acid, you know." She sighed faintly.

I felt very sorry for her. In fact, with her good sportsmanship and all, I sometimes think that those of us about her feel Aunt Katherine's ill luck more poignantly than she does.

—GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

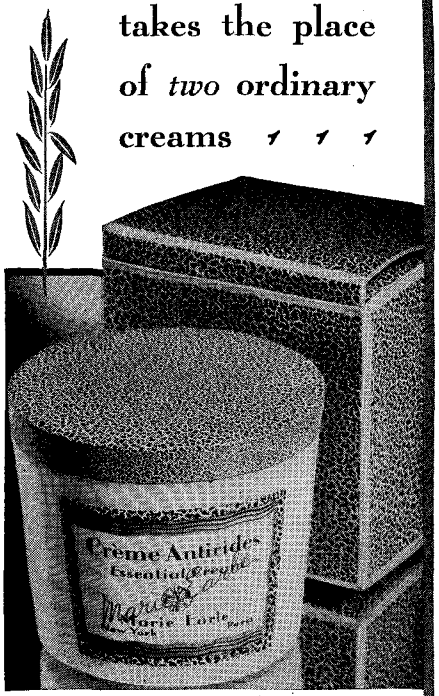
"I sawed the rockers and part of the legs off an old rocking chair, also cut off the back and the arms down to the seat. This left the leather top and four short legs. Covering the seat with chintz, I now have a charming footstool to place before the fireplace."—*Toledo Times.*

Now you've made us restless.

Marie Earle

ESSENTIAL CREAM

takes the place of *two* ordinary creams



CLEANSING CREAM... Marie Earle Essential Cream, unlike ordinary cleansing hydro-carbon creams which slip over the surface of the skin, is made with costly oils having a special affinity for the skin. It sinks deeper into the pores—flushes away more perfectly dirt, make-up and impurities. Cleanses to a clearer, purer, younger hue.

TISSUE CREAM... Marie Earle Essential Cream is wonderfully soothing, softening and rejuvenating. Time, weather and city grime steal the natural beauty oils from your skin. The precious ingredients in this cream are so like these lost oils that they are quickly, eagerly absorbed. The silken smoothness of a radiant skin is built up again. Tell-tale wrinkles, shadows of age and neglect, soften. From the first few days of faithful use you see the new beauty this one matchless cream brings. Marie Earle Essential Cream at the better stores $1.90.

•

Write for a complimentary copy of the Marie Earle complete beauty book "Understanding Your Skin". If you cannot conveniently obtain the Marie Earle preparations in your city, Miss Earle will be glad to supply you direct. Address Marie Earle, N 42, 660 Fifth Ave., New York City. Marie Earle, New York; 15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

DIVORCE

NOW, I guess we're all ready, aren't we? We'll all just go over the testimony again so we won't muff anything when we get to the courtroom. See, the idea is this. Now Mr. Finckes here—or I mean Mrs. Finckes is suing for divorce. You got that straight? She's the one that's suing. So now everything that you testify to has to be against Mr. Finckes. I think we're all agreed on that, because Mr. Finckes and Mrs. Finckes have talked it all over and they agreed on that. You see the idea is this: when you testify you got to make it clear to the judge that you knew Mr. Finckes and Mrs. Finckes and you knew they weren't living together as man and wife. Or any other way, for that matter. Like there was one case where two people said they were living together like brother and sister, but that wouldn't apply in this particular case, see?

NOW, first of all, you don't have to tell the name of the girl that Mr. Finckes was living with. That doesn't have to enter into the consideration. Just say you knew Mr. Finckes a year or so—how long did you know him? . . . A year? Fine. Just say you've known him a year and you also knew his wife three, four years, whatever it is.

Well now, when the referee asks you how you knew about Mr. Finckes just say you went to a party and somebody introduced you and he invited you to a party at his house. If the judge asks you—I mean the referee asks you anything about what kind of a party it was, just tell him an informal party. You know. Then tell him all about how you went to a party at a Fifty-third Street address. What number is that again, please, Mr. Finckes? . . . Thank you. Well, tell the referee you went there to Mr. Finckes' party and you noticed that Mrs. Finckes wasn't there. But some other lady—the co-

VALUE

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CUNARD

3-5 on powder
play this to win

As Madame Nina lays down her system for the Powder Game, ammunition should be stocked in three forms and at least two out of five shades, maybe more.

1. Loose powder in Nina's big red box, six months' supply. All that powder can be for quality—light, adherent. Blended in the present Paris and New York manner—chair, rachel, brune, mauresque, blanche. Choose when the head is quite clear.

2. Nina's loose-powder vanity for your purse, so much better than nose-scrubbing from a hard cake. Best-looking red-and-blue enamel thing you ever carried. Not the kind that sheds like a Persian cat. Refill from day or evening box. Or keep two running single shifts.

3. Nina Contra-Sol, double-purpose liquid powder, like nothing else on the market. Protection and foundation. Best tonic for tender skins—prevents or cures sunburn or windburn—keeps the flower-petal look even for a close-up. . . . *And*—comes in the same shades as Nina loose powder.

Some players get best results by using a shade lighter or darker than the skin in Contra-Sol, followed by skin-shade with the puff. Others match or reverse. As date-savers for the owners of none-too-perfect complexions, these methods never fail.

Loose powders—two-fifty
Loose powder vanity for purse—one-fifty
Contra-Sol—three dollars

ORDERS If you draw blank at the counter, try the mail. Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

ADVICE For booklet or personal by-return consultation, write Miss Nina Nestor, same address.

produits
nina

respondent, see?—seemed to be acting as hostess more or less. You didn't ask Mr. Finckes about it at the time. Then later you went there pretty often and always the same woman there but never Mrs. Finckes, who was a friend of yours.

Of course, all this time you were also going to the place where you always knew Mrs. Finckes lived, and she was always there. Alone. Except for once or twice Mr. Finckes was there. He didn't seem very cordial to her, see? But be careful about desertion. On second thought I guess you won't have to worry about that.

SO anyhow, one night you were at another party at the house on Fifty-third Street and that night a man came and handed Mr. Finckes a paper. Would you recognize the kind of a paper it was? I mean the referee will ask you maybe what kind of a looking paper it was, and you describe it as being one like this one here. Then you tell the referee what Mr. Fyneberg here said. You remember Mr. Fyneberg, of course. He's the one that handed Mr. Finckes the paper. Be sure you would be able to identify Mr. Fyneberg. That's very important, because he's *serving* Mr. Finckes at that time, see? Well, Mr. Fyneberg of course used the legal phrases appropriate to the occasion that maybe you don't remember verbatim but you remember he asked Mr. Finckes if he was Walter P. Finckes and Mr. Finckes said yes he was and Mr. Fyneberg immediately handed him this paper. It's the same as when you get a summons, see?

Now, there's no telling about the referee. I mean you can't generally tell this far in advance who will be the

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famous on two continents . . . gives the smart American woman coiffure perfection. A permanent wave by Pierre's new method has that soft naturalness which is true beauty. And his transformations are superb—for Pierre originated the transformation, and he alone makes them so light . . . so natural . . . so beautiful!

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VANDERBILT 3-5900

". . . What an *evening!* Why do you know, after the theatre he asked me if I liked *strawberries* . . ."

"My *dear*."

"But I might have guessed his vintage earlier. He actually made a problem of his search for theatre tickets. Never even *heard* of Bascom . . ."

Branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy Plaza, Pierre, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Astor and St. Regis

THEATRE TICKETS
BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

referee, see? So don't mind if he asks you slightly embarrassing questions. You don't have to take my word for it about it don't mean much, because Mr. Finckes here will tell you it's nothing. This is his second time. The important part is that he might ask you if you ever saw Mr. Finckes and Miss —the corespondent—in a compromising position and you tell him what you know. Then the only other important part is about the paper, which I have explained. And the address of the Fifty-third Street place. Don't forget that.

WELL, that about settles it. You know the other details, like your own name and address and how long you knew both parties. A lot of that stuff I told you at first maybe you won't have to say anything about. Might be left to the other witnesses. The main point is the paper. Mr. Fyneberg handing over the paper to Mr. Finckes. The other stuff is just to make you comfortable in case the referee asks you any questions.

Of course, Mr. Finckes he won't have to be in the courtroom. In fact he won't be at all. But we can all come back to my office afterwards and meet there and we can have a little party in honor of the event. And any expenses you incur, just send the bill to my office and we'll take care of it.

Thanks very much for coming down this morning. I'll let you know a couple of days ahead of time about when the case comes up. And don't worry about being embarrassed.

—JOHN O'HARA

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FOOTNOTE ON CIVILIZATION

In your Heaven
There will be
No rules to guide
Orthography;
"I" shall inter-
Change with "e,"
Whim shall double
"S" and "p."

Thus you bar my
Way to grace,
For I suffer
Hell's embrace
When you write right
To my face:
"Dissapoint,"
"Recieve," and "vace."

—A. B. BERND

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531 Fifth Ave. to Hangtown, Calif.

It's been a long time since we sold a ticket to Hangtown. But here at 531 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Hugh H. Gray and his men can tell some shining tales of Hangtown and the golden days of '49 . . . and of today's Pacific Coast.

They *should* know more about the Coast than anyone else in town, for their railroad serves more of it than any other.

You can see the whole Pacific Coast on one roundtrip ticket if you go one way, return another on two of Southern Pacific's 4 Great Routes, and the four famous trains that serve them—"Overland Limited," "Sunset Limited," "Cascade" and "Golden State Limited."

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4 GREAT ROUTES FOR TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL
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Throughout the length and breadth of America is Main Street. One town after another, all patterned pretty much on the same order. On the fringe of America, yet close to home, is the Road of Romance, studded with gems of travel interest that are really new, foreign, different.

So, on your way to or from California travel the flowing Road of Romance, via Havana—through the Panama Canal, the open-air, recreation route on the three new electric liners, ***California, Virginia*** and ***Pennsylvania***—the largest, finest, fastest steamers in intercoastal service. Fortnightly, 13-day express sailings. Also special tours, Around and Across America by water and rail.

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HAVANA TOURS—9-day all expense inclusive tours to Havana and return by Panama Pacific Liner. Ask for folder.

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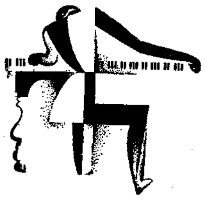
MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Opera Season Takes Its Final Bows



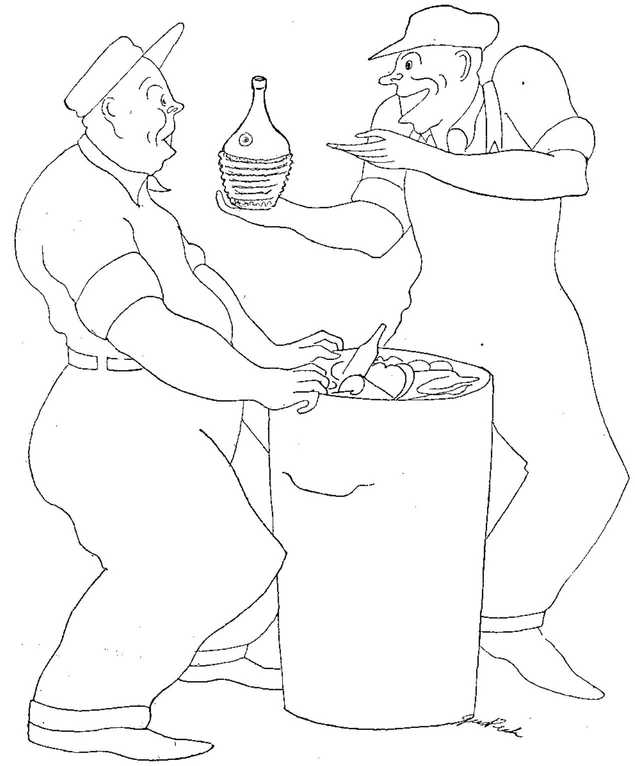
SO here we are at the close of another Metropolitan opera season, in which there were four novelties, four revivals, and ten new singers. Forty-five operas were performed, ranging from "Parsifal," "Das Rheingold," "Andrea Chénier," "Luisa Miller," and "The Tales of Hoffman," which had only one performance each, to "Pagliacci" and "Boccaccio," which enjoyed eight. If you find any significance in the restriction of the saintly "Parsifal" to one showing and the exhibition of Mme. Jeritza in the becoming tights of Boccaccio on eight occasions, you're welcome to it. If you want to make anything of the fact that "Romeo and Juliet" was on view six times and "Der Rosenkavalier" not at all, get pontifical. I won't.

Two of the novelties were successes and two probably won't be heard from again. "Boccaccio," an obsolescent operetta, startled the customers because it was full of romps. "Peter Ibbetson," an opera of definite musical and dramatic qualities, achieved six hearings and, in the matter of staging and casting, turned out to be one of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's triumphs. "The Fair at Sorochintzy" and "Le Preziose Ridicole" made no dents on anyone's susceptibilities. "The Fair" suffered from one of those rambling Moussorgskian libretti; "Le Preziose" wasn't a bad little one-acter, but little one-acters weren't meant for the huge hall in Fortieth Street.

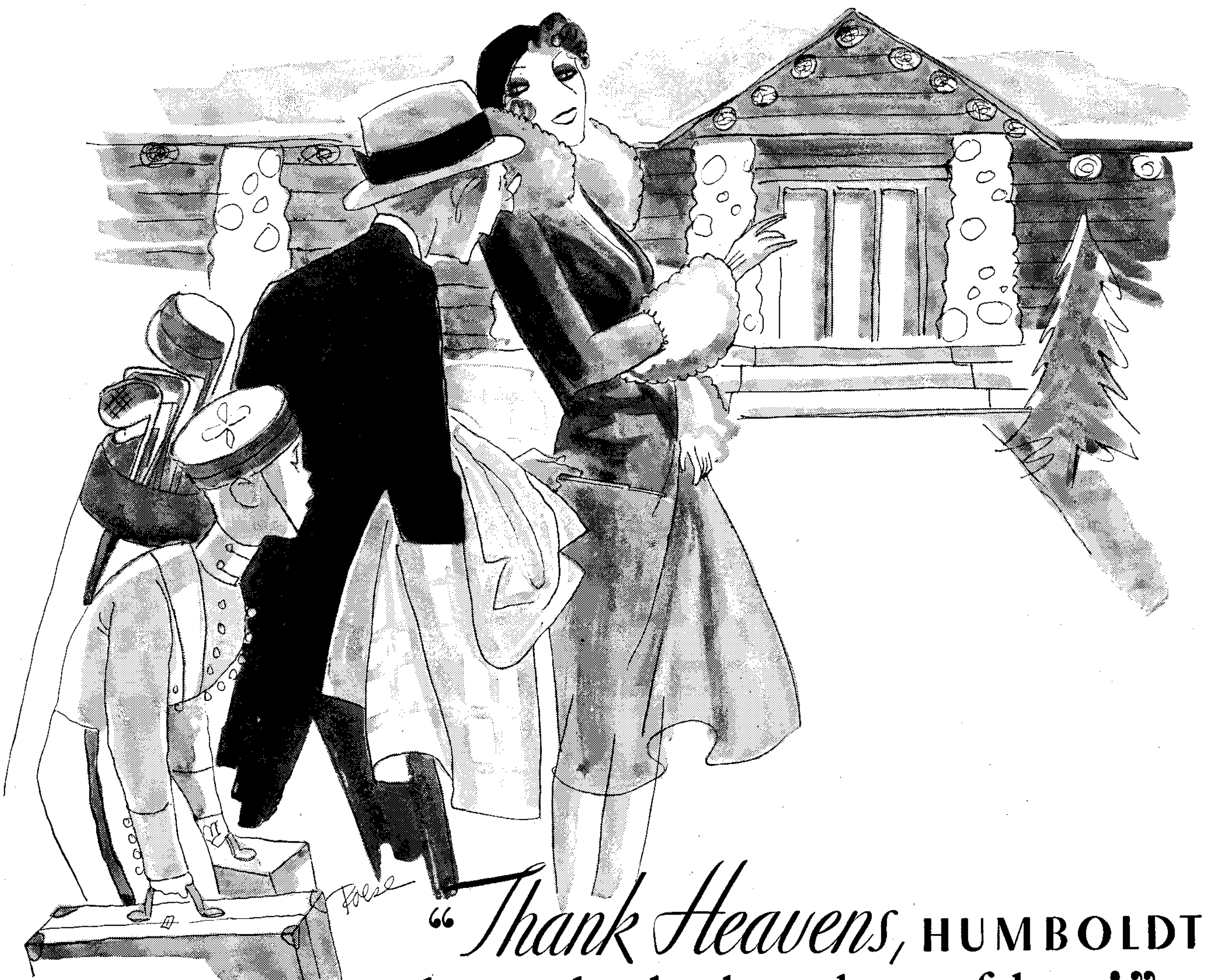
IF the Metropolitan were operated on a Broadway basis, I shouldn't like to have a piece of any of this year's revivals. "The Flying Dutchman" had its moments, but Senta isn't a happy rôle for Mme. Jeritza, and when Mme. Jeritza is out of the picture, the opera usually is out of the window. "La Forza del Destino" is revived every few years with approximately the same cast and the same apathy. It will take something more radical than the conversion of the Rataplan into an octet to bring this fine old dodo to life. In Germany they have been cashing in on it with a new version by Franz Werfel, who has been refurbishing the earlier Verdis with astonishing success. Of course, I don't expect the Metropolitan to produce Italian operas in German, but if these revivals aren't to go the way of "Luisa Miller," which dwindled to a single evening this year, they will have to be staged in a contemporary vein. "Iris" didn't mean much to anybody, and "William Tell" was one of those howling successes which may remain in the repertoire as long as Mr. Lauri-Volpi's upper register holds out.

If the revivals had been brought forward with the same discernment that was evident in the production of the novelties, they might really have been revivals. Some of them were merely disinterments.

THE new crop of singers was the best assortment of débutants that the Metropolitan has collected in several years. First of all there was Lily Pons, who threatens to make coloratura operas fashionable again. She is by far the most capable and attractive stunt



"Look, George—for the studio!"



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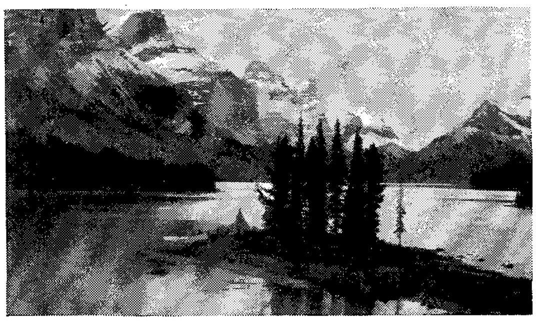

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soprano that has come our way since the fabled *fioriturі* specialists began making farewell tours, and there was no occasion to quarrel with the unpremeditated uproars which she evoked from the clientele. Myrna Sharlow proved to be an exceptionally useful soprano in a variety of parts, and Beatrice Belkin and Olga Didur were good acquisitions, although neither had much opportunity to show her wares. A new contralto, Faina Petrova, made it plain that she is a singing actress of uncommon skill; Maria Ranzow, obviously an experienced worker, never seemed to get into voice.

There were two new tenors, both of them worth buying and keeping. Georges Thill, as musicianly a singer as the roster contains, belongs. Hans Clemens ran off with the honors in a bit in "The Flying Dutchman." A Sunday-night concert revealed that his voice had neither the height nor breadth for heroic efforts, but within his vocal limits he is a rare thing—a German tenor who doesn't sound as if singing were a tribulation. Ivar Andresen, who inherited the rôles of Mr. Mayr, boomed his way through the early season with competence if not distinction, and a young baritone, Claudio Frigerio, popped up with one of the finest voices in the catalogue.

Throughout the season there were two members of the company who were heard frequently and lustily. They are not newcomers and you never have seen them, but, according to the prospectus, they are Otello Ceroni and Armando Petrucci. They are prompters.

IT might divert you to check off against the additions to the repertoire the omissions. The following operas, active in 1929-1930, disappeared this season: "Manon Lescaut," "Der Rosenkavalier," "La Campana Sommersa," "Tannhäuser," "La Rondine," "Turandot," "Fidelio," and

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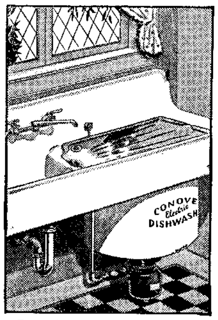

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POPULAR RECORDS

A Family Duet—Again, Miss Etting — Pianism and Some Dancing

FRANK CRUMIT probably is represented in almost every collection of current discs, and now Mrs. Crumit ("Julia Sanderson" to the labels) joins him. Their first record is "Would You Like to Take a Walk?" and it's one of the most civilized of waxes. Miss Sanderson records charmingly, and perhaps the entrepreneurs may be encouraged to have her make a few sides on her own. Doubled with the family duet is Mr. Crumit's ingratiating ministration to "One Little Raindrop." The accompaniments for both sides are models, and you might as well invest in the affair (Victor 22630).

IT isn't often that one is compelled to omit a record by Ruth Etting, and her latest, which combines "Love Is Like That" and "You're the One I Care For," will have to be included among the most attractive of the new assortment (Columbia 2398-D).

THOSE who like fancy fashionings of popular tunes will find entertainment in Lee Sims' activities with "Something to Remember You By" and "Body and Soul" (Brunswick 6040). Mr. Sims takes these airs to his piano and treats them to hot and cold baths as well as massages of many varieties. Some of the earlier Sims evolutions were in the style of the movie pianists of 1912, but this one is up to scratch.

THE dance lists are unusually effective this month, and the suggestions which follow are representative rather than exclusive. For a well-balanced ration, however, you might have your favorite dealer demonstrate:

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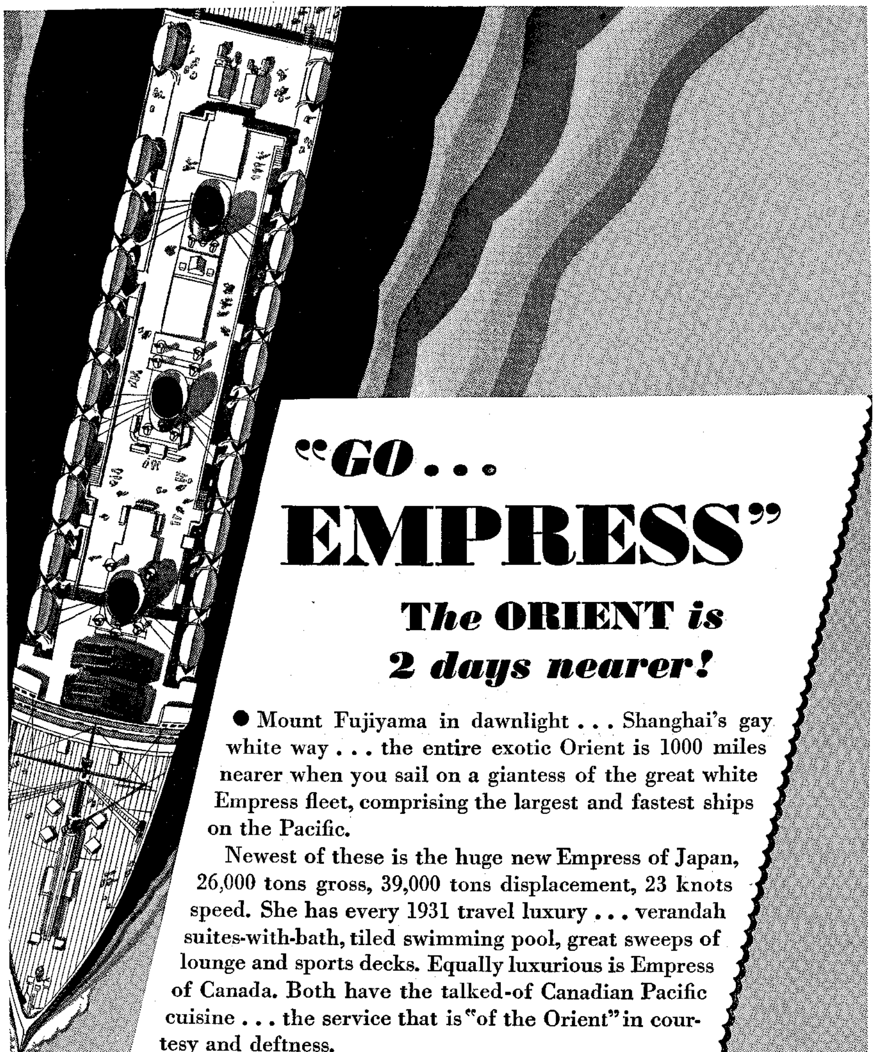
TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT and I SURRENDER, DEAR—Earl Burtnett and his



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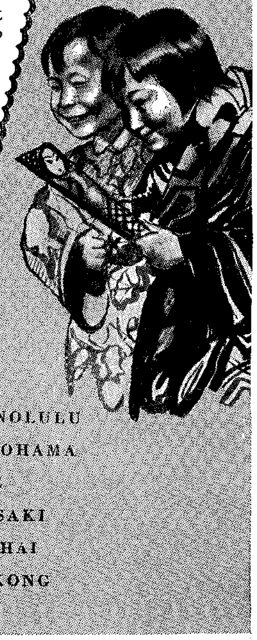

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Reaching for the Moon—Sam Lanin's Dance Ensemble. A full-toned and well-designed excitation to dancing. (*Hit-of-the-Week 1133*)

Wabash Moon (Ed Parker and his Orchestra) and Would You Like to Take a Walk? (Fred Rich and his Orchestra). Good waltz and fox-trot material, based on two ubiquitous themes. (*Okeh 41482*)

I'm So Afraid of You and My Ideal—Isham Jones and his Orchestra. A throwback to the more gracious fox-trot manner of a few years ago, well managed. (*Brunswick 6041*)

Oh, Donna Clara and Elizabeth—Guy Lombardo and his Orchestra. A versatile promenade by this eminent band. "Oh, Donna Clara" is genuine tango, and "Elizabeth" is almost *Deutsch*. Both are scored smartly. (*Columbia 2423-D*)

Two Hearts and Falling in Love Again—Johnny Hamp and his Orchestra. The best waltz-playing this season by any American orchestra. "Two Hearts" is brilliant, and the other tune is almost as fetching. (*Victor 22638*) —Pop

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THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS

TONIGHT we're going to have our first full rehearsal and I hope everybody is line-perfect. I hope Miss Meeker won't have to prompt *any* of you. Mrs. Wyatt can't get here until nine so we'll skip the maid's scene. Let's begin with the scene between Lord Calverley and Lady Alice. Now let's go. Let's put everything that we've got into it. Remember: we're going to do this just as if we were professionals. We're going to *feel* our parts.

Just a minute, please. I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mrs. Ely, but I think that Lady Alice would show a little more worry. After all, Lord Calverley has backed the wrong horse with her money. Lady Alice doesn't like that. She doesn't like that at all. She says "But, David, how could you be such a fool?" Try putting your right hand on your forehead, Mrs. Ely. You know how Katharine Cornell does it, don't you? Like this. . . . There! That's right. Go on.

MR. CURTIS, can you relax a little bit more? The book says "Lord Calverley is a young, attractive, and easy-going peer. He seems to lack the worries common to most men." Now, Mr. Curtis, can't you make yourself feel young, attractive, and easy-going? Can't you just throw yourself into the part? You lack the worries common to most men. You bet at the races and things like that. Relax, Mr. Curtis, and throw yourself right into the character. Go on.

Mrs. Ely, I'll have to ask you to enunciate more distinctly. When we begin rehearsing down at the high-school auditorium, everybody will have to pitch their voices *much* higher. . . . Mrs. Ely, I really can't hear all your speeches. I wish that you would try diaphragmatic breathing. Instead of letting your voice come from your throat, let it come from your diaphragm. Now just say your last line again. What was it? "God, you unspeakable boor!" . . . That's right. A little more expression, Mrs. Ely. "God, you unspeakable boor!" Try bringing it up from your diaphragm. Your finer instincts are repelled by Lord Calverley's remark. Will you give that line again, Mr. Curtis? "I rather fancy that my bedroom is more comfortable than yours, Alice. And the color scheme matches your pajamas, you know." . . . That's fine. "God, you unspeakable boor!" That's fine, too, Mrs. Ely. You're both improving. You're throwing yourselves into the mood of the play. Go on.

THERE'S the doorbell. I guess that must be Mrs. Wyatt. We can begin right from the beginning now. Good evening, Mrs. Wyatt. Well, we've certainly missed our maid! It's a small part, Mrs. Wyatt, but it certainly is an important one. Now let's go, everybody. Let's see what we can do.

Just a minute, Mrs. Ely. Lady Alice wouldn't shake hands with the maid. Just smile very graciously. *Noblesse oblige*, Mrs. Ely. . . . That's right. That's perfectly splendid. Get the spirit of the play. Make the audience feel that this is really London. Go on.

Will you give that speech again, Mrs. Ely? "Life is like a seven-course dinner. One becomes more and more satiated with things in general as the affair progresses." Try to feel the part, Mrs. Ely. . . . All right. Let's go!

—JAMES REID PARKER

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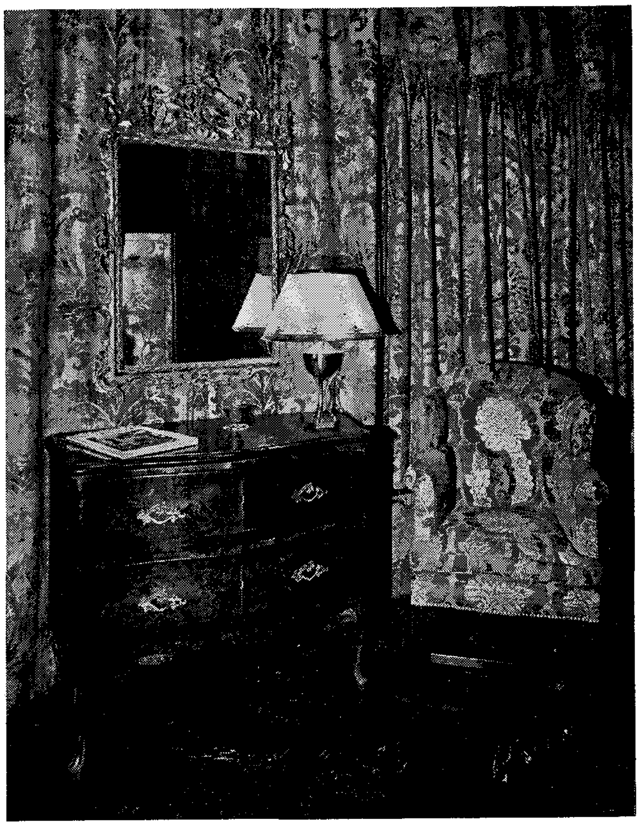

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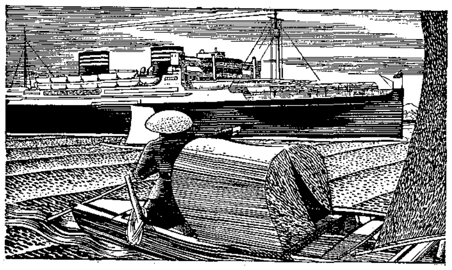

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THE SEAMSTRESS

THROUGHOUT my childhood there glided a series of halftone women, each known as "the seamstress."

There were Alma, and Madeleine the Frenchwoman, and Miss Matty, and Mrs. Nelson. I never knew Mrs. Nelson's first name, though she worked for us for four years.

Tuesday was the day for the seamstress, because that was ironing day, and if there was a difficult piece of mending to be done she could run it up on the machine.

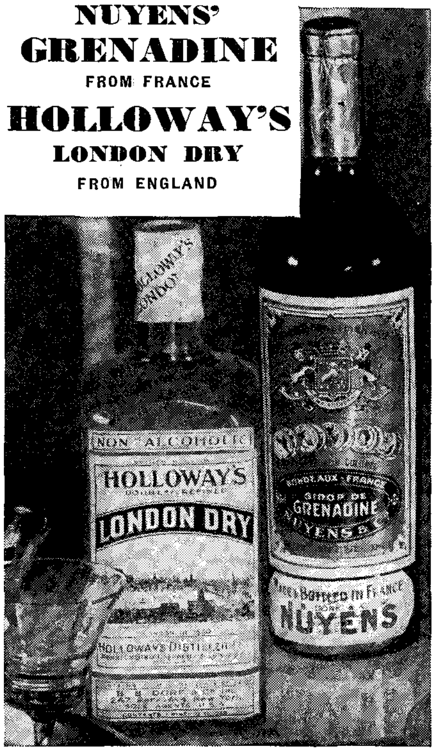
Just as we were finishing breakfast the basement bell would ring and my mother would say: "That must be Mrs. Nelson."

She would come into the dining-room with an apology on her lips to ward off a scolding which she never got. She would refuse coffee, and then, on second thought, take "just a half a cup," though she had had her breakfast. The cream and sugar had to be pressed upon her and she took them in little bits until she had enough.

SHE almost always wore black, which in summer seemed unbearably heavy, and in winter too meagre a protection against the cold. On rainy days she would remove her rubbers in the areaway and come in with them in her hand. Her winter coats were trimmed with a species of chewed rabbit, giving no note of relief to her sallow skin, her pale eyes, and rabbit-color hair. Her hat, the gift of some customer, would bear no relation to the season, or the shape of her head.

She sat at the table gingerly, on the edge of her chair, as if ready for flight. Should my father still be home she would not come into the room at all. She answered his absent-minded greeting with a timid "How-de-do?"

After swallowing her coffee she would brush imaginary crumbs from her part of the table into her hand and drop them into her cup. Then she would fold her napkin evenly, ostentatiously, as if to imply: "I hard-



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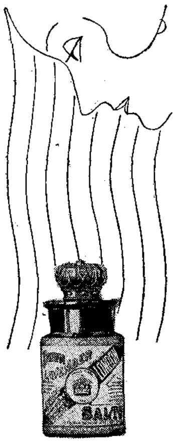

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ly touched it; you can use it again," and shoving back her chair would say: "There—I guess I'd better be getting to work."

She would pick up her black bag and go up to the sewing-room on the second floor, where she became a different person. The black bag contained her thimble and shears, the latest fashion books, and her apron, a little white rag to protect the black rag she called her skirt.

By the time we got upstairs she had opened the machine and was winding bobbins, her foot, in its worn pump and black cotton stocking, rapidly working the treadle.

On Tuesdays the house assumed a warmth it lacked on other days. One could depend on finding someone to talk to in the sewing-room. There were always dresses to be lengthened, tucks to be taken in, linings to be renewed. Katie, the "upstairs girl," brought in the cheval glass from the front bedroom. I would put on the garment under construction and stand before the glass, with Mrs. Nelson on her knees at my feet. She was adept at talking with a mouthful of pins. "Turn around, young lady," she would say. She addressed people as "lady" because she found an embarrassment in using their names.

THERE were days when new dresses were to be made. First we would look through the books, then there would be consultations. Often a mongrel dress would be evolved: the skirt of one, the sleeves of another, the neckline of a third. Mrs. Nelson "had style," my mother said, but she wasn't so "neat in finishing." Her predecessor, it seems, had been neat in finishing, but her things didn't "hang right."

Then Mrs. Nelson would tell me about the dress she had just made for Eleanore Gore. The Gores were her rich customers who had the big house in Sixty-third Street. I have never met Eleanore Gore, but I have followed her succession of foreign marriages in the newspapers with a personal interest. For years I was not only familiar with every dress she wore, but I had an intimate knowledge of her underwear. She had "a silk petticoat to match every dress," Mrs. Nelson told me, and her nightgowns had "hand-crocheted Irish lace with pink and blue baby ribbon run through the beading and a bow on the shoulder."

I also learned that the Gores didn't get on so well. "I wouldn't change

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(3) Counterweighted and dynamically balanced crankshaft, reducing bearing loads 50%.

These and other features, have attendant advantages, fully catalogued, and the book is available to those interested in high duty engines.

The Viking II 8 cylinder engine, rated at 565 H.P. actually develops, on the test block at Buffalo, over 600 H.P. at 1200 R.P.M.—fully 20% more power than any comparative engine.

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ARE MAXON'S PRICES LOWER THIS SEASON?

YES... considerably! For instance: Charming, luxurious, one-of-a-kind, original-model Frocks, Suits & Coats, such as were half-priced here last Spring $14 to $179, are now securable here at $10 to $119, because of the current, extremely favourable market conditions (from the buyer's viewpoint) . . . These are probably the most colossal values in Greater New York!... New models have just arrived!

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No matter what business you are in, here is

GOOD NEWS

Auburn has built and delivered up to March 27th more than 10,000 cars, which is more than 80% as many cars as Auburn built in 12 months last year. February was the greatest month in Auburn's entire history. And March will be more than 50% greater than February. More than 337 Auburn dealers have been added this year. Auburn dealers' stocks of new cars are the lowest in our history. We have no cars stored in warehouses. Everywhere the Auburn dealer's store is the mecca for increasing crowds.

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127 inch wheelbase,
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Auburn upset all precedents, exceeded all standards of comparison, and introduced values never before conceived in this industry with 5 brand-new models. Auburn offers longer wheelbase, stronger frames, better performance, more room, finer design, greater durability, and many advanced features and improvements obtainable in no other car. Auburn's new Custom Models are the only cars on the market that offer Silent-Constant Mesh, in combination with the new, improved L. G. S. method of Free Wheeling.

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AUBURN, INDIANA
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places with them for all their money," Mrs. Nelson would say. Mrs. Gore, with all her millions, "set a separate table for the help," bought inferior food for them, and counted every egg.

"It isn't everybody that sets a table like you," she would say to my mother, and: "They skimp. That's why they have money."

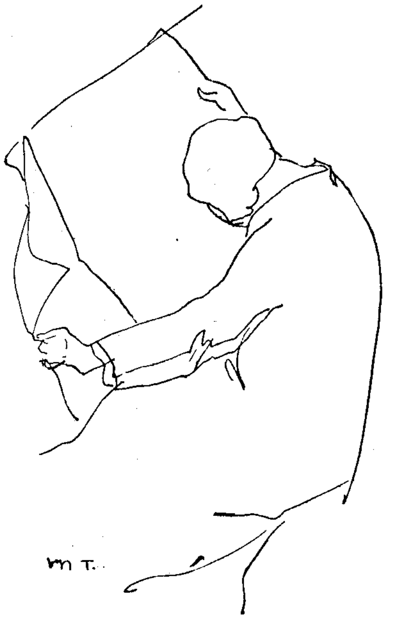
When luncheon was mentioned she would invariably say: "Don't bother about me—any old thing will do; just a cup of tea, if you have it." Katie would bring her tray up to the sewing-room and she would ignore it until we left, as if embarrassed at eating in our presence.

It was incongruous to me that an expert on fashions should be so shabbily dressed. When I bought the best-quality material for a dress she was pleased, but anything inferior would "pull" or "sag" or stick to her fingers. Her contempt for ready-made clothes was devastating.

WHEN I was very young I was only vaguely aware of tragedy behind these drained creatures. There were snatches of conversation with my mother that stopped on my entrance. But when we had Mrs. Nelson, I was old enough to know.

She referred to her husband as "he," without an antecedent.

"He came home that way again last night," she would announce. This was in the days when drunkenness was a disgrace. He was out of work most of the time and she supported him by "day's work." Moreover, he had a vague thing called "heart trouble" and she had to "wait on him hand and foot." But all this wouldn't have mattered to Mrs. Nelson if there hadn't



Is That the Sun or the Moon, Sir?

I don't know. I'm a stranger in EUROPE.

And what's more I don't care! I don't have to bother about time, or rush about finding a hotel, or line up like a goop for railroad tickets, or have that lost feeling about places to go and things to see. I've got 1,000 Amerop Agents to do all that and take care of me like a prince. I'll let 'em do all the routine and worry.

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It sure is! Next time you plan a trip abroad, young lady, go to Amerop first of all. A cabin, at your own price, on your favorite liner. All your European tickets before you start. Your hotel rooms engaged. Every and any detail taken care of—and they don't charge a cent for their service.

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been another woman. He spent her "hard-earned money" on this creature while Mrs. Nelson waited year after year for him to "come to his senses," her only consolation being her certainty that the woman "would come to no good end."

The Nelsons occupied a furnished room of the pitcher-and-basin period, with a large conjugal bed. She did light cooking in the "alcove" and sometimes the landlady let her stew something in the kitchen. On her way home from work she would do her purchasing and would prepare the evening meal, happy enough when he came home to share it. Then she washed out a few things and stretched a cord from the bedpost to the gas fixture to dry them. She was seldom too tired to read the installment of the current serial in the evening paper before retiring.

She would be amazed if she knew what an accurate picture of her room she gave me, and ashamed, as if I had caught a glimpse of her torn underwear. She sewed for everybody but never had a minute to sew for herself.

She never asked for her salary—three dollars a day we paid her—and always started with surprise when it was handed to her, as if she had forgotten all about it.

I sometimes think that she refused a roll at breakfast because she was hungry.

—Lillian Day

•

CANNED GOODS

You're taking up another course?
Oh God! My kingdom for a horse—
A swift one—that I may not be
Detained by archeology
And elocution, not to speak
Of novel-writing by the week.

It doesn't matter how you heave
Your brain about; I don't believe
A course by William Lyon Phelps
In Modern Drama really helps.
So why not spend your textbook fund
On some pursuit less moribund?

—Margaret Fishback

•

As lady's companion to lady or aristocratic young girl, ruined lady, distinguished, cultivated, knowing piano, French, Spanish, Italian, drives car. Daily Mail, 7, rue Scribe, Paris.—*Adv. in Paris edition of the London Daily Mail.*

How can you look an aristocratic young girl in the face?

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you realize, suddenly, that the story you have started to tell the Girl Friend's Mother is one that cannot be told in mixed company . . . *be nonchalant*

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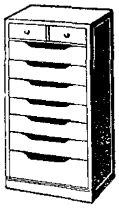

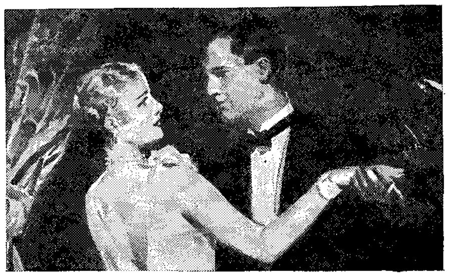

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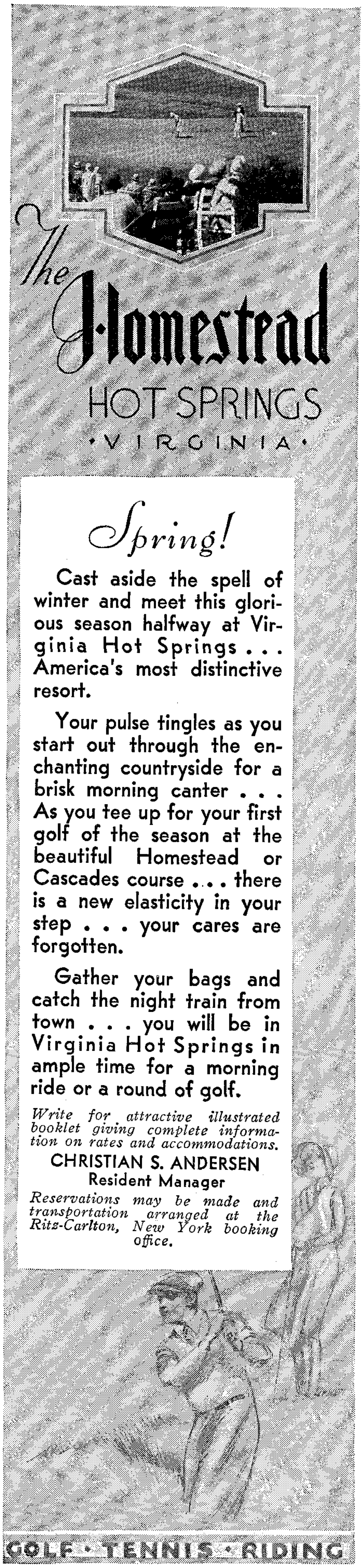
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THE RACE TRACK

Bowie Opens—Mournful Mutuels—Equipoise and the Three-Year-Olds

WILL no one temper the wind for the about-to-be-shorn? Bowie, last week, was as bleak as when I left it in November. Even the hardy hunting set from out Warrenton way complained, and the tip-vendors, with no heart at all in their work, just mumbled their wares. Racing opened with a charity-day program, the gate receipts and the Association's "take" from the money handled by the pari-mutuel (raised at the suggestion of Governor Ritchie from five to eight per cent for the day) being turned over to a fund for the unemployed.

VICTOR EMANUEL, whose Rhyticere finished fourth in the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, won the first race of the season with a good-looking two-year-old filly by Campfire, named Sky Alight.

After Sergt. Donaldson had introduced himself as an eight-lengths winner, later in the afternoon, surprise was expressed in some quarters that this colt by Whisk Broom II, who had been so well fancied last season, was not named for the major three-year-old sweepstakes; but I thought the Glen Riddle Farm was wise in not wasting nomination fees on him.

Again a selling plater from New Orleans—Thistle Ann—brought off a 33-to-1 chance in the Inaugural Handicap, and if the race were re-run we probably should have a different winner. A good position, clear of interference during the running, was the factor in the mare's favor. Morsel, the favorite, was late in getting to the scene and just failed to reach Thistle Ann. I might add that Barrido, who led for nearly six furlongs, is worth remembering.

THE Iron Men, as we race-course devotees familiarly call the pari-mutuel, are not clicking so merrily at Bowie this season. One sees almost nobody investing at the fifty-dollar-ticket windows.

After all, it is only to be expected

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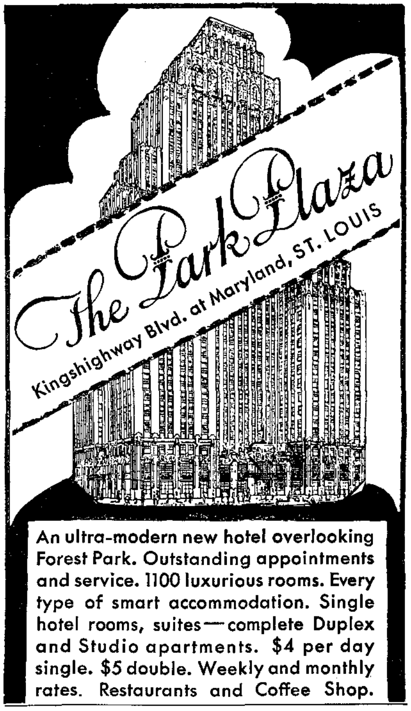
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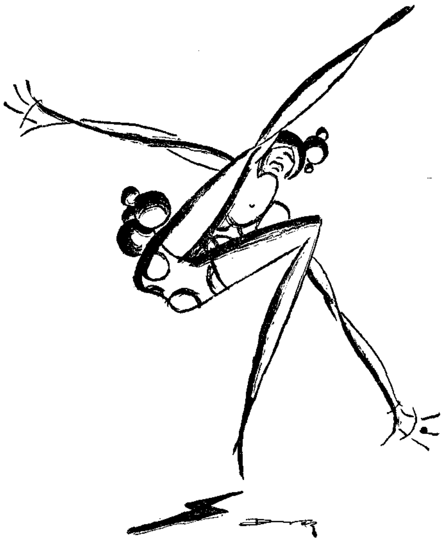
EATING GUIDE
FOR NEW YORKERS
1 Genuine broiled Filet of English Sole —a dash of H.P. Sauce . . . let your appetite have full sway . . . at *Restaurant Marguery,* 270 Park Ave.
H.P. SAUCE
THE THICK SAUCE FROM ENGLAND

that there should be a substantial falling off of business. The Honourable George has suggested that to alleviate the situation the Maryland racing associations might adopt the new English system of credit betting with the totalizator. Whatever the virtues of the pari-mutuel be, compassion is not one of them.

MUCH talk of Preakness and Kentucky Derby colts. I thought Workman a bit optimistic when he told me that he would be riding at Havre de Grace next week, for he has just laid aside his crutches. In any event, Equipoise will be in good hands in his first start within the fortnight, as Robertson is riding in unusually fine form. Nor is Freddy Hopkins worrying. Far from being haggard and nervous, as one might expect of the trainer of the Preakness and Kentucky Derby favorite, he is smiling and—actually—plump. He tells me Equipoise may have a winding-up spin before the Chesapeake Stakes, a fortnight hence, and after that race his next start will be for The Preakness.

The colt has not grown a great deal but has muscled up and thickened in the right places, and suggests to all who know anything of his doings last year all that is gallant and good. He is a battler of the best type—recall the indomitable courage he showed in coming out of the ruck halfway from home to win the Pimlico Futurity last autumn. Mate outlooks him many pounds, but races are not won that way.

IT is much more interesting to go out to Pimlico mornings and look at colts—particularly Siskin and Vander Pool, of whom you will be hearing quite a bit in the near future—than to see the same horses one has been looking



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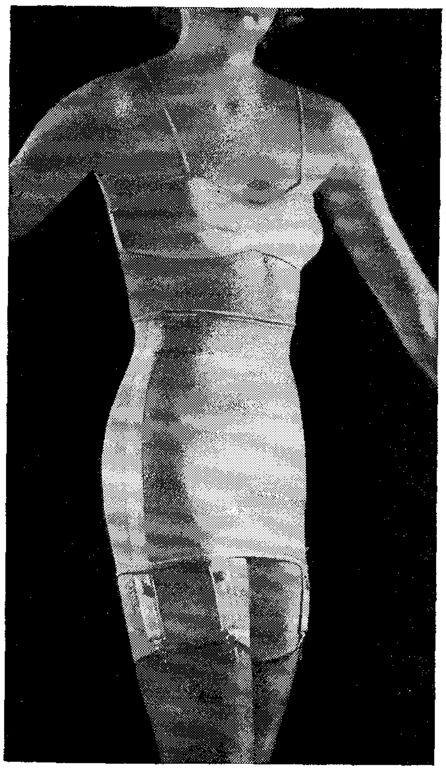

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And, of course, you are given the same stimulating, revivifying treatment that has won for Madame her unique reputation and these distinguished friendships. To realize how different this treatment is from ordinary "pat and dab" facials—telephone WIckersham 2-3755 for an appointment!

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at since the middle of January. Siskin, from the first time I saw him, struck me as a colt of big possibilities. He reminds me more of his sire, Epinard, though he is a bay, than either Epithet or Follow Thru.

An impartial judge would vote for Vander Pool at a paddock inspection. Though Siskin is a beautifully balanced horse, he does not suggest the range and galloping character of the colt by Campfire. The all-important question with both is whether they can go a distance of ground. I am a bit dubious about Vander Pool's ability in that direction, but he is a glorious colt to look at.

THE MORNING LINE: Andy Schuttinger has joined the Willis Sharpe Kilmer Trainers' Club (which holds reunions in Convention Hall at Saratoga in August). . . . Sam Riddle carries an umbrella with a black oilcloth cover. . . . Morty Lynch is getting in trim by cashing mutuel tickets. . . . Freddy Hopkins is driving a Ford. . . . Louis Beard directs the destinies of four hundred and twenty-eight (at the last count) horses of the Whitney and Greentree Stables. . . . Pat Remillard is the best apprentice jockey of the new season.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

TO A BABY IN LONGACRE SQUARE

Baby, with puckered face,
Lacking in charm and grace,
Why does your dumb grimace
  Move me to pity?
Is it a safety-pin
Causes that withered grin,
Or some ancestral sin,
  Or—just the city?

Babies should seldom be
Far from a grassy lea;
Under a kind old tree
  They should be seated:
You, in your carriage, set
Under a cigarette
Sign, while you writhe and fret,
  Know you are cheated!

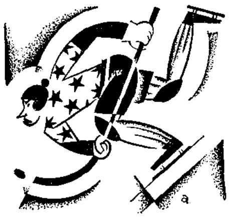
Baby, alas, alack,
Now you are turning black!
Is it the crack-crack-crack
  From that skyscraper
Splitting your tiny brain?
Or—is it just a pain?
Vain are my questions—vain.
  Here, boy, a paper!

—LEE WILSON DODD

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1931, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared C. E. Brindley, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City. Editor, H. W. Ross, 277 Park Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, None. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, C. E. Brindley, 136 West 91st Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; C. R. Fleischmann, 71 East 77th Street, New York City; R. G. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York City; Jane Grant, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York City; J. Hanrahan, 44 Gramercy Park, No., New York City; R. Irvin, Palisade Avenue, Spuyten Duyvil, New York; H. W. Ross, 277 Park Avenue, New York City; A. H. Samuels, 10 East 85th Street, New York City; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 412 West 47th Street, New York City; Katharine S. White, 16 East 8th Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. C. E. Brindley, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1931 (Seal.) CHARLES B. FRASCA, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 179, New York Register's No. 3F120. (My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

HOCKEY

On Playoffs—Exposition and Narration—Exeunt

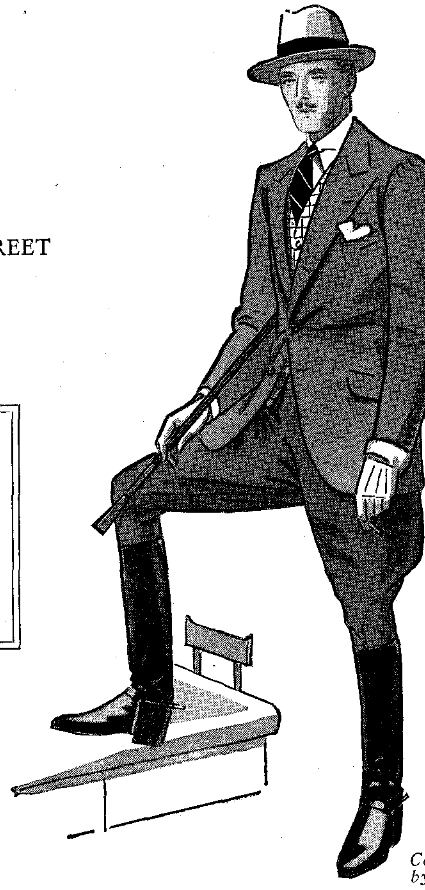


YOU must remember, if you can, that the playoffs aren't exactly the same thing as a World Series. The winners of the Stanley Cup, to be sure, have attained a recognized supremacy, but the process by which they get the Cup is far more intricate than the system which leads to a world's championship in baseball. It is somewhat paradoxical, and not without confusion.

TO begin with, the International and American divisions are not leagues in the same sense that the National and American Leagues are in baseball. Teams in the one hockey division are meeting teams in the other all through the season to determine their final rank for the playoffs, and their standing is based on an intricate system of points awarded for winning or tying games. The scores don't count. First place in either division, then, means only that a team has managed to pick up more points than the other four in its division, not necessarily that it has overwhelmingly outplayed them. Also, a team finishing fourth in its own division is eliminated from the playoffs even if it has a higher number of points to its credit than the team which came in third in the other section.

Nor does finishing first in your division imply any advantage in the playoffs; rather the contrary, for your division winners must play a series which goes to the team that wins three out of five games. The games are played to a decision and can run into a good deal of overtime. Your second-place teams, on the other hand, meet each other in a relatively more easy two-game series, determined by adding up the total number of goals made. The winner then faces the third-place survivor under the same conditions. It is the victor in that match who finally plays the winner of the first-place series for the Cup; and the chances are that a second or third-place team will win, for the first-place teams often skate and bump each other into complete exhaustion.

Under the circumstances, it would seem highly injudicious to finish first if you can help it. On the other hand, first-place winners *might* not have to



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play more than three games to be in the finals, whereas their rivals have to play four, and do a good deal more travelling into the bargain.

In other words, the playoff system is more like horse-racing than baseball. It is a highly complicated and technical job of handicapping, and much easier to watch than to understand.

WHAT has happened is this: The two teams in third place were the Montreal Maroons and the New York Rangers. The Rangers, as we foretold, beat the Maroons; and, as we did not foretell, beat them easily. Probably at least two teams that had been eliminated would have made a better showing than the Maroons, a team with a weak defence, a number of injured players (including one star, Hooley Smith), a collection of notorious bad tempers, and the exasperating Nels Stewart.

Simultaneously, a team with too many forwards (Chicago) was beating a team with too few (Toronto), thereby not only achieving a success which had been denied them all season, but putting themselves in an excellent spot for the finals. Had Toronto come out ahead, the Rangers, I think, would have reached the finals, for all season they had found Toronto easier to beat than Chicago. Chicago, however, had the Rangers worried, and as a result the Rangers once more played the kind of hockey they showed at times in midseason. They were trying too hard.

The Canadiens and the Bruins fought through a long and injurious series, and the Canadiens triumphed ultimately. The Bruins have slipped a little this season, mainly, I think, because Hitchman has not had a good year. However, with Mondou and Leduc in the hospital, Morenz and Lepine pretty well cut up, Hainsworth battered, and Burke convalescent, it looked like a Pyrrhic victory for the Canadiens.

WELL, this time next year there may be more to say about the Rangers. All there is to be said just now is that they weren't quite good enough, though they didn't drop as far

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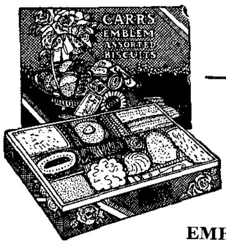

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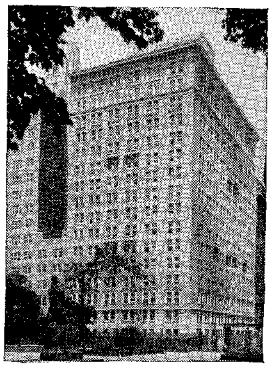

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as we thought they would earlier in the season. Two or three of them would not be missed another winter, but I hope most of them are back again, and I don't mean only the Cooks, Boucher, and Ching Johnson. I am thinking particularly of Butch Keeling; it is about time for one of those annual trades which might send him down the river in exchange for, say, Hec Kilrea. The change might improve the Rangers, for Kilrea is probably more competent, but, as I say, I hope they don't swap. Keeling is colorful. He sails into the boards, into the net; he smashes his stick on the ice when he misses an easy shot. There will be time enough to trade him after he has broken his neck. Before that he may show signs of saving himself.

As for the Americans, they have improved a little in ability, and a good deal in popularity; they are not quite such a bore to watch as they used to be. But unless they get some forwards, half a dozen or so, or unless a shakeup in the alignment of the divisions puts them in the same group with both Ottawa and Philadelphia, I am afraid that next March they will again be looking forward hopefully to the future.

—G. R. H.

•

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Says the bell of St. Luke's.

"Sheer asininity!"
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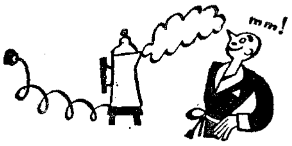
Says the bell of All Saints'.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SATISFACTORY MOMENTS IN A DAY



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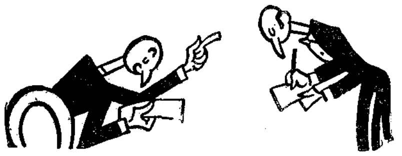

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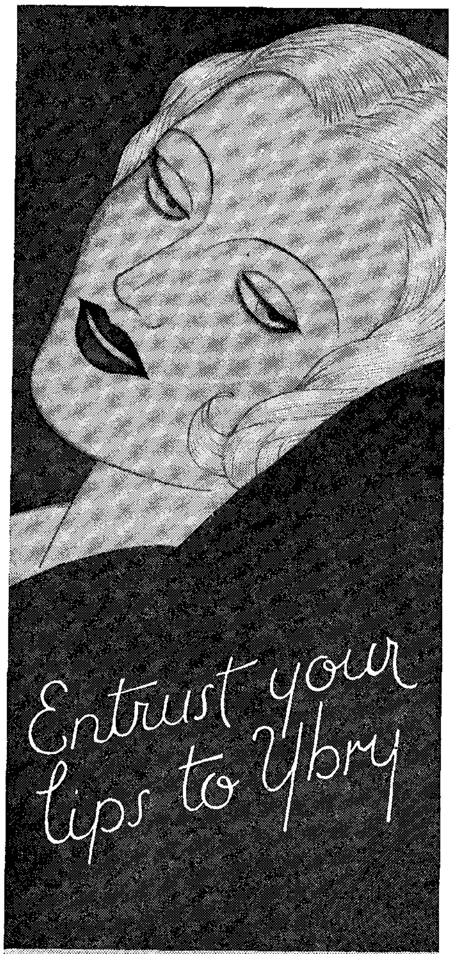
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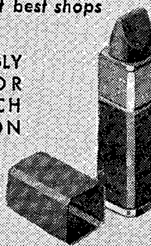


INDOOR POLO

A Cup Goes to New Haven—The Squadron Meets the Officers—Contributed Gratis

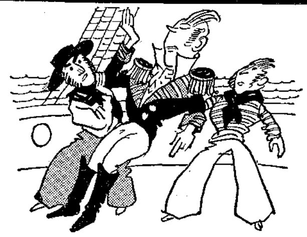
WITH Chu Baldwin to his left and Jimmie Mills, on whose shoulder he leaned, to his right, Cocie Rathborne limped happily across the tanbark of Squadron A Armory at the end of the Intercollegiate finals. The cup that he carried in his free hand glittered brightly in the glare of the great lights overhead, tangible proof of another triumph for Yale. Less than a week before, playing magnificent polo, they had eliminated Winston Guest's Optimists from Class A. Three days later they had eliminated Princeton. Now they had won the Intercollegiate Championship. Not five minutes before, a hard-fighting Harvard team had been half a goal ahead. Now the numbers that an attendant was lifting off the scoreboard read seven goals to ten, and the last three goals had been made in less than three minutes, or something close to that.

It had been grand polo.

THE Harvard team, Harry Nicholas, Ebbie Gerry, and Fred Nicholas, riding in that order, came on the tanbark for the first chukker with six goals to their credit, the same handicap which had helped them beat Pennsylvania Military College the preceding Tuesday. Naturally, they felt they would repeat that performance, and until the end of the match they nearly did.

Yale started off at a tremendous pace, and hitting very hard indeed. Time and again the spectators had to duck as the ball came flying over the barriers. Yale's ponies were fast, particularly those of Mills, and at crucial moments they outpaced Harvard, just as they had outridden Princeton the Tuesday before. Yale's teamwork was excellent and before the end of that opening period they were within a goal of their opponents.

In the second chukker, however, Harvard began to find themselves and both teams got going at a bewildering pace. At one time Mills hit the ball into the stands. It bounced back into his lap and he was off like a shot, a third of the way to goal with it, before



"Don't give up the ship. Take it to Tebo!"

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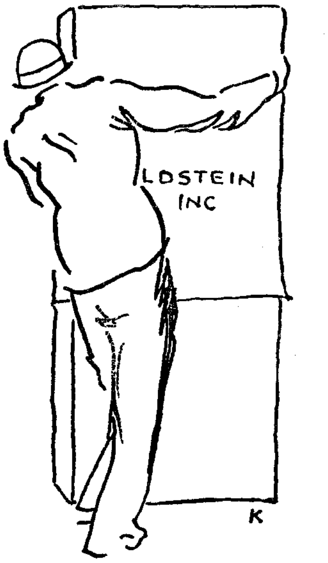
the referee saw what had happened and blew his whistle. Harvard was half a goal ahead when the bell rang.

The next chukker was even closer and most of the scores made were lost on fouls; the teams were tied at six and a half at the end of the period. With the fourth goal Harvard jumped into the lead, and held it till the last few minutes. Play was not so good now. Both sides were nervous. They jammed up and got in one another's way. They hit hard without direction. The floor was getting rough, too, making an accurate shot pretty difficult. Yale scored. They were half a goal ahead. Not much time left. Harvard lost half a point on a foul. Yale put in two more goals. Then the referee made frantic motions with his left hand. He was trying to tell Yale to dismount. The trio trudged forward awkwardly to receive the trophy, Mills remembering to take his hat off just before his team shook hands with the beribboned officials of the Indoor Polo Association.

ON March 31, in Brooklyn, Harvard won from P.M.C., Essex Troop overcame the Philadelphia Polo Club in Class C, and the Cleveland Class D team beat Cornell. In New York, except for the Yale-Princeton game, it was a pretty dull evening. Fort Sheridan beat the Commonwealth Club in Class D and Squadron A lost to the West Point Officers in Class C.

The Squadron really had no business losing that match. Phillips, Wise, and Coxe could easily have played much better than they did. They were all over the place, and even interfered with one another. Lieutenant Galloway, of West Point, was high scorer, with five goals, when the Officers, who really played no better than the Squadron, eventually forged ahead, after a very



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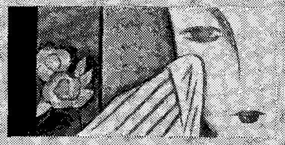

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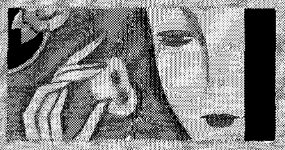

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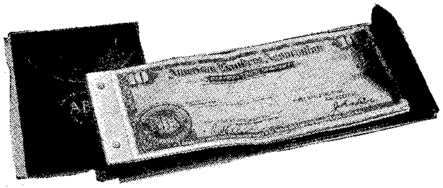

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dull performance, to win by a goal and a half. Time dragged until Yale and Princeton put in an appearance.

Both of the college teams played well. Yale's coördination, though, combined with Jimmie Mills' hard riding and accuracy, Chu Baldwin's handiness (he can hit a ball three times before another touches it), and the greater speed of the Yale ponies, made Princeton's defeat inevitable. Not that the Princeton ponies, largely the purchase of the Firestones, were by any means an inferior lot. In the third chukker Leonard Firestone did ride out on the most knock-kneed beast I've ever seen, but it went as well as the others.

A FEATURE of the Championships, which one would think quite unnecessary, is the inferior quality of much of the play. The complaint may sound absurd, but on the other hand it seems unreasonable to require a gallery, which pays a decent admission with the expectation of seeing some good polo, to wait through eight chukkers of Class D and Class C play. Naturally no one can expect superlative or even good polo all the time, but the fact remains that when the National Championships are on, people attend them to see the best there is.

It seems a pity that the Indoor Association does not see fit to play off the championships of the low-goal divisions some time in advance of the National high-goal competition. As far as the general public is concerned (and it's the public which pays to see the matches), the Class C and Class D finals might just as well be decided on odd Tuesdays early in March. Slow games in the low-goal divisions make even a short evening drag, and by the time a Guest or a McDonald Jones brings his men on the tanbark, even they are apt to be viewed with a jaundiced eye. Too much polo at one sitting can't help popular appreciation of the game, particularly if a good part of it is thoroughly uninteresting. The suggestion of short evenings of smart play is this department's contribution, entirely gratis, to next year's National Indoor Championships.

—BRIDLE-WISE

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Little of Everything

IF the sensational chapters in your diary deal with the movies you have seen, you will have another week of dull, drab pages. Having given us two or three good movies in the past two or three months, the cinema rests upon its laurels for the moment, though those laurels form, I fear, a scant pallet-bed. They have done more than rest upon those laurels—to continue the lovely image: they have plucked a leaf or two from the crown and furbished it up anew. They have taken, I mean, such an item as the land-rush from "Cimarron" and used it again in "Three Rogues;" they have recalled bits from "Hell's Angels," and from the flying pictures of the past, and from Admiral Byrd's Antarctic reminiscences, in "Dirigible;" they have gleaned inspiration from "Tom Sawyer" in "Skippy." There is nothing as yet which can be traced to "The Front Page," but that will come.

"SKIPPY" is the nicest of all these pictures, and is to be recommended to parents as being the sort of thing their children ought to like. I don't think that it is quite as good as "Tom Sawyer," but few things are as good as "Tom Sawyer." Based on the Percy Crosby comic strips, the story presents a number of our favorite juveniles, such as Miss Mitzi Green and Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searl, and also Master Robert Coogan, the last scion of that royal family of the kindergarten. The story has its laughs, but also its sad spots. The saddest moments deal with a beloved dog, and remind me of a book called "Beautiful Joe," which I must confess I don't reread every year, as I believe you are supposed to reread the books of your childhood. Anyhow, I think that "Skippy" can make your children cry, which I am sure is always a pleasure to parents.

THE picture of the week most showily recommended to the public is "Dirigible," at the Central, but I doubt if all its advertising will make it famous. There is one rather good moment when we see a dirigible in flames. At least it looks like a dirigible. I am very suspicious of this picture. In spite of the fact that the Navy's Bureau of Aëronautics was involved in it, and that there are some authentic glimpses of flying and Lakehurst, New Jersey, I have an idea that most of it was enacted in the front parlor, especially the scenes at the South Pole, and that the furniture had just been pushed out of the way for that South Pole, and a little set built up, and I suspect that the actors complained of the drafts.

THE land-rush in "Three Rogues" is the grand climax, not the opening scene, as it was in "Cimarron," and therefore a larger panoramic view is allowed us and more opportunity allotted to a great number of harassed theatrical faces in the scene of panic. The movie as a whole is a very conventional Western with Victor McLaglen in a purely perfunctory rôle. I think that we have now had enough of land-rushes for the present. They seem rather mild compared with the dash for seats when the doors of the movie houses are first opened in the morning. That spectacle, by the way—to be seen from a lonely, aloof corner—is one of the most impressive to be observed in our dear city. No ardor for land in Oklahoma ever equalled that passion to stake a claim in the front rows of a Broadway theatre. Of that I am sure.

SOME serious student of the modern situation, some analyst of the contemporary mind, might devote his scholastic talents to a sober treatise on the Wheeler-Woolsey offering, "Cracked Nuts." It didn't seem to me that "Cracked Nuts" so much amused the public as it impressed it. The vitality displayed overawed the audience. There were no loud bursts of laughter, no guffaws. Nor were there, however, groans, or hasty, frantic de-

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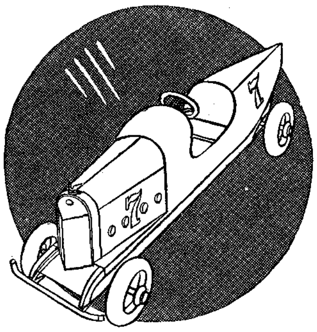

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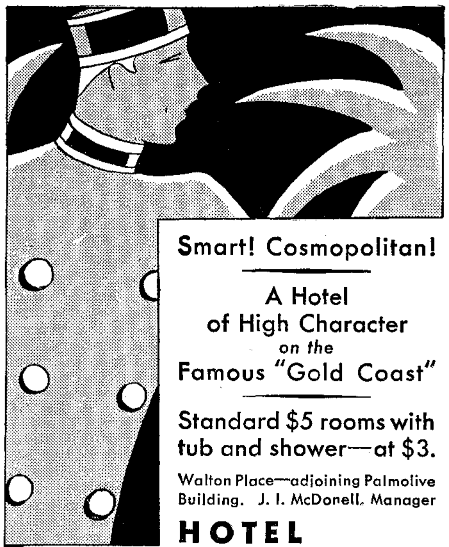
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April 11, 12, 13 JOAN CRAWFORD in "DANCE FOOLS DANCE;" April 14 and 15 WINNIE LIGHTNER and JOE E. BROWN in "SIT TIGHT." April 16 and 17 "CAPTAIN APPLEJACK" and Charlie Chase Comedy

partures. The Wheeler-Woolsey team, of the old vaudeville type, indulges, you may know, in a species of quips such as "All roads lead to rum," "It is impossible to jump in the river for divers reasons," "He is so cock-eyed that he spent three years in the Southeast in order to join the Northwest Mounted Police," "I've a standing army that won't sit down." An apartment house is called the Venus de Milo Arms. I surrender these quotations to the analysts for what they are worth.

IN "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," there is an excellent wrestling match between Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood, which I commend to the sporting element. "Divorce Among Friends" is a trying little essay about the married couple's row, ending in reconciliation. The height of its poignancy is reached when the wife starts bidding her husband farewell and hopes tenderly that he will take care of himself. "You know restaurant cooking doesn't agree with you," she cries. "Cities and Years" is another Soviet picture and it drew forth loud applause from the revolutionists spending a leisurely afternoon at the Cameo when someone in the picture said: "Workers have no fatherland." A scene in a Munich café is well turned and there is good camerawork of the dark, gloomy, languid sort the Russians favor, but its story, of the war, is vague and incoherent, and asserts the somewhat implausible idea that a Russian artist could have lived tranquilly in Germany, going on with his painting, during all the years of the war.—J. C. M.

•

SONG OF SELF

I have no financial foresight,
I never cold-shower or spray,
Tomorrow's remote as Carthage,
And so, in truth, is today.

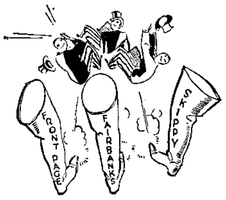
Picasso and Humanism
I shed with a knowing purr,
Sitting, a cat in a corner,
Smoothing my glossy fur.

I sleep and eat like a heathen,
I play no regular squash.
The national crises of Chile,
With Weekly Laundry, are bosh.

I vaunt no dependable virtues,
My guesses are always wrong,
I am wise to nothing important
On earth. But I get along.

—PRICE DAY

seven-league boots



you'll be completely transported from this mundane world, as you assimilate the kicks in those entertaining cinemas now at

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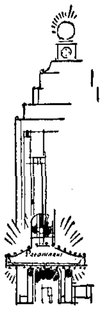
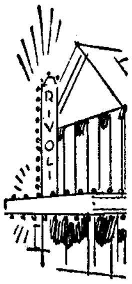


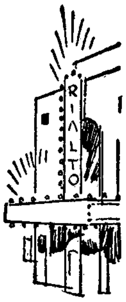
where "skippy" tarries for another week—paramount successfully adapts percy crosby's child for the screen—charley davis on the stage—crawford at the organ—ash in the pit.

the rivoli-united artists



where "front page" still excites interest—howard hughes' excellent screen edition of jed harris' newspaper success.

the rialto



douglas fairbanks in "reaching for the moon" at popular prices—higher forms of amusement at a lower cost.

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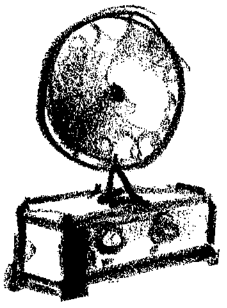
ON THE AIR

Big-Time—The French Quota—Mr. Werrenrath Turns to Light Opera



SINCE last we met (and you haven't changed a bit yourself) the radio people have gone wild over celebrities. Time was when radio programs were content to offer unknown performers with only an occasional star, but that was in auld lang syne. We're getting plenty of big-time stuff nowadays, and seemingly all forty-eight states are pleased, for no one has attempted to stem the tide of headliners.

One evening recently we were offered Mme. Frances Alda, Claudette Colbert, Richard Dix, Joe Cook, Dennis King, and a lot more, not forgetting the big orchestras. Oh, yes—Bobby Jones, too.

WITH Maurice Chevalier being very gay and Gallic for WEAF, and Irene Bordoni being equally gay and Gallic for WABC, you'd think the quota for France would be quite well filled, wouldn't you? But not at all. The so-called Vitality programs weren't happy, because *they* didn't have the French touch. They searched for a French lady of quality with a strong stage and screen following. Well, it seems there was only one such mortal left, Miss Claudette Colbert, and they snatched at her greedily. It turned out that Miss Colbert had never sung so much as a note in all her life (and what a merry laugh that must have given the Vitality program people!), but she was willing to try and promptly began rehearsing "Reaching for the Moon" and "Out of Nowhere." The result was another surprise. Miss Colbert proved to have a lush contralto voice, one we'll probably be hearing again.

DURING the course of that evening we had a distinctly good reward for our patient vigil before the loudspeaker. On the stroke of ten, what should come along but "The Mikado"! By some sort of legerdemain, Mr. Reinald Werrenrath was induced to sing the title rôle. Mr. Werrenrath hasn't made a practice of sing-

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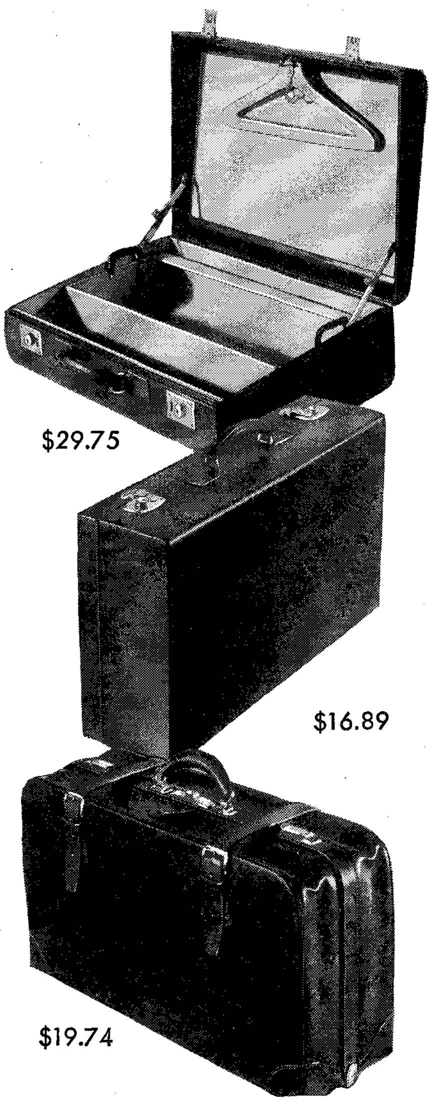

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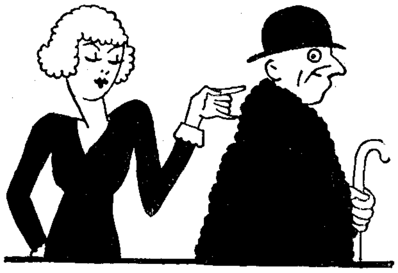

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Perfu-Mist

ing in light opera, but it isn't too late for him to remedy the omission. Right here, while we're on the subject, we want to say that he ought to chuck the concert stage and move (in the Mikado grease paint) into one of the vacant theatres in these parts. It's high time that the ghosts of Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan were welcomed back to New York again.

There have, of course, been a good many broadcastings of "The Mikado" since radio began, and you may think us slightly unbalanced to be so stirred by this particular item. It must be pointed out in extenuation that Mr. Werrenrath and his company gave a better rendition by far than any we've ever listened to on the air. True, it didn't pretend to be complete, but what there was of it was just about flawless. Moreover, it was actually possible to fathom what the chorus was trying to say. Good enunciation is what Savoy opera deserves, and seldom gets.

OBVIOUSLY, our curiosity was aroused and demanded the why and wherefore. The why and wherefore, we discovered, was Mr. Charles Previn. He had directed the Werrenrath company pretty laboriously in preparation for the broadcasting, and the gist of his dictum was that the audience must be able to understand every word that was sung. This practically unparalleled attitude on the part of a musical director raises a question. Why stop at "The Mikado"? Why not have Mr. Previn arrange productions of "The Gondoliers," "Patience," "The Yeomen of the Guard," and so on down the list? The company could be built around Mr. Werrenrath and, since program-schedulers are so fond of reckless spending, other reputable folk could be borrowed from the concert stage to serve as his colleagues. But Mr. Previn mustn't dismiss any of that "Mikado" chorus. He'll need the whole outfit.

MAYBE you think we've had nothing but fun out of the radio lately. Ah, but there have been some bleak and cruel hours that we haven't told you about. The indigestible fare was headed by a string trio called—and we never figured out why—The Sunbirds. Then there was a little sweetmeat entitled "What Happened to Jane." We didn't wait to find out what eventually happened to her, but we trust it was something highly unpleasant.

—J. R. P.

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Edward Clinton Fogg—*Managing Director*

JUST PALS

WE met for the first time at the Grand Central, where I had gone to see some friends off on a train. A number of people joined the party, and there were several hurried introductions.

"And this is Mr. Mlab," said somebody. We shook hands.

Of course, Mlab is not the name, but that is what it sounded like, and that is what I have always thought of him as since. Oddly, he seems to be under the impression that Mlab is my name, too. Not that it matters. Our friendship is not to be shaken by trifles.

The first meeting was back in 1912. Why we recognized each other when we met in the street three years later I do not know. Mr. Mlab, much as I hate to criticize him, is absolutely neutral in facial expression, noncommittal in conversation, and colorless in dress and general bearing. But we came upon each other suddenly, each caught the vague gleam of recognition in the other's eye, and before we really knew what we were bringing upon ourselves, we had stopped.

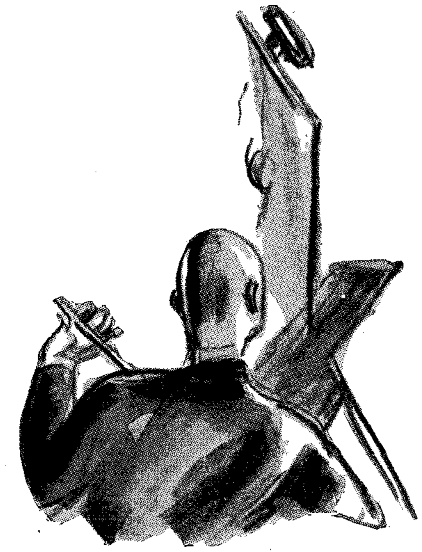
"Well, Mlab, how do you do!" said Mr. Mlab.

"Fine, thanks, and how are you?" I said. "It certainly is good to see you again." We shook hands and stared at the pavement. I do not know how many minutes passed in this thoughtful manner before Mlab, with the genius that never forsakes him, looked up at me and said:

"Do you ever hear from—?" Meaning, of course, the friends whom we had bade farewell at the Grand Central three years before.

"No," I said, falling into the spirit of the thing. "Do you?"

"Never," he exclaimed. And, a



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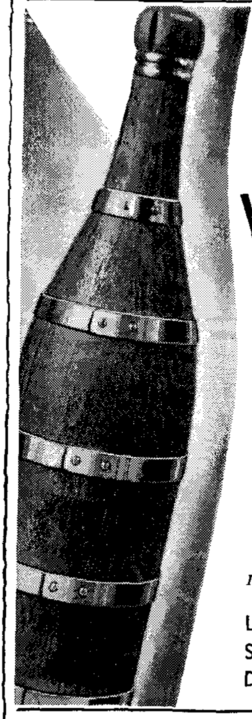

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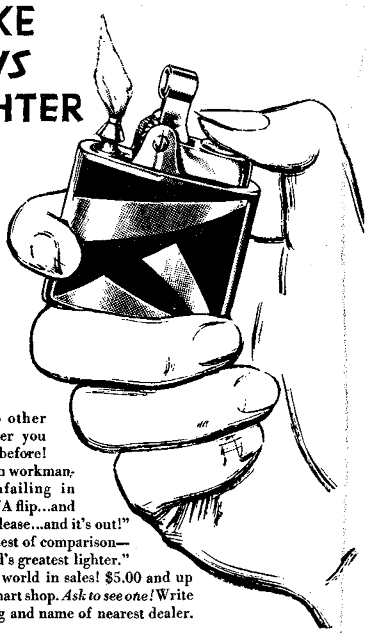

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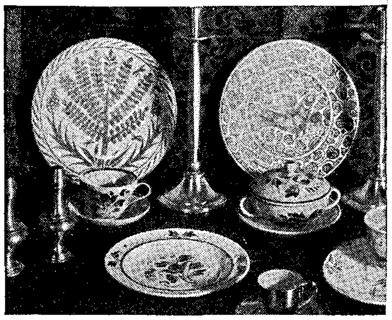

1,000,000 pieces of China—and probably more, in New York shops—all more or less alike. But if you want *exclusive pieces* in Cantagalli, Wedgwood and Limoges, come to

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moment later: "Well, I'll be seeing you again, I hope."

"Take care of yourself, old man," I called after him cheerily.

THIS happened in 1915, and since then we have had a number of splendid reunions. We meet any old place. I met him in a theatre lobby one evening in 1920, at a fire in the spring of 1923, and in 1927 I met him in a restaurant. Our conversation is never of a very startling nature, of course. We are concerned chiefly with each other's health. So far, our healths have been perfect.

I shall not attempt to express what this friendship has come to mean to us, how it has ripened with the passing years. I often wonder who Mlab really is, what his station in life may be, what his politics are, what he thinks about life in general. The last time we met was in the late fall of 1928, in Fourteenth Street. I had stopped to watch a man demonstrating toys. I turned suddenly, and we were face to face.

"Well, well," said Mlab. "How are you?"

"Fine," I said. "Just fine." We shook hands.

"Do you ever hear from—?" said my friend. There is always desperate but good-natured rivalry between us as to who will ask this first.

"No," I said. "Do you?" The fact is, the people in question had passed away five years before. I do not know whether Mlab knows this, but if he does he has not mentioned it, and I have seen no reason for doing so.

"No," said Mlab. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

I AM hoping that some day Mlab will turn out to be a United States senator, or even become vice-president. Or if not something on that order, that he will turn out to be one of the prominent murderers of the century with his pictures in all the papers and his name, his right name, in all the headlines. If for no other reason than that I would like to find out, at last, what it is.

—K. FEARING

•

REWARD. If the person who took platinum ring with two large diamonds and 28 small diamonds from a College Hill residence will return it, a liberal reward will be paid. The ring is valued by the owner as a keepsake.—*Adv. in Wichita (Kans.) Eagle.*

With two large diamonds, it might almost be valued as a keepforgodsake.

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[illegible]

THE ART GALLERIES

Surrender — American and Abstract—Four of the Sad Young Men

ONE of the last of the Old Guard, the John Levy Galleries, has faced the inevitable and gone in for modern American methods. Evidently, when the Galleries moved from Fifth Avenue last season to their handsome new quarters at 1 East Fifty-seventh Street, they decided to abandon the sit-and-wait technique of a passing era and adopt the new system of fortnightly exhibits. We note the fact in passing as this is a subject dear to our heart and a policy we have long tried to encourage with the loudest of our drum-beating. Only the wine-colored plush walls of 1 East Fifty-seventh Street remind you of the old order.

HANGING against these you may find the canvases of Jean Charlot, one of the better painters of the Mexican school. For years we have seen small paintings by Charlot here and there, but this is the first time we have viewed the full range of his work. It is rather amazing; few of his earlier things gave any indication of his scope. Like all young men who go in for any of the creative arts, he found the first years the darkest. After the disillusionment of adolescence, nothing is quite so fascinating to the youthful chronicler as the general tragedy of man. To him there is no such thing as a sun, let alone a silver lining. It is a stage in the development of an artist that is always a little difficult for us to bear, feeling as we do that so much of the power and virtue of painting is color. Charlot himself admits that it was merely a phase with him. Now he is prouder of his later, Yucatan period.

These Yucatan paintings, we believe, will give you a great thrill. We suppose there must be a little of El Greco in all good painters. That influence, at any rate, is especially noticeable in "Woman with Yellow Blouse," and its rhythms are apparent in all of the major compositions, such as "Pyramid Builders" and "Temple Builders." The last two, and the "Landscape with Figures," are noble compositions. We found the landscape especially beautiful, though to our mind "La Coiffure" and "Mamma Spanks" show the best use of the vital and penetrating talent of Jean Charlot. It is an exciting show, and one that should be seen by all those who like to keep abreast with the latest developments in painting.

STUART DAVIS deserves credit for being an American who went abstract and stuck to it. From the first he threw in his lot with what was then a *new idea from Paris*, and almost alone has continued to turn out designs in color. This has taken a good deal of stamina in a country committed to pure representation.

Davis has a large show on at the Downtown Gallery and we think it is the best of his career. Evidently he has been benefitted by his recent sojourn in Paris. His stuff seems to have a little more purpose than formerly. However, since the foreword he has written for the catalogue may confuse you as much as it did us, we beg you to look at his pictures before you appraise his ability to express himself in words. That is the procedure we followed and we still like the pictures, though we are not so sure what our final impression would have been if we had begun the other way around. There is a little touch of the gaiety of Dufy in some of the Davis canvases, and now and then on rare occasions there is a hint of that amazing color-sense which is the peculiar property of Roy. "Red Masts" and "Windshield" are fine examples of balance and imagination, but we feel that the New York-Paris series leans a little too heavily on the side of bravura.

THE John Becker Gallery has a show of Annenkoff, a recent importation from the French market. He is a young man out of Russia, and still paints according to one or another of the accepted schools. Sometimes the result is watered Chirico, sometimes attenuated Lurçat. Some of it, especially the close-knit, architectonic compositions, we found satisfying. The small objects in a meaningless world of space we did not care for.

THE four new men recently introduced by Balzac paint in a similar vein. This melancholy quartet, Tchelitchew, Berman, Leonide, and Bérard, wallows in the lower registers of the palette and struggles through the swamps dominated by Chirico. Chirico, however, sits on an Olympian hill and looks down on his swamps, whereas these youths enjoy the lower levels and stay there. Bérard is rather like Zak. Leonide, we feel, has the cleanest palette of the four, his "Boats" being a pleasant study.

MARIE HARRIMAN has hung her walls with a group of her favorite Americans. Some of them have been around before and some are new to Fifty-seventh Street. We thought George Picken at his best in his painting of a Minnesota farm. Mark Baum, if he is as naïve as his painting seems, is worth watching. Saul Berman must be a cousin of Soyer, or at least a frequenter of the same East River haunts. Jon Corbino is represented by some of his poetic studies in the Redon manner. Frank di Gioia is apparently striving to become the American Hogarth.

ONE of the many things this sad world needs is a book on art that is readable as well as intelligent. Thomas Craven now gives us "Men of Art," published by ~~Simon & Schuster~~, and we rush to mention it even before we have finished the volume. From our first glance, we can say that it seems a more comprehensive and scholarly outline than any other hitherto attempted in this country. Its selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club is a good thing, as some thousands will now read about art whereas usually only a few hundred patronize such books.

Mr. Craven looks upon art as a component part of living. He should get some sort of medal at once, for his attitude and his courage.

HERE AND THERE: Max Beckmann is exhibiting at Neumann. . . . "Pictures of People" is at Knoedler. . . . Erika Lohmann is showing at the Argent Galleries. . . . Marcel Vertès is holding his first American show at the Chambrun Galleries. . . . Serge Yourievitch has an exhibition of his sculpture at his studio, 130 West Fifty-seventh Street. . . . Fern I. Coppedge is showing at the Carlyle. . . . Eugene Higgins will be at Babcock until the last of the month.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

Among the latter was W. B. Wallace, negro, 1126 North Twentieth Street, who Sutton has taken several other times on similar charges, and whom this time he booked also as a vagrant.—*Omaha newspaper.*

Keep it up, you're getting better.

LONDON LETTER

London, April 1

THE annual procession of the Oxford and Cambridge boats took place as usual. Indeed, the result of this race is becoming such a foregone conclusion that not more than a million people turned out to watch it this year; but then I thoroughly believe that if the Oxford crew stayed at Oxford and Cambridge toured the course alone, the Cockney would not be denied his holiday. For this is one of the two days in the year when your Londoner places his bowler firmly on his head and sallies forth, family and all, with that grim sheepishness which shows that he is about to enjoy himself. Once every year the otherwise neglected haunts of the intellectual along the riverfront are invaded by a ribald mob. You may come upon a Band of Hope singing lustily in the front garden of Mr. A. P. Herbert. A thousand sticky children are piping “Cimebridge!” with shrill voices under the gracious Queen Anne windows of Sir Nigel Playfair's house, or depending in enthusiastic groups from the branches of the nearby trees. They form a high-pitched chorus undimmed by the roar of airplanes and the squawking of a hundred Punch-and-Judys, the shriek of sirens, and the rumble of mothers admonishing their young.

I observed the boat race from among a select company of the intelligentsia. J. B. S. Haldane and Julian Huxley were there, and odd people with fuzzy black hair. The cerebration was terrific. It quivered into the air above the sound of the children, the airplanes, even of the autogiro that flapped lazily over the river. The murmur of the occasion floated up from below, competing with a discussion about England, Biology, and Art. At one point, I believe, the crews passed, but I could not be sure. The discussion was not interrupted. Finally the dark-blue flag was hauled down from the roof of Harrod's, the crowd below stampeded sullenly for home, and the race was over. As I left, somebody was saying something about vitamins. Probably the Oxford crew was fed the wrong ones.

RECENTLY I was lamenting the awful inactivity of London—a bit prematurely, it now seems. I had reckoned without Mr. Lansbury. Mr. Lansbury, after providing us with bathing pavilions, carillons, bowling greens, folk dancing, and other delights in the one-time sanctuary of Hyde Park, has had a new idea. This jovial panjandrum of the Office of Works began life making boilers and bids fair to end it as the philanthropic uncle of the proletariat. His latest contribution is a Lovers' Garden, this time in Regent's Park. A charming idea. A place where lovers can go, free from prying eyes and without making a nuisance of themselves. No longer need short-sighted old gentlemen on their way to their clubs startle these people in Hyde Park. After this, no one need catch so much as a glimpse of them.

The Garden is to cost three hundred thousand pounds, and what in the world will they spend it on? There will, of course, be a pavilion, but what else? Will there be a posse of poets in attendance, and sweet music? Small wonder that the inhabitants of the pleasant Regency houses that ring the Park, who have always been inconsiderate enough to regard it as in some way theirs, have formed themselves into the Regent's Park Society, with the watchword “Peace!”

ADVERTISING men may not be among one's favorite specimens of the species *homo erectus*, but one must be grateful to the people at Dorland House for opening their marble halls to an exhibition of modern glass and metalware made in Sweden. A similar show was held in New York four years ago, but this pewter and glass and silver are new to London.

There is much to be said for going back to the simplicities of shape in our domestic utensils. I suppose if you took a Victorian coffee pot and stripped off the Cupids and the whatnots, you would come by successive stages of Georgian and Queen Anne and so forth back to the original Greek ewer. What is so interesting about these Swedish things is that while they are simple, they are not mere copies of ancient patterns. They are an entirely new statement of elementary form, on which future generations of Swedes will doubtless plaster Cupids.

In the meantime, something quite important to art may have just happened in Sweden. Several of the most convincing experiments are from the designs of Prince Sigvard. There is remarkable glasswork which is not in the least reminiscent of Lalique—in particular a big celestial globe with raised figures by Edward Hald. Some of the furniture is effectively inlaid with metal in a kind of modernistic *cloisonné* way. In fact there is only one flaw—also furniture. This is inlaid with complete and elaborate pictures of steamboats and merely needs to have “A present from Stockholm” engraved upon it to be exactly like those things they sell along the Rhine.

A REMARKABLE restaurant has blossomed in our midst. The wandering epicure who strays as far from Boulestin's as the distinctly unpromising King's Road, Chelsea, may chance upon a shop window with the figure of a dog in it. If he looks further, he will see a few stray boxes of candy labelled “Lady Joan Fletcher's Chocolates.” After that, the epicure will probably pass on. Should his curiosity lead him to enter, however, he will be badly disappointed. It is to the student of life, not the epicure, that this restaurant caters. He will find an almost bare room, simply furnished with tables, chairs, and a mantelpiece. On the mantelpiece are congratulatory telegrams from the aristocracy. As you might well expect, the aristocratic note is strong. This is aristocracy's latest gambol: a restaurant run specially for the masses. A note on each table assures you that the direction is personally in the hands of the Honourable Mrs. Helen Gilliland and a Miss Ogle. A haughty lady of the very bluest blood will approach to learn whether you require the half-crown dinner or the three-and-six. The masses, for the most part, get no farther than the effigy of the dog. An occasional representative who does penetrate may be seen cringing in the corner, terrified by the proximity of so many Guardsmen's mustaches, débutantes' pearls, and dowagers' lapdogs. For the aristocracy, having elected to serve, has also elected to be served. It flocks in some numbers, expensively apparelled, jingling its half-crowns. The leg of lamb and the apple tart disposed of, there comes a crash on the piano, and one of the waitresses bursts into enthusiastic and quite unexpected song: simple stuff for simple folk, all about gardens. The only trouble is there are rarely any simple folk around to hear it.

—A. G.

•

WANTED—I am in a position to hatch your eggs at 5 cents per egg. RED MILLS.
—*Adv. in a California newspaper.*

Does it make you uncomfortable?

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

Mirrors of America

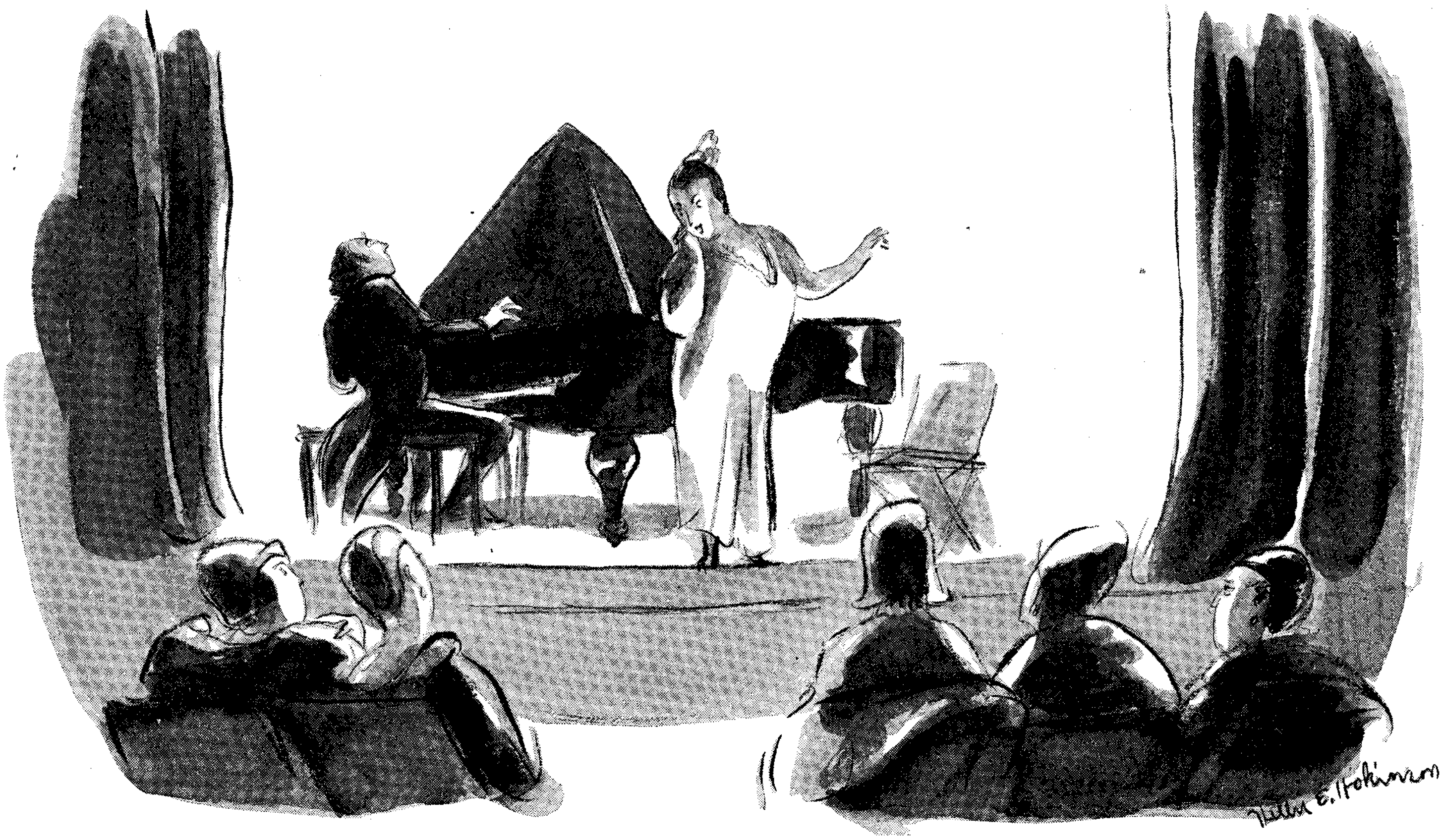
TWO of the books I've been reading this week are by foreign authors, so out of courtesy I suppose we ought to take them up first. Both, oddly enough, have to do with the adventures of a visitor from abroad among the native Americans. Apart from their value as literature, which in neither case is considerable, I think you'd find both of them illuminating and a little amusing as an indication of the ideas our friends on the other side have about the kind of life that goes on here. To them, apparently, this is once more, as it was in the eighteen-fifties, a *pays de cocagne* where anything can, and usually does, happen, and where the innocent stranger gets batted rather bewilderedly about between gangsters and multimillionaires without ever quite being sure which is which. Undeniably, these authors at least find us exciting.

ONE of the two books, and the better, is by Michael Arlen—"Men Dislike Women," published by Doubleday, Doran—and its principal figure is a young French count, of partly Jewish extraction, who has the temerity to venture to these shores to visit a younger brother, married to a very wealthy American heiress. He is at first beguiled and later bored by the excess of hospitality by which he is surrounded. Parties follow on parties and teas on dinners, and meanwhile he marvels at all the stock things-to-marvel-at: the self-assurance of the ladies, the acquiescence of the men, the cocktails, the general hullabaloo. Soon, however, his boredom reaches its crisis and, corrupted possibly by the American atmosphere of lawlessness, he steals a smart-looking roadster standing conveniently by the curb and drives happily away.

His little *randonnée* ends late that evening on Long Island, when a riding horse, startled by the roadster's headlights, pitches a young lady (whom, by her masculine garb, he at first takes to be a young man) practically into his arms. She turns out to be Marilyn, daughter of a corrupt ex-mayor of New York, and infatuated with a Charles MacRae, an enormously powerful bootlegger and racketeer generally, who keeps open house at his apartment in Park Avenue, open house on his estate on Long Island and, apparently, open arms for such wanderers as Count André. At any rate, he welcomes André, with Marilyn, to one of his incessant parties that evening, at which it turns out that Marilyn's father hates MacRae, that MacRae loves Sheila, an Englishwoman whom André had known in Paris, that—but maybe this is getting too confused for you. I never was much good at telling plots anyway.

In the upshot, of course, things get sorted out. Sheila falls ill and is shipped West to a more salubrious climate. MacRae, after gratuitously giving the interested André a grounding in the private life of a racketeer, shoots himself. André marries Marilyn and departs with her for more peaceful places, taking with him, rather incongruously, a former bodyguard of MacRae as his personal servant.

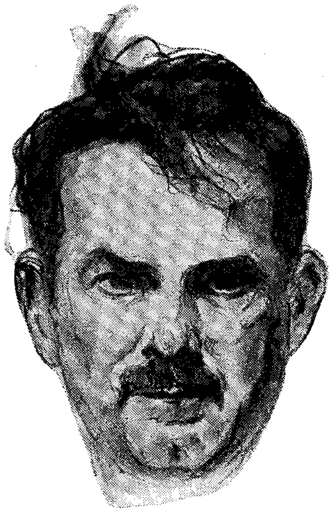
The book as a whole is smoothly written, and shines with that slightly patent-leather air of sophistication which Mr. Arlen knows so well how to wear. More, he has a spoofing manner about everything which makes even the incredible momentarily plausible: you accept his whoppers much as you



"Ladies, please do not leave while Mr. Sebastian is playing; there is ice cream and cake coming."

Jungle Ways

A new book by the author of "The Magic Island" carries its own assurance of compelling interest. But "Jungle Ways" goes startlingly further. In fact, it goes further than Seabrook himself or any other civilized writer has ever before dared to go in presenting the unexpurgated truth about the intimate life and customs—religious, magical, moral, sexual, and social—of the real savage. Its quality of excitement, both from a scientific and a human point of view, also rests heavily on its value as pure literature. Morand, Cocteau, Maurois say that not four living Americans can write as well as William Seabrook. "Jungle Ways" is a profoundly brave and wise exploration into the primitive and ecstatic elements of life, by one of the most distinguished literary figures of the day.



WILLIAM SEABROOK is a world author. His "Adventures in Arabia" is published in an English edition, and in Dutch, Swedish, Arabic, and French. His "The Magic Island" is published in an English edition, and in Czech, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish.

Seabrook's Book out of AFRICA

Seabrook as a student of life has the gift of identifying himself with the people he observes, of submerging himself in ways of life fantastically different from our own. He is incapable of "traveling" a country. He lives it, absorbs it, and refuses to be dogmatic about what he has seen and understood. His great book out of Africa is virtually a book out of life. Dwelling among the natives of the Ivory Coast Jungle, he was known and accepted as "the black man with a white face." He was initiated into their secret rites of sex, of religion, of sorcery and magic. Then, with the permission of the French Government, he lived for several months alone with the Gueré cannibals. His facts, observed at first hand, are authenticated by French official documents. And it can be stated without reservation that no other man has written so fully, so amazingly of cannibalism. In Timbuctoo he was the guest of the famous monk, Père Yakouba, who quit his robes to become the world's greatest authority on native African customs and affairs. Then, completing his journey of 10,000 kilometers, Seabrook went to live with the cliff-dwelling Habbe tribe, a people hitherto almost unknown. The Habbe are phallic worshippers, but they believe in a Holy Trinity. Their laws deal out death to petty thieves, but sympathy and tender care to murderers. Their civilization, built on strange tenets diametrically opposed to ours, on a frankly sexual and natural conception of life, brings Seabrook to the wondering conclusion, "Are they mad or are we?"

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would those of a dapper but amusing fellow, to save yourself the trouble of disagreeing with him. In short, you'll find it light but very pleasant reading; on the other hand, you can wait to see it in the movies, where it will undoubtedly end and where its quite impossible plot should show to better advantage.

NEVERTHELESS, "Men Dislike Women" is far better than "Juan in America," by Eric Linklater, published by Cape & Smith—how much better, in fact, I hardly dare attempt to estimate. This book's protagonist, Juan, is a lineal descendant (on the left hand, to be sure) of the romantic Don Juan and an English duchess, and the first part of the book is devoted to a tracing of the family history from the first Juan down to his present namebearer. Rather curiously, however, the author himself advises all but those readers "with a rigid historical sense" to skip this part; my own advice, on the contrary, would be to read that part as an amusing and rather well-written short story and to skip the rest, which recounts Juan's adventures during an extremely fevered sojourn in America.

In this latter section, Mr. Linklater's book, like Mr. Arlen's, is a kind of exercise in counterpoint, based on the twin *airs connus* of the gangster and the multimillionaire. He interpolates, however—in the form of cadenzas, let us say—a number of flights of fancy which are quite his own. Thus, to Juan—between his first meeting on shipboard with Lalage, the gangster's beautiful daughter, and his last, when they are united on an island off the Carolina coast—much happens. He goes to Chicago, and is wounded in a gang fight at a gunman's funeral; to college, where he plays football and disgraces himself by letting the other team score; to Buffalo, where he works in a lunchroom and is invited, over a cup of coffee, to go to Detroit and be a rum-runner, which he does.

Thereafter, he performs in a vaudeville team, is the guest of a governor at a Presidential inauguration—well, he does lots of things: gets carried away by a flood, is lost in swamps, and is forced down on a transcontinental flight; acts in the movies, plays in an orchestra, serves sundaes in a drugstore.

Obviously, this fantastic series of incidents is not meant to be taken very seriously. We must do Mr. Linklater the credit of assuming that he designed it rather as a fictional framework on which he might display a panoramic view of American society, critically considered. Indeed, whenever in the book occasion arises, he has much to say, *ex parte*, about college coaching systems, American journalism, expectoration (did you know, by the way, that Americans are still so addicted to chewing tobacco that they have silver-plated cuspidors built into their Rolls-Royces?), the hocus-pocus of politicians, and the vulgarity of Hollywood—getting, in fact, rather red in the face about such matters at times.

What makes him a little ridiculous in this respect, of course, is the fact that so many American writers have themselves, with much more force and credibility, shown up these same phenomena—with the possible exception of chewing tobacco.

I THINK you'd enjoy "The Milk and Honey Route," by Dean Stiff, and published by the Vanguard Press. "Dean Stiff" is of course a pseudonym of the author, himself professedly a hobo, and the volume is offered as a handbook for those who wish to join the wandering brotherhood. Don't expect to find it too exciting. It isn't; on the contrary, the book's charm is its genial, ambling air. You'll find such varied information as: the art of panhandling, how to get along with social workers, and a seasonal almanac for drifters, together with a number of very likely-sounding recipes from the hoboes' cuisine, a glossary of their slang, and a few songs and poems of their composition. I take it to be authentic, and found it interesting.

I'D also like to say a word, before it's too late, for "Men and Memories," published by Coward-McCann. It is an autobiography of William Rothenstein (now knighted), the English artist who mingled much with the *Yellow Book* group during the nineties, and it's packed—almost too full, perhaps—with reminiscences of Whistler, Sargent, Beerbohm, Wilde, and all the others of that curious period.

—R. M. C.

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HOLY FAMILY A. C. BOUTS TONIGHT

Serafino Troiso of the Holy Family Club will meet Mike Dillon of the Good Shepherd A.C., and Norman Moquin of the Holy Family A.C. will oppose Nick Desiderio of the Bronxville A.C. in the special bouts at the amateur boxing show to be held by the Holy Family A.C. at Holy Family auditorium tonight.—*The Times.*

Anyway, peace on earth.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

PLAGUED BY THE NIGHTINGALE, by Kay Boyle (*Cape & Smith*). Delicate and sensitive novel of an Irish girl married into a French family, by an author whom you might as well know about now as later.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS, by Thorne Smith (*Doubleday, Doran*). A fantasy, straining slightly at the leash, about elves, drunkards, and pagan mythology. Quite amusing.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW, by Nunnally Johnson (*Doubleday, Doran*). A collection of short stories, most of them very funny.

OKLAHOMA TOWN, by George Milburn (*Harcourt, Brace*). Tales of a prairie town, concisely told, ironically true to life, and well worth reading.

WIDE OPEN TOWN, by Myron Brinig (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Lusty and animated novel of life in a Montana mining town, by the author of "Singermann."

THE MAIDEN VOYAGE, by Felix Riesenberg and Archie Binns (*Day*). The plot goes cock-eyed in the end, but in its calmer moments it's very good.

SANCTUARY, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). Strange and rather gruesome explorations into all levels of the Southern mind, by the author of "As I Lay Dying." Forget the melodrama and read the book for his characterizations.

TWO THIEVES, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). Very readable, if a little fantastic, story dramatizing the two thieves who also were crucified.

THE MAN WHO MADE GOLD, by Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). Fantasy on alchemy and what the results would be. On the light side.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHYLOCK, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). From Shakespeare to Zionism. Something of a historical *tour de force* but impressive nevertheless.

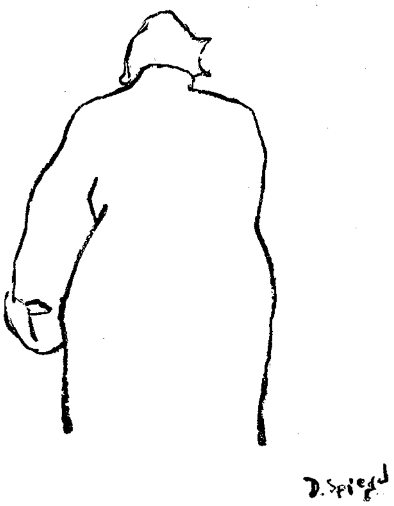
THE GENTLE LIBERTINE, by Colette (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The latest of her thousand and one tales to be translated. Airy, incredible, but pleasant, as always.

A JEW IN LOVE, by Ben Hecht (*Covici-Friede*). An egoist at bay.

PARADISE CITY, by Henry Channon (*Dutton*). Enjoyable study of home-town people who settle abroad. Understandingly done.

MYSTERIES

WHITE FACE, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . MURDER IN THE NEWS ROOM, by Henry Charlton Beck (*Dutton*). . . . MURDER IN A LIBRARY, by Charles J. Dutton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . DAUGHTER OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER MADNESS, by Murray Leinster (*Brewer & Warren*). . . . MURDER AT THE PAGEANT, by Victor L. Whitechurch (*Duffield*). . . . MURDER IN THE AIR, by Darwin L. Teilhet (*Morrow*). . . . THE REMBRANDT MURDER, by Henry James Forman (*Smith*).



GENERAL

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH, translated by Col. T. Bentley Mott (*Doubleday, Doran*). History, mainly tactical, of the war in 1914 and 1918; impersonal and a little tiring, but important.

1066 AND ALL THAT, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (*Dutton*). English history, or what remains in your mind of it, ten years out of school. Very funny.

IF, OR HISTORY REWRITTEN, a symposium (*Viking*). Speculations, mostly amusing, by a variety of authors (such as Maurois, Guedalla, Ludwig, etc.) as to what would have happened if historic crises had turned out differently.

WORK, by Adriano Tilgher, translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (*Harcourt, Brace*). Interesting, if not too profound, study of the reasons work has become such a grave matter for most of us.

DYNAMITE, by Louis Adamic (*Viking*). Unbiased and absorbing history of the rows those two old pals, Capital and Labor, are always having.

THE BLACK NAPOLEON, by Percy Waxman (*Harcourt, Brace*). The story of one of history's most glamorous figures, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

AXEL'S CASTLE, by Edmund Wilson (*Scribner*). Essays on the great literary figures of the day—Joyce, Eliot, Proust, etc.—by one of the finest of modern critics.

BIRD LIFE AT THE POLE, by Wolcott Gibbs (*Morrow*). Really funny satire on modern high-pressure exploration.

THEATRE STREET, by Tamara Karsavina (*Dutton*). Reminiscences of a star of the Russian Ballet. Like a Degas in words.

THE OWL IN THE ATTIC, by James Thurber (*Harper*). Something more than funny. His own drawings too.

THE UNDERWORLD OF PARIS, by Alfred Morain (*Dutton*). A former prefect of the Paris Police catalogues crime in France for the past half-century.

EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia; translated by Russel Lord (*Viking*). Very human memoirs of a princess learning about life.

HARD LINES, by Ogden Nash (*Simon & Schuster*). A bookful of those dizzy rhymes you have been reading in THE NEW YORKER.

◆

The most scientific index of this movement is found in Dergwerks Zeitung which as the leading arch-conservative representative of big business has until now published nothing but optimistic reports about the five year plan, foretelling its inevitable collapse. In a remarkable leading article, Bergwerks Zeitung now switches its position. . . . These ways and means Gergwerks Zeitung sees in the improvement of the efficiency of German industry . . .—*Boston Transcript.*

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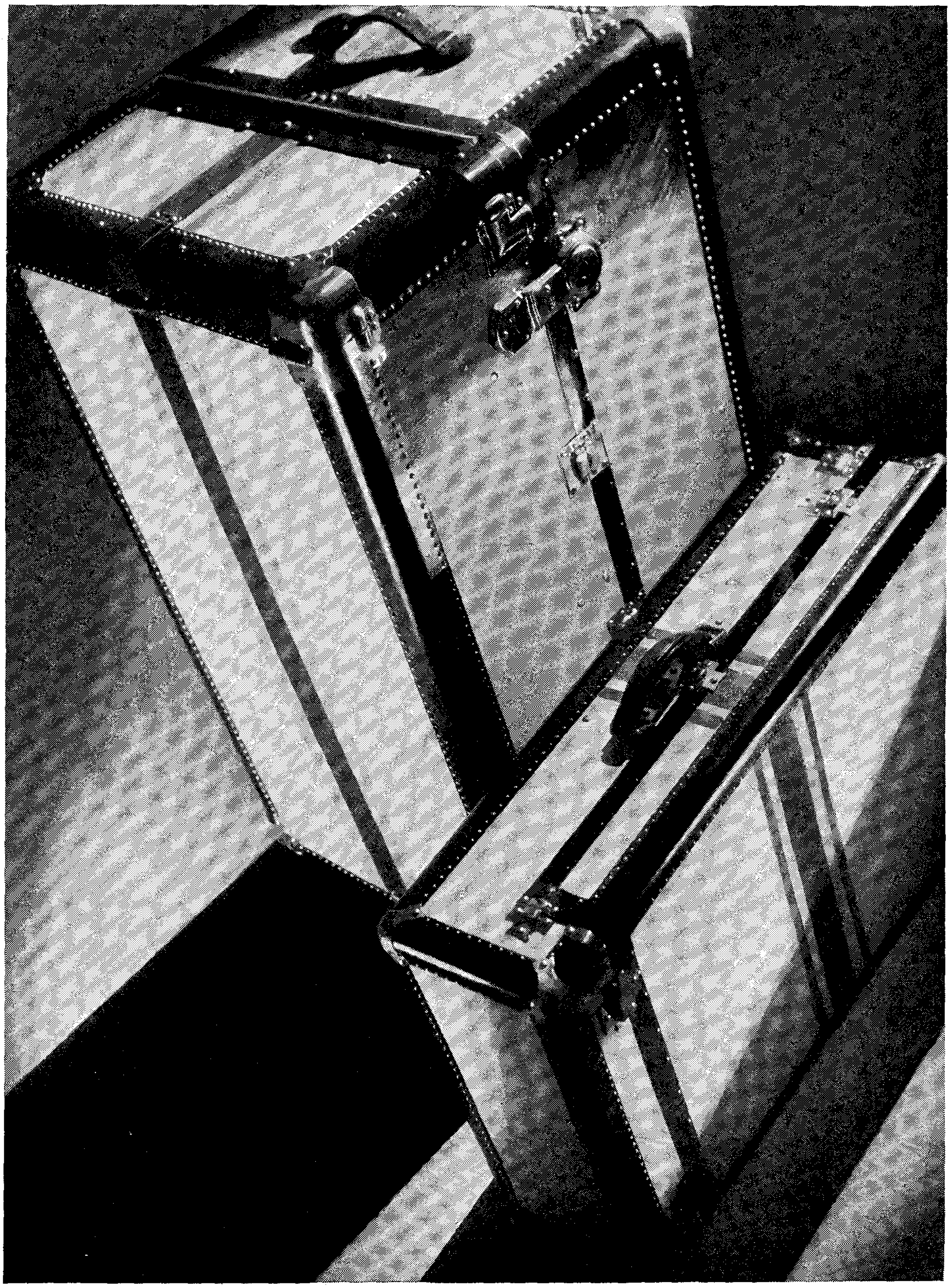

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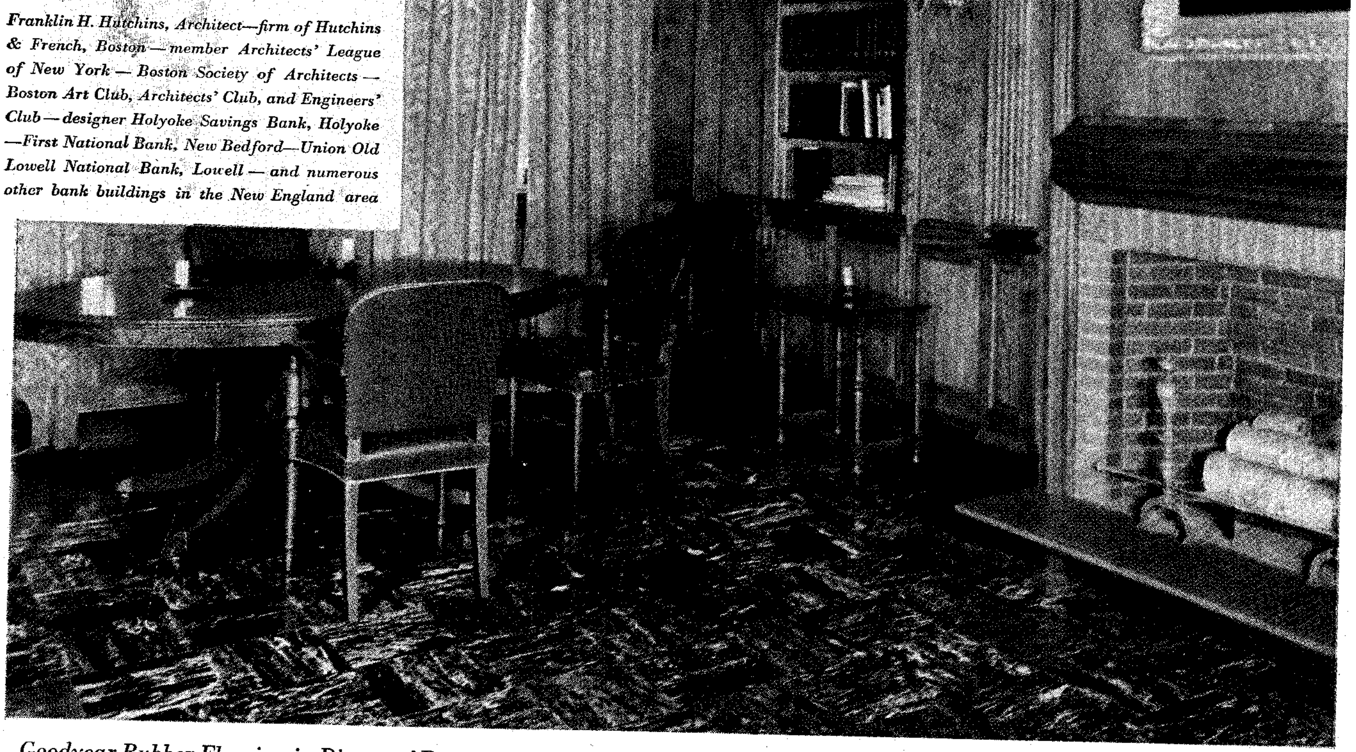

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